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JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT

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FRONTISPIECE.

“The little show-woman thoroughly believed in her show.” Page 12.

IN BLACK AND GOLD

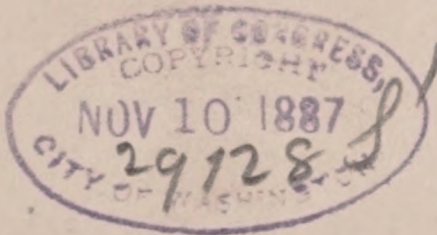
A

STORY OF TWIN DRAGONS

BY

JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT

AUTHOR OF "BRICKS FROM BABEL," "MR. STANDFAST'S
JOURNEY," "RASMUS," "GRAHAME'S LADDIE,"
"THE EARLY CHURCH IN BRITAIN,"
ETC., ETC.



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PREFACE.

VIRGIL tells us of Twin Dragons which with flaming eyes and tongues that played like forked lightnings and wreathing coils that lashed the sea to foam, came on the ill-fated plains of Ilium, and destroyed Laocoon and his sons. The fable is for this day and this land. Twin Dragons, those of the gaming-table and alcohol, are destroying by thousands young men and old. Against the drink Dragon already strong war is waged, but its Twin, hiding more closely its snares and its victims, has challenged less the attack of those who do battle against all wrongs. In this little book we set forth these two deadly Dragons in their daily work among us. If any shall be warned more sedulously to guard, warn, defend, and avenge the youth of our land, the story will have well performed its mission.

JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

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IN BLACK AND GOLD;

THE STORY OF TWIN DRAGONS.

CHAPTER I.

A HUMAN HIVE.

TIME : eight o'clock the last day of May, 187-. Place : 97 Andover street, Boston ; city and number correct, street name fictitious for reasons. Ninety-seven was one of those human hives packed from cellar to attic with people struggling for a subsistence—a mass without cohesion, driven into 97 by winds of adverse fate, likely to be swept out again by the same fate, expressed in the breath of an irate landlord ; meanwhile, each and all pursuing their ends without any reference to the others. The cellar ignored even the existence of the attic ; the first floor was unconscious of the personality of the second floor ; the second floor never heeded whether a hearse or a baker's cart called for the third floor ; the

fourth floor toiled up all its stairs, wheezed and panted, and nobody knew whether it went burdened or empty-handed. Ninety-seven was a jostling world in miniature. The cellar of 97 was a cobbler's shop; the upper panes of the window and the transom of the door were about the level of the walk, the lower portions of each received light and customers respectively by means of a little stone well. The shop was "twelve by twelve." A shelf ran all the way around it, on which were trophies of the worker's art or industry. Boots and shoes with heel-taps, side-taps, half-soles, heels, toes, vamps, glorious in new leather against the old material; rips valiantly sewed up with conspicuous waxed end; boot-legs re-footed; now and then a new pair of shoes; wooden pegs, stitches, nails, rims of "armor-plates," — these made up the variety in unity of the shelf.

The shop was lit by one large, flaring gas-jet from the centre of the ceiling; it shone on the cobbler, a big man with bent shoulders, well developed arms and hands, fine head, insignificant legs, a great and dirty apron of

ticking—said cobbler sitting on a stool, hammering away at a shoe-sole on a last between his knees. By his side was a tray with knives, awls, wax, waxed-ends, needles, bristles, buttons, eyelets, pegs, scissors, endless small paraphernalia. A side of leather stood in a roll in a corner. Some smaller rolls of morocco lay on a cutting-counter; the floor was covered with fragments of old and new leather. The door was open, but the smell of leather conquered the fresh air, drove it out, pursued it even to the sidewalk, gloating over its victory. The gas-light flared over the salient points of bright steel, new skins, and the shining baldness on top the cobbler's head, the broadly exhibited new patches and pieces on the shelf, and these were set in strong relief by the black chippings, the ancient grime of floor and apron, the old shoes, the wax, the dust, and the blackened walls.

The two windows above the cobbler's shop were uncurtained, and broadly lit to attract the passers-by. The side entrance was liberally placarded in red, blue, and yellow; a great white poster shone under each window. In

the well lit lobby stood a fat, old woman; behind her an iron stand for canes and umbrellas; beside her, well riveted to the wall, an iron money-box, with a slit in the lid and a strong padlock on the side. Over this dame's arm hung a string of leather checks. She stood well planted on a pair of big feet in low buskins; her figure seemed modelled on a feather-bed, with a rope tied around the centre, ready for carrying it away. The upper part of her dress was a loose light calico jacket, with a silk kerchief carelessly knotted about her throat, to save collar and conceal sundry deficiencies in the way of hooks and buttons; the lower portion of her attire was a reckless multiplicity of petticoats, of different colors and lengths — the upper one shortest — so that a black merino, a gray flannel, a yellow cloth, and finally a light striped calico were revealed, with the prodigality in this line of a New Haven fish-wife. The old woman's hair was black and beautifully waved, her dark eyes were set deep in their sockets, she had a perpetual rosy bloom, and all her teeth were gone but the two lower front ones, which were large and long, and

which she had a habit of shooting out conspicuously over her upper lip, when she said anything particularly impressive. A hard-working life, wherein she had never taken any care of herself, had not destroyed in this good creature the traces of more than usual early beauty.

She kept her eyes steadily fixed on the steps of the lobby; each passer-by was inspected. When one passed oblivious of the posters declaring great attractions within in the form of a "Wax-work show," the old woman looked wrathful and worried; when the pedestrian, on the contrary, ascended the steps, the old woman greeted him with a wide smile, took his money, gave him his change, dropped her booty in the iron box, relieved him of his cane, which she checked, and pointed him to the door at the side, where was "his money's worth." The old woman was not idle. Between seven and nine she took in considerable money. The show was popular. After nine, new-comers were semi-occasional, so the old woman took a seat close to her box and umbrellas, put a pair of iron-bowed spectacles on her Greek nose, and set herself to read the daily paper.

Meanwhile all the flies which had walked into the parlor of this portly old spider were in the large room with the well lit windows. The walls of this room were covered to a height of six feet with black or red cloth in loose folds. Set in strong relief against this, a succession of very gorgeous, very silent, very motionless, very staring and curious persons, between whom and the world received by the old woman was drawn a thick, faded green rope. On second glance all these staring wall-flowers were seen to be wax. The quaintest, most original figure in the room, the one which really attracted this nightly audience, was not wax; she was a very small, snugly made creature, in an ancient gown of cheap blue silk, short and tight in the waist and scant in the skirt. This gown was rather liberally trimmed with cheap Spanish lace; the little girl's slender arms were bare to the elbow, and she carried very gracefully a gilt wand longer than she was tall. Her voice was soft, sweet, distinct, like the low notes of a well played flute; her eyes were large, gray, earnest, pathetic; her pretty little mouth was also pathetic, as if she had seen more trouble than

joy thus far in her life journey. But the chief point about this little show-woman was her hair. It was her hair — that and her voice — that brought the crowd. Her hair was golden and glittering, it was brushed back from her face, and held by a blue ribbon bound about her head, — a snood, the Scotch would call it, — and from that it fell in a waving, gleaming cloud, even, fine and silky, down to the hem of her dress, and that concealed her ankles. The eyes of the visitors were fixed rather on this admirable little person than on the show-figures. She, on her part, was either peacefully oblivious of this attention, or so habituated to it that it was not a matter of any consequence; she was all intent on her wax.

She had the highest respect for these staring figures. They were her friends and patrons; she believed in them fully; they were to her living and instinct with mighty histories; she was grateful to them; they paid her rent, and fed her, and made a future possible to her, and they helped her bear the burden of daily life. “Familiarity breeds contempt,” and “No man is a hero to his valet,” — these are old adages,

and as untrue as old, in this case. Familiarity of years only made the little show-mistress a firmer believer in her show, and the figures that she decorated, dressed, and reconstructed were heroic in the heroism or fame of their dead prototypes. How many rounds she made nightly of the room, beginning with Cato the Censor, in his toga and sandals, and passing around a hundred transformations of the human figure, through Attila, the Scourge of God, and the Emperor Charlemagne, Pope Gregory the Great, Luther and Ignatius Loyola, standing peaceably side by side; Mary of Scots and Queen Elizabeth, Marie Antoinette, Ferdinand and Isabella, Christopher Columbus and George Washington, Robespierre, William the Silent, George the Third, Joan the Maid, John Quincy Adams, and Napoleon Bonaparte, Mrs. Fry, Madame Roland, and others, and others, and others, to frivolous Maria Louisa, smiling serene at Josephine, and standing last in the circuit, and so next to Cato the Censor, who would have been unlimited in his condemnation of her had he chanced to meet her, the low-necked, bejewelled, simpering, and shallow-

hearted, as he made his pilgrimage in the flesh!

The golden-haired show-woman advertised an "instructive show," "a show that would confer a large knowledge of history and be part of a liberal education." She conscientiously endeavored to fulfil her engagement to the public. She studied her subjects carefully; hardly a day but this minute being was mounted on a chair at the public library, investigating encyclopædias or histories for new items about her staring family. Tome after tome of volumes on costume she searched when she pursued her frequent renovation of the show's wardrobe. This honest purpose had its reward; there was something so sincere and simple about the little maid and her way that dozens of decent people came to her exhibitions, and listened placidly to her remarks, and did not allow themselves even to think that the eyes, whether blue or black, were dreadfully glassy; that the paint of the complexions was very unscrupulously laid on, and that it became wearisome at last to see even wax indulging in a perennial and ghastly sim-

per. The show-woman's eyes were full of living sympathy and emotion; her color went and came in pink and pale; she never simpered, seldom smiled, was always thoroughly in earnest with her work. "There are the little princes of the Tower who were murdered by their wicked uncle, Richard, Duke of Gloucester. It seems such a pity that their poor mother, the queen, had to give up her children to the care of the man that hated them. I always hope the poor little lads did not wake up to know that they were being murdered. Some people since have doubted whether this dreadful story were quite true, but there is no doubt of it, for lately the step at the foot of the Tower stairs has been taken up, and the bones of the little king and his brother found there, so there is no question about it, and there need never have been, for human nature is capable of being turned to any evil for the sake of a little power or money. This next figure is General Tom Thumb, who certainly was a very small and famous dwarf, and exhibited in all the courts and chief cities of Europe. Queen Victoria was very much pleased with him when he was

shown to her at her palace. For my part, I think a giant would be much better worth looking at; I don't admire dwarfs myself, and their hearts and minds seem sometimes as little as their bodies — but not always. I never thought it was quite right for them, when Tom Thumb first went out for a show, to pretend that he was five or six years older than he really was. Truth should always be spoken. Here is Christopher Columbus, standing beside Queen Isabella of Castile, his patroness. It does not seem to me that Isabella was half so good or great a woman as many people consider her. She was very ungrateful to Columbus, listened to his enemies, broke her promises to him, and had him sent home in irons, when he, more than all kings and councillors, had enriched the Spanish nation. Columbus died, aged seventy, some say sixty, poor and unhappy, and broken down by ill-treatment. His last voyage was to try and find a way through to China by the Gulf of Mexico, but you know there is no passage through from the Gulf to the Pacific. In those days geography had to be made, and people had to find out things for themselves

which are now plain as day on the maps. As you turn to look at Isabella, it is only honest to tell you that I think this wax is too nice-looking for her. I think she should have smaller eyes, near together, a long sharp nose, and a more cruel mouth, for I am sure she was a cruel hard woman. You know how terribly she treated the Moors and the Jews. I wonder she could sleep nights, driving out hundreds of mothers with little babies in their arms, old people, sick people, robbed of all they had, poor, frightened, knowing nowhere to go. I am sure it is a pity to be a queen if one is to be left to act like that. It would be hard to die with so much on your conscience. And then to think of burning up people alive for their religion! I like Isabella so little that I would turn her around with her face to the wall, only that would not be fair to you, who pay your money to see all the figures."

"Turn her round if you like," shouted a jolly voice from the "admiring crowd." "We can stand it, if you can!"

Thus along the line, from figure to figure, went the little show-woman, and told earnestly of the sins of Henry the Eighth, the crowned

Bluebeard, and unblushingly praised Elizabeth, whom she admired for being big and masculine and selfish and stubborn and sensible, in all points but the last quite the opposite of her own little self. And she was pathetic over Lady Jane Grey, and made an effort which would have been honorable to certain historians to do justice to James the First, and did nobly by Oliver Cromwell, and was clapped when she told the story of Lincoln, and was hissed by a stout son of Erin when she paid a pretty tribute to Victoria. To be hissed was new in her experience; the flute voice faltered a little in its music, and tears came into her eyes, whereupon the disturber of the peace came forward, cursed himself for a blockhead, and asked her pardon heartily. The crowd changed several times during the evening, and the little mistress of ceremonies went her rounds three times. Her voice did not weary, nor did she get flushed nor faint, which spoke well for her endurance and the goodness of the constitution done up in so small a parcel.

While this was going on above, the inside door of the cobbler's shop opened, and a boy

twisted himself in at a small space, a side of sole leather lying on the floor and preventing free ingress. He had a book in his hand and a scowl on his countenance; seemed a little uncertain, too, of his reception. "Hillo, there, Whim! I thought you were studying."

Thus the cobbler; to which Whim whined: "She wants me to be studying all the time."

"Why not? School will close in three weeks, and there is much for you to learn. Buckle to it, my lad."

"But what's the use?" protested Whim. "I'm going to be a musician. What do I need to know more than my violin?"

"A deal more. Suppose you get to be a famous violinist. You will need to know how to write a handsome hand and get up a well spelled, well expressed, gentlemanly letter when you make or decline engagements. You must understand arithmetic, or how will you keep accounts? If you are a fool in history, and think that Alexander the Great was born in England, you'll get laughed at. You must know geography if you're going to run over the world playing your violin. You wouldn't make

much if you were guilty of rushing off to some little charcoal-burning village in the Hartz region, expecting paying audiences. You must know German and Italian and French, too, if you are going to travel Europe. What book is that in your hand?"

"It's German," said Whim. "*She* has bargained with the east attic for lessons for me. It's paid for in washing and mending, or some such way."

"Humph! And, with her going that length, you are not willing even to study! Sit down here by me at once, and work." Whim sat down cross-legged beside the cobbler, under the gas, and began to write out exercises, pursuing his work aloud: "Wie geht es, Frau?—How are you, madame?"

"Hold up!" said the cobbler; "you can say: 'Wie geht es, Knabe,' speaking familiarly to a lad of your own age, or a servant; but if you are to be respectful, or address your betters, you can not say, 'Wie geht es, Frau?'"

"What can I say?" demanded Whim.

"Look it up; I won't tell you. In one ear and out the other. You'll value what you work

for. I know; I've been a student in my day. Not so lazy a one as you, either."

"Then, you liked it?"

"I didn't study for love, I see that. If I had, I would have kept at it. I studied for what study would bring;—it brought nothing, and I quit after I had reached a certain point. A certain point, I say. I should not like to be an ignoramus, even cobbling shoes. Study; you'll be glad of every item you learn."

"Ho, there, Jonas! what are you doing?" A pair of legs were coming down the well which enclosed Jonas' front door. The voice seemed to be carried by the legs.

"Pegging away," replied Jonas, to a waistcoat, which had dipped into sight.

"And how are you, Jonas?" this from a round, red, and dishevelled head which had succeeded in getting into view.

"Pretty well pegged out; it's late," quoth Jonas, and, stretching a long, strong arm up to his shelf, he took a pair of shoes, half-soled and heeled, and flung them at his interlocutor, who caught them as it were a base-ball.

"Well, you don't want to trust me for 'em, Jonas?"

“Too poor an opinion of human nature to trust anybody.”

“Not even the price of a pair of heel-taps?”

“Anybody can pay for my heel-taps that ain’t too familiar with heel-taps down below at the saloon.”

“Right you are, Jonas; and here’s your dollar and a half. I guess the brogans are worth it. Who have you here? Gone to school-teaching? — setting up ragged-school like?”

“Ragged-school yourself!” said Whim, wrathfully; “a little more and I’ll throw this book at your head.”

“No offence,” said the owner of the mended shoes.

“It’s little Doro’s brother,” said Jonas, “minding his book not so well as he ought, for such a faithful little sister.”

“I do my German well — Rebbler says so,” said Whim.

“No doubt. Rebbler’s disposition is such that he’d ‘play a part to tear a cat in,’ if you tried any fooling with him. What you need, young man, is a good stiff master over you;

but you haven't one, and more's the pity! Have you learned that lesson?"

"Yes," said Whim, stretching his arms, "and you need not think so poorly of me, Jonas. I write a beautiful hand, and I'm the best speller in the school, and I am head in arithmetic, and after this term, she says, I may only study music and languages — I hate languages."

"You've got to know 'em; so be off to bed with you."

Ten o'clock. Room above the shop empty, dark, locked. In the lobby, the small show-woman carefully letting the contents of the iron box into a kerchief spread on the lap of the old woman.

"I suppose you're tired, Maggie."

"Well, I've been reading the paper, so I didn't mind. The paper has a long piece about the priests demanding to have parabolical schools. Now, I don't think they ought to have parabolical schools, seeing public schools is good for all who goes to 'em. It's most dreadful hot, and I know I sha'n't sleep a wink. If you'll take my advice, you'll go to bed, and I'll do up your hair for you at onst."

“I’ll have my hair done in a minute. But I must sit up. What is the use of talking, Maggie? I always sit up!”

“To ruinate and break down your health.”

“I sleep with my head on the table or on a chair.”

“Much sleep that is,” grumbled Maggie, as the little girl went off with the money in the kerchief. Then Maggie returned to her paper, over the columns of which she slowly travelled in search of further remarks on parabolical schools.

Again the inner door of the shop opened, and this time the intruder was the golden-haired exhibitor of wax-works.

“Here’s the money, Jonas. Not so much as last night. Am I very much behind now?”

“Well, not so *very* much,” said Jonas, counting the money; “but you want to get ahead, you see.”

“Oh, Jonas! you’ll never, never know how much I want to get ahead, to lay up.” Such a look of care on the child-face!

“You shouldn’t be so determined to do all by yourself; make Whim put his shoulder to the wheel.”

“But what is there Whim can do?” asked Doro.

“What is there Whim can do?” said Jonas to Doro. “He can draw a crowd by music. He can play that old fiddle of his to make one laugh or cry. Set him to playing an hour each evening. Every show needs music, and yours lacks it, while the best in the city is free to you.”

“But Whim needs all his time to study. He must get on.”

“Much he needs it. He hates study. You set him at his books and he idles and shirks. Let him play for an hour, and he will do as much study in two hours after as now in three. He is afraid enough of his masters not to go unprepared. You do Whim a damage by not requiring his help. That is the way that women spoil their men folks.”

“I think I must set him at it to-morrow. To-morrow will be his birthday.”

“Better the day, the better the deed,” growled old Jonas, pounding at a peg. The girl went back to the first floor to a small sitting-room, where Maggie, who had finished her

paper, stood ready to brush her hair. This shining hair was Maggie's pride and glory.

"I hate hot weather," said Maggie, while she brushed vigorously. "I wish it was winter again."

"All winter you were hating the cold and wishing for summer."

"What's the use of summer in the city! — no grass or flowers!"

"But when we went into the country for a week, you hated the fields, and wanted to come straight back to the city."

"I was never out of Boston city ten days in my life," said Maggie, "and I never mean to be. I know the city is going to be very unhealthy. That boy is tearing about all the time. He is sure to die of sunstroke. And I've always told you your father would catch diseases — the kind of places he goes to. You may reckon on his dying of cholera. And you won't hold out, this rate; you look miserable peaked."

"Oh, Maggie! I feel sure we shall all keep as well as usual."

"What's the use of keeping well when you've

nothing to live on? The show's going down; every one's seen it. We shall be turned out of house and home before long."

"I make sure I can keep the rent paid, Maggie."

"No such great good if you can. It's the worst house I ever saw: kitchen dark, cellar wet, rooms hot — unfit for a dog. There, your hair's done; and, as I can't entertain you, I'm going to bed. But I know I won't sleep a wink; I never do."

Doro lit a student's-lamp, turned out the gas, and sat down to read the Bible; after a time her golden head bowed low, found a pillow on the sacred pages, and she slept — possibly for some time. She was roused by a step for which she was always listening, whose approach she never failed to hear. The man who came in might have been one of the wax figures animated. His prominent black eyes had a glassy stare; his black hair, shining with pomade, was parted in the middle and arranged in careful curls; his complexion, olive and red, might have been painted; his features were regular and expressionless; his dress careful.

Doro looked at him narrowly; she knew the signs: his eyes were blood-shot, his lips tremulous, his hand unsteady.

“Father, will you have something? Shall I make you coffee?”

“No. I don’t want any thing. How were the receipts to-day?”

“Not so good.”

“Not so good! Always falling off. That is bad. No doubt, you are neglectful;—you don’t please the public, you don’t apply your mind to it. You don’t understand the business. Girls never do.”

“Shall I get you some iced lemonade, father?”

“No! why do you worry me so? Still, you took in something. Where is the money? Go bring it to me.”

“It is all paid out, father.”

“Paid out at this time of night?”

“There is always some one to take the landlord’s money.”

“Let him wait for it; other people do.”

“But we can not afford to be turned in the street. Wax must be treated more carefully

than people, you know. Wax folks can not stand heat or cold, or wet or sun, or handling. We must make sure of shelter for them."

"But it is always this way—money always paid out. I never see it. It don't go all for rent."

"Sometimes it is coal, sometimes gas and water-rates; sometimes a barrel of flour, or the meat-bill," said this child-woman, who, accused of knowing nothing about business, had nevertheless out-generalled this man for three years, keeping him fed and clothed, and him and his from the sheriff or the poor-house. Mr. Granby took out a good kerchief to wipe his face, and a handful of chips fell on the floor. We do not mean that he had supped on Saratoga potatoes and brought a few home in his pocket inadvertently. The chips were thin slips of ivory. Doro, perhaps, did not know what they were called technically. She named them "ruin," and saw in them the shame and degradation of her father, the heart-break of her dead mother, the unnatural burden of her own life, the lion in the way of Whim, the wolf ever at the door. She stooped to pick up the bits of bone.

“I never have any luck,” said Granby, looking at them.

“Throw them all away, father, and let us attend to business.”

“I came near a fortune to-night!” he cried eagerly; “just one card! Within an ace of riches. To-morrow night!”

Doro lit a small lamp. “You’ll go to bed now, father.”

“What are you always watching and ordering me for?”

“Your room is all ready; you are very tired.”

“Why do you always sit up, spying on me? Why not Whim?”

“Whim is sleepy. Shall I carry your light, father?”

“But I never see Whim. He is a boy — he would understand. Why don’t you keep Whim up, waiting for me?”

Doro shuddered. Heaven forbid that Whim should understand.

“Whim would help me—he is sharp—he would take an interest.”

“No, father,” said Doro, firmly. “Whim is not to understand, or hear, or take an interest. That would be his ruin.”

“Isn't a father a fit guide for his son?” cried Granby, fretfully.

“No — not when the father drinks and gambles,” said Doro, sternly. “Come!”

He followed her, shuffling and whimpering. When he lost at play he solaced himself with a decoction of poisons which he called port wine, and which reduced him to imbecility. Doro, seeing him safe to his room, considered that while she might be striving to loose him from the folds of the drink dragon, the gaming dragon would wind closer than ever; and if in him some virtue had been spared by the fangs of the gambling demon, the drink demon would set therein his fatal tooth. The relations between this father and child were abnormal and terrible. He had no loving pride in her, she had no tender reverence for him. To him the girl was an embodied and accusing conscience. Whether she spoke or was silent, whether the soft, sorrowful eyes looked at him or away from him, it was the same,—she was the challenge of conscience against a life of iniquity. And on her part she could see in him only an embodiment of enormous crimes—a man who had

destroyed her mother's happiness and life, beset her brother's path with danger, preyed upon society as a vampire, feared not God nor regarded man. There was nothing in him to respect, and filial love had been strangled at its birth, while yet the girl strove to live in the exercise of filial duty. The best and most honored of fathers could not have received more devoted attention to his wants. Common sense and common honesty forced her to prevent his gambling away all her earnings, and so rendering the entire family paupers, while the tradesmen who supplied them were cheated of their dues; but no one of the family received as many comforts out of those earnings as did its undeserving and nominal head. Hope is natural to humanity at every stage of life, but it especially inheres in youth. Doro was always hoping that her father would turn from the error of his ways. But of late, instead of growing better, matters were growing worse, for, from entirely ignoring Whim, his father had begun to pay a fatal attention to him. Doro felt this was a question not merely of happiness, credit, or morals, but of her brother's soul, its saving or its loss.

CHAPTER II.

THE QUEEN BEE.

IT was early morning in the hive, No. 97, and the little Queen Bee was among the first astir. The faithful grumbler, Maggie, came to comb that gleaming hair, Doro's chief capital, which she could not manage for herself. "I was up yesterday afternoon beyond Back Bay," quoth Maggie, "and I see a little ten-cent show there—'Two Circassian Beauties,' and I thought I'd go in as the picter was of two girls with hair dragging behind their heels. I told 'em I was in the show line, and went in free. Saw! I see in a minute, plain as could be, it wasn't natural—tied on! How folks do cheat the public! But there! the public deserves nothing better; few shows does so well by 'em as ours. Here's another hot day. Wish it would rain."

"When it rained three days last week, you wished it would not rain again all summer."

"Well, to-day I want rain, and, of course, it's

dry to vex me. When I want it still, there's an east wind; when I want a wind,— say ironing-days,— it's dead calm."

"Don't you think that wicked talk? God sends weather as it seems best to him, and God is above considering what you would like and sending the opposite just to vex you."

"I know one thing — I sha'nt do up a shirt a day this hot weather for your father, and I mean to tell him so."

"I'll make the washing very small otherwise, Maggie."

"Oh, yes! you spare for him to spend! I won't stand it."

"It is Whim's birthday, Maggie," said Doro, to change the subject. "We must make it pleasant."

"Then, my dear, do it by feasting him. All boys cares for is what they puts in their mouths. Feed 'em if you love 'em."

"I was thinking of buying a birthday cake, Maggie."

"Do, my dear. Get it at Lipp's. Lipp makes the most perfec'ly superfluous cake ever I ate in my life."

Having spoken two words for herself and one for Whim, Maggie went down to get breakfast. Doro opened the door of a little room off her own. A brown, burly boy was asleep in a cot. His arms were flung up over his head; his bare, bronzed throat was smooth and round; his strong chest rose and fell with his deep breathing; the moisture of profound sleep dampened his brown curls, and lay a healthful dew over his broad forehead and full red mouth. This was Doro's idol, her heart's delight,—her present, her future, her all. She went up to the bed, and touched with her small soft finger the deep dimple in his chin.

Whim opened his eyes.

"Many happy birthdays to you, Whim," said this little mother. Whim took her kiss as a matter of course.

"To-day I shall make arrangements for you at the Conservatory, Whim, to enter in September, and you will work hard at your languages till then, and end the school year standing well."

"I'm always working hard," said Whim, with conviction.

“And after this I shall need you to play for me an hour each evening to bring people into the show. We are failing.”

“Now you talk. I’ll bring in more than the wax work.”

“And I have a present for you, Whim — a very valuable present. Before I give it to you, you must promise to use it very seldom, and not carry it from the house, and not let — any one — know of it — that might — sell it.”

“Savvey,” said Whim, who had received some elements of a street education, of which his youthful guardian did not know. “What is the present? Where is it?”

“It is a violin, one of the finest in the world — the one our grandfather played on as first violin, and left to his brother, who took his place as first violin.”

Whim sprang up in bed, his face glowing, his eyes aflame with ancestral instincts.

“Where is it? How did you get it, Doro?”

“It was sent to mother, four years ago, when her uncle died. She told me to keep it until you were old enough to appreciate it — and know how to take care of it — for it is all

your fortune, Whim. I think you will know now."

She drew from under the bed, where she had put it the previous night, a long green baize bag. She untied the baize and showed a leather case. She unlocked the case, and took out a famous Stradivarius. She handed the costly treasure to the boy. He seized it, trembling. He rested it upon his left shoulder, bowed his cheek upon it; his face glowed with ecstasy. His right hand grasped the bow, and he drew forth the long sleeping spirit imprisoned by the master of Cremona. Doro, sitting on the edge of the bed, felt the power of the boy genius.

"Oh! why have you kept it from me so long?" cried Whim.

"I did not feel quite sure I should give it to you now. It is worth as much as two thousand dollars. Our grandfather bought it when he had made a fortune as one of the first violinists of Europe. That was all he had left when he lost his fortune, and all he had to leave when he died. It came to our mother, on condition that it was to go to any son of hers that inher-

ited marked musical taste. If there was none, then the violin was to be sold, and the money was to come to me. That violin will make your fortune, Whim, if you do not lose it, and you know you must not use it while you are practising."

The boy, still sitting up in bed, drew forth soft notes of exquisite harmony. He seemed supremely happy.

"Play on it to-day, up here, with your door locked; this is your birthday and a festival. Then we will lock it away in my closet as before. In case of fire, the violin first and then the wax."

A little while after, Maggie, Whim, and Doro were at breakfast. The father never made his appearance till noon, when he had breakfast in his room, Maggie conveying it to him with a forever broken and forever renewed pledge that she would never wait on him that way again. As soon as he had breakfasted, he hurried to a reading-room to examine the papers, to find out if any of the Southern lotteries had declared a prize, or if some horse on which he had a bet had won a race. He never won a bet or got

a prize, but with feverish madness he continued putting every penny which he won at gambling with cards into this other gambling. He was a hunter for the bodies and souls of men, and like other hunters he had his favorite grounds and due knowledge of his prey. From bar-room to bar-room, from gilded saloon to gilded saloon he went to find men whose blood was heated and whose imaginations were kindled with strong drink. Those Golden Youth of to-day, their pockets lined with the hard earnings or fortunate speculations of their fathers, the careful savings of their mothers, — youth, ambitious in their idleness to be men of strength, to mingle strong drink — betrayed by one dragon into the jaws of another, such the facile Granby lured to his den. From the time he left the house at noon until he returned at midnight, — if he came at all, — to find Doro patiently sitting up for him, no one of his family saw him; he was shut up in some gas-lit and almost hermetically sealed den, with a man at the door to watch for the police intent on raiding. When his wife was dying, he, hidden in such a den, could not be found. When that

wife lay dead, he repaired to his "gambling-hell" with supreme indifference to the cold corpse he had once professed to love. When Whim was supposed to be dying of diphtheria, strangers shared Doro's watch and cares. Well does the Spanish journalist write: "Among all passions of which mortals are the prey, none has a greater number of victims, none is so absolutely incurable, as the passion for play. Parrhasius Justus published in the sixteenth century a book entitled 'Means of Curing the Passion for Play,' and this same author died ruined by play; died in the free bed of a hospital. In gaming, one loses himself and his all. He loses money, health, faith, intelligence, credit, shame, — all, absolutely all." Stephen Jong writes: "'Young man,' said a gambler to me, 'preserve always in memory what I say: Fifteen years ago I entered for the first time into this hell, and I witnessed the suicide of a man that lost his life and honor beside this fatal table. May that example, which did not correct me, suffice for you.' And this very man committed suicide a few minutes after, just as that unhappy one whose self-murder he had

witnessed fifteen years before!" And yet this most ghastly passion, which bows under its hideous yoke the human soul, is fostered in the bosoms of children by parents, teachers, friends. Their playthings often nurture it; they are taught its beginning in the family circle; they cross the threshold of the vice very often in their own church entertainments and fairs. And that twin vice, its deadly brother, is not that too nurtured in many a home, — the wine with the dessert, the brandy and "good old whiskey" in the cooking; the alcohol in so many medicines? In this country the great and mighty middle class is ground as between upper and nether millstones by the drinking habits of the two extremes of social life, the hideous guzzling in the slums and the bold, defiant, deadly drinking in high life.

My brethren, these things ought not so to be.

About eleven o'clock, Doro, having devoted her usual morning cares to her wax, and knowing that Whim was safe in his room with his new treasure, put on a tidy little muslin gown and a wide hat, and, sheltered under a little gingham umbrella, knocked at the study door

of the church which she regularly attended. The pastor himself opened the door, and, seeing a gentle little child before him, courteously led her in, and, noting her face flushed with the extreme heat of the day, gave her a seat, a fan, and a glass of water, and told her to lay by her hat and get cooler. The child's face seemed familiar to him, and he began to take himself to task. "If you please," said the silver-sweet voice, "I am Doro, and my brother Whim and I come every Sunday to your church and sit in the left-hand gallery."

"Yes, yes. I remember your face quite well, my child — Doro; the name is rather a new one to me." He, in fact, was oblivious of the surname, ashamed of his ignorance, and striving valiantly to conceal it.

"Dorothea Granby my name really is; but I suppose it is too long for such a small person, and so I am called Doro — Doro Granby. We are in wax, you know. Three years ago, very nearly, you remember, you came to see my sick mother, and buried her."

"Yes, my dear child, I remember," said the pastor, sadly. He was upbraiding his fate that

gave him a cure of nearly a thousand souls, with a parish cropping up in spots over all the city — no coadjutor thought necessary either in pulpit or pastoral work ; six meetings a week — two of them required to be great efforts for Sabbath ; his door daily besieged by demands of all sorts — each week funerals, baptisms, bridals ; and with all this shepherding, here was one of the lambs of the flock, a faithful and gentle little lamb, whom his Master had bidden him to feed, and whose name and face he hardly knew, and if the lamb were fed, it had been by stray nibblings taken of its own accord. If the lamb had wandered and been lost, who would have missed it ? This under-shepherd thought of his Chief Shepherd who knoweth his sheep by name, and he felt that there had been something wrong in the conduct of the flock.

“My little girl,” he said, sadly, “I should have visited you many times before this.”

Doro did not know that pastors were expected to visit the people. She was an humble little person ; she found no fault.

“Oh, sir, I did not expect it. You have so much to do ! and we are in wax, you know.

We get on very well, and now, when I needed to ask some one to advise me, I came to you."

"Very right of you, my dear. I am glad you have come."

Then this under-shepherd remembered that he was not left alone in ministering to the lambs. There was the Sabbath-school, the nursery of the church; and how often he had publicly praised his Sabbath-school. The teachers there were understood to be the guides and visitors and friends of all the little lambs. He felt revived.

"You go to our Sunday-school, my dear?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"And your teacher visits you at your home, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, sir; she never comes."

The pastor's face fell again.

"And who is your teacher?"

"Miss Harrison."

Well, yes; the pastor remembered that, with all the care exercised, there were some inexperienced, worldly-minded young people who had entered into this minor cure of souls. He and the superintendent had had little private

meetings, wherein they rather wailed out echoes from Lamentations than sang selections from Canticles. Some of his young people, who pursued Mammon six days in the week, tried to compound with their consciences by hearing the questions from the Lesson Paper for an hour on Sunday. Thus Doro had fallen into the hands of the Philistines. The good man resolved to take vigorous measures with his delegate shepherds, if it kept him in the city all summer. "And you have come to me for advice, my dear child?"

"About Whim, sir, my brother, the one who sits by me in the gallery. There are only us two. Whim has very great talent for music—he wants to be a violinist. My grandfather and my great-uncle were very famous in England for their playing. I have been trying for three years to lay up enough money to start Whim, and it is so hard to get ahead. I came to ask if there were any schools of music where they have scholarships for those who have great genius for music, or any schools where they would take Whim and let him pay the tuition when he is a first violin."

“I do not know of any, I fear.”

The child's face looked so unutterably sad at this that the pastor laid his hand paternally on her shoulder, saying: “But we will see about it, my dear child.”

“I have only fifty dollars saved up,” she faltered.

“To save fifty dollars is very well done for a little girl like you. I do not see how you did so well.”

“By the Lichfield Monument—the Snowdrop, you know.”

“Eh? What? Monument?” This was a very puzzling child.

“Done in wax, you know.”

“Ah, done in wax,” still much mystified.

“That and Gulliver.”

“Eh?”

“Our wax work needs so much mending, sir; and as I seemed to have a talent, my mother had me taught to work in wax, and I do very well. I have made some of my figures, and for little things in clear white I have done a great many copies of the Snowdrop Monument in Lichfield Cathedral, England, where my

mother was born, and of Gulliver Bound, which I copied, and a store sells them for me, and I made the fifty dollars."

"And how old is Whim?"

"Thirteen to-day, and I am nearly sixteen."

The pastor withdrew his hand from her shoulder. "So old? I took you to be about twelve."

"I know I am too small," said Doro, apologetically.

CHAPTER III.

NETS AT THE HEAD OF EVERY STREET.

I DON'T know as it is a sin to be small," said the pastor.

"Maggie says it is sitting up late nights, Jonas says it is my hair, and it ought to be cut off:— but, then, my hair is part of the show, and we take in so little."

The excellent parson was decidedly travelling in unknown countries in this discourse. He had never met a child so hard to understand, citizen of a world so very different from his own. He returned to known ground.

"Fifty dollars ought to pay for a year's tuition at our Conservatory, I think. I will see about it for you. Have you not left it rather late? I think musicians begin earlier than that, — thirteen, — but I am not sure."

"You see, I knew Whim would never study a word of any thing else after he got fairly at music, and he must know writing and accounts

and common things. So I have kept him in school, and he is pretty well on " (proudly).

Admirable little mother!

"I see; and it was very well done and sensible of you."

"And, then, he has begun. I got him a cheap violin, — I made that out of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid, — and he had some lessons, and he plays beautifully now."

"That is well. I am glad he has his instrument."

"I think he will need a better one for the school. I will try and earn him one. I have been thinking of a design of Babes in the Wood. If I could get five dollars each —"

"I'll undertake to sell ten for you at that price," said the pastor, eagerly. "The Babes in the Wood, by all means."

"And Whim has a violin that is too good for him to use now. When he goes out to give entertainments it will make his fortune. It was our grandfather's, — all he left us, — a Stradivarius, worth as much as two thousand dollars."

"What! are you not mistaken?"

“No ; it is marked, and is a famous violin.”

“I must show it and your brother to the Director. But, my child, do you know your risk in keeping such a treasure in your house? Until your brother is grown it should be put in some trust company’s vault, and have an insurance on it. Suppose it should be burned or stolen?”

“I have thought, sir, sometimes, that I might have to raise money on it for Whim’s tuition. Perhaps he ought not to live at home. Perhaps he should stay at the school.”

“It seems to me he would be best off in staying with such a good wise sister as you are.”

Doro was silent.

“Is your father living?”

“Yes, sir,” almost inaudibly.

“What does he say about these plans?”

“He doesn’t know any thing of them!” cried Doro, distressed.

“Have you hidden your brother’s talent from him?”

The golden head bent lower and lower — but no word.

“Is it to get the boy away from his father

you think to send him from his home?" asked the minister.

Still lower bowed the head under its golden crown.

"Is your father unkind to you?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Profane, perhaps?"

"No, sir; I never heard him."

"Unhappily, he may have been led away to drunkenness?"

"He drinks some, sir. Not so much as many. I have hoped he would stop that. But drinking is such a very disgusting vice, sir. I hope Whim would not take to it; he can see what that is."

"An infidel?"

"He never talks about such things before any of us."

"Can you not trust me with what is wrong, so I may advise you? All that you say is closely confidential."

"Oh, sir — he is a gambler! He has always been."

"And is that incurable? More so than drunkenness?"

“I think so, sir, almost. For if a man drinks, he may see how the drink is killing him; but the gambler looks every day to the gambling itself to give him back all he has lost, and all he wants. The drunkard may say, If I drink again I may die. The gambler says, ‘One more game and I am safe.’ The drunkard may have long times when he stops drinking, and gets room to love people; but when a man gambles, he never stops, for every day he expects the lucky throw or card that shall make him rich. Perhaps the drinking man only thinks of drink while he takes it; he may have some time to think of his danger or of other people. But when a man gambles, all the time his mind is on the games, and he thinks of this and this and this that will make him win. The drunkard knows his vice is what is ruining him, and the gambler is as sure it is not the gaming but only the bad luck in it that has hurt him, and always he is sure the luck is just going to change. Oh, sir, don’t think I am wicked and hate my poor father. I don’t; but he does not care at all for any of us. He broke my mother’s heart; he has lost all we have

except the wax, which is so mine he can not sell it. He wants Whim to go with him; he says boys bring luck. Because my poor Whim is an innocent boy, he means to take him to these places that the papers call 'a hell,' and eat his poor heart out with a fire that, once it is lit in the soul, is never quenched."

The parson heard astounded. Never had he from the pulpit poured out such a philippic against a vice. Because vice had not touched the outmost circle of his serene and godly life — he saw it only from afar in other men, whom he tried to save, and yet of whose real danger and agony the half had not been told him. "Decidedly, my child," he said, "we must save your brother. Let us hope that this sad example, your words, your tears, your guardianship, will instil in the boy's heart a prejudice against gambling, which prejudice will in good time grow into a principle. If you see it needful to send your brother from his home, it can be done; but so long as he is not in instant danger, keep him with yourself. Probably now that his love of music is to be gratified by regular instructions, and he has his ambition roused,

he will avoid all that will ruin him in the profession he has chosen. And don't forget that God is the great miracle-worker in human hearts, and may yet save your father, if you pray for him."

"I have prayed so much, and so did my mother," said poor Doro, forlornly, "and things go just the same."

The minister returned to the theme of daily needs.

"But how do you get on?" asked the minister. "Does the show bring you in a support?"

"I manage to make it pay rent, fuel, and table, and so on, and I do the rest in wax, making things. I get clothes and school-books and the rest that way."

"And who lives with you and helps you?"

"Only old Maggie. Mother got her ten years ago, when we first set up here in Boston. She thinks every thing of me and a good deal of Whim. She is always scolding and grumbling, but she is so faithful! She does all the work, and takes all the money at the door."

"It is well your father does not take away the money."

“He began that, and we got in debt, and I had to go beg the landlord, and sell my mother’s two rings, that I had kept hidden. But now I manage; Jonas, in the basement, keeps all accounts with me, and as soon as the show is over, I run to him with the money, and he pays all the bills, and gives me the receipts — so there is never any money for poor father to take away. Nobody could get it from Jonas; he is a cobbler, and has arms like a giant’s.”

“If he is a good man, he may be a help with your brother, in guiding him right.”

“I don’t know as he is very good. He won’t go to church. He is honest, very, and kind, but dreadful crusty. Still, he does help with Whim; he makes him study. Jonas is very sensible. He would be good if he believed in the Bible, — but he don’t.”

More Philistines around this poor little maid!

“To-morrow, after school is out, I will come for your brother and his violin, and will take him to the director of the music-school, and see what can be done for him. You get ready the wax you spoke of, and I will see that it is sold.”

("I'll teach your Sunday-school teacher that she has some duties to you," he added grimly to himself.)

Doro resumed hat and umbrella, and went home comforted.

"She's done it," cried Whim, bursting into the cobbler's shop. "I'm to be taken up to the Conservatory this afternoon, and there's likely to be money enough. She's got orders for a whole lot of 'Babes in the Wood,' done in wax."

Jonas stopped hammering at an intractable boot-sole, and felt strong inward longings to hammer at Whim instead. Still, Whim was a very pretty boy standing there, healthy, flushed, happy, in the early day. If he was selfish, that was his natural constitution, unhappily assisted by the devotion of Doro. "In fine," said the cobbler to himself, "we mortals are all selfish, especially when we are young, before the world has had a chance to knock some of the *ego* out of us. Age complains of youth that youth is selfish, but it is thus that each generation avenges the generation that has passed, and great Nature keeps even the balances of joy

and pain." Several very strong stitches had been taken during this meditation. Then Jonas drew the thread tight and looked again at Whim. "See here, my lad, I think you don't know what that little sister of yours is doing and giving up for your sake. The little creature bears the burdens of age trying to make a man of you. What are you going to do about it?"

"All I can," quoth Whim; "I'm going to study like a house afire, and get to be a first violin, and earn a lot of money, and Doro shall dress in velvet and ride in a carriage, and do nothing but what she likes."

"That's all very well; but an acre of castles in Spain are not worth as much as a foot of solid ground close at hand. What I want to know is, What will you do for her now to keep her mind easy and make her heart happy? Will you work, will you do as she wants, will you keep out of the street and out of bad company?"

"Of course I will. I shall study from morning till night."

"A new broom sweeps clean. For a little

you'll study your music all day; then you'll begin to tire, and will barely learn your lessons and do the required amount. Look you, the amount of work required in schools here is not to make master genius; it is only to make a pupil so far proficient that the school will not be disgraced. Genius is allowed to develop itself. You'll get, say two or three lessons a week, and be told to practice two hours a day. You'll think that enough. If you were with a master in Germany, I'll tell you how you'd have it: no vacation except a fortnight in mid-summer and a few days at Christmas and Easter. Early in the morning you'd get a bowl of coffee or milk and a crust of bread. Then at once your violin, and you'd be locked in an attic, and set to work, and be expected to keep at it till noon. Then a bowl of soup and another bit of bread. In all the day, one hour or less for outdoor exercise; all the afternoon, practice. At six, your dinner; if you'd been idle, no dinner but a glass of milk. All the evening, practice."

"Why, I'd die! Die of starvation and work, and want of fresh air!"

“Pupils have tried it and have not died — they have made masters. This fierce pressure has tested all; the idlers and the cold-hearted have fallen out of the way; the true sons of music have remained to conquer. What has the easy system of our country produced? Where are our masters? Go to Germany for the kings of harmony. Out of such crucible as I have shown you have come Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Handel, Haydn, Hiller, Liszt, Bach, Schumann, and many more of the illustrious. None of the great Kapellmeisters found an easy road to greatness. They made their way by solid work; the more genius they had, they worked the more to polish and inform it.”

“I don't believe my grandfather and uncle went it like that.”

“They did, if they were worth any thing. They must have both worked so, for they were educated by a master in Germany, I am told. There's no royal way cast up for idlers to take to crowns. They have all to make their road by breaking stones on it.”

“I say, Jonas, you'd better write a book about working.”

“Get out of my shop!” roared Jonas, furiously, “or I’ll fling this last at your head!”

Whim made good his escape, wondering what had suddenly gone wrong with Jonas. But crowding and jostling our way in this world we often tread on one another’s toes without knowing it. So Whim had done in this instance.

Whim and his violin were duly exhibited to the Director. The violin was pronounced a wonderful instrument, and the boy very promising. Lessons were to begin in September, music and Italian, at the school; and Whim was advised to work at his French and German during the summer. Perhaps the aside hints about the little golden-headed sister-mother, given by the clergyman, interested the Director as much as handsome Whim himself. At all events, he gave Whim considerable advice. He said:—

“You mean to make this your profession, and you should be enthusiastic in it; enthusiasm carries the day. Fill yourself with knowledge of music. Study the history of music; study the lives of musicians. Get a

dictionary of music and musicians, and read it through; then get the separate lives. None of this is dry — these struggles and triumphs have been the romance of genius.”

Perhaps Whim would have forgotten much of this in a week, but, in the first flush of his zeal, he told it all to Doro, and Doro never forgot. When she went to the library to study up her wax, she took Whim along and set him at the dictionary. Then she drew the proper books for him, and took them home, and while she made Babes in the Wood with her delicate little fingers, Whim sat beside her and read the stories of those whose steps he claimed to follow. It was pleasant and pathetic to see this little maid guiding and governing the big boy, already taller than herself though three years younger. Whim yielded, partly from honest love, and partly from deference to moral force. Besides, Doro was all he had; his mother was dead, and he was not acquainted with his father. Sometimes for weeks the two never met. All, however, was not easy for Doro in regard to Whim. Whim liked to be out in the street, and he made all

manner of acquaintances, unknown to Doro, and these filled her with terror. Then, the devil was always laying nets, and Whim was always stumbling into them. It seemed to Doro that the very kind of nets that were most fatal to Whim were laid in his way. It is always so. If we have any especial point of weakness, that is the point Satan assails. Hot temper? Then, daily we find the aggravating circumstances that shall make us furious. Jealousy? How many do we at once see distancing us in the race to our own most prized goal! Inebriety? Then we see every window filled with glittering bottles, every seductive sign. We savor the odors of wine, gin, beer, drifting from a thousand open dens. Pervasive as the air is that "Prince of the power of the air" by whom we are caused to offend. And how little in reality do we humans do to protect one another in this spiritual strife! We are easy-tempered, and we fail to see the thousand little rasping instances that tempt others into sin. We have no inclinations to that devil unchained of old, by the Arabs, Al-Cohol, and how little we do to

take his fatal snares from the head of every street, while sixty thousand fall by them into death and perdition every year! And there is another fell demon abroad — the demon of play — and we dwell in serene unconsciousness of the multiplied snares he spreads for souls. Go to Atlantic City in “the season.” Pass along the board walk. Angels might weep above it, and every wave of the sea cry out for justice for the souls that are being slain, when nearly solid squares of five-cent gambling establishments sow destruction, pervert childhood, betray youth, and “secure guests for the depths of hell.”

And where the lights blaze brightest, and the full bands thunder, and white-aproned waiters fly about, and the stage show is free and entrance free, beer gardens by the dozen swing wide their gates; and men, women, and little children sit sipping liquid death, and what voice protests, and what strong hand saves?

Such snares were spread for Whim, — a gambler’s son, — in whose brain and veins beat the hereditary sin.

He came running in one day, flushed and

excited. "Oh, Doro! See the splendid knife I've got!"

"It is a nice knife. Where did you get it?"

"And almost for nothing! For only five cents!"

"But how, Whim?—where?"

"Oh, up here on the Common. There is a man with a table and a wheel, and you pay five cents and spin the wheel, and wherever the arrow on it points, you take up what lies there—from nothing at all up to a good knife. I got the best thing the first time! I want to try again. Let me have five cents, Doro; maybe I'll get some sleeve-buttons next time."

The blood seemed to freeze in poor Doro's veins. Oh, why was Whim, the vulnerable one, the unhappy winner of the best prize? Why had he not lost his money on a blank, and so grown sick of his sin at once, rather than to find his Sodom apple sweet and juicy to his taste?

"Come right along with me, Whim," she cried; and, seizing his hand, led him down to Jonas.

"Tell how you got it," sobbed Doro, and,

seating herself on the roll of leather, she dropped her face on her knees and burst into bitter crying. Whim, much surprised, told his good fortune.

“It’s gambling! clean gambling!” cried Jonas. “Did you pay the worth of that knife? Don’t you see he couldn’t give you a twenty-five cent knife for five cents, unless at least four people had lost all their five cents, or eight people had lost half? Is your knife the product of honest money or honest work? If you want a knife, work for one. I’ll put you in the way of earning forty cents to-morrow, and you can get a three-bladed, strong knife. Give me that knife.”

“It’s mine,” said Whim. “What’s Doro going on so for?”

“Because she fears you have set out on the road to be a card-sharper, a gambler, a black-leg, a swindler, and die a suicide in a gambling-hell. That’s what is on her mind. Give me that knife and earn one to-morrow.”

“Well, I vow, you two do go on over a little thing,” said Whim, sulkily, yet holding out the knife.

“Now,” said Jonas, “I’m going to the police station, and then to the court, to get that man put a stop to. I’ll see if he is to have a license to go round perverting youth and holding a gambling den on the Common.”

“Doro, why do you take on so? Where’s the great harm?” said Whim, as his sister still wept inconsolably.

“Men become every thing that is bad,” said Doro, “beginning so.”

“But I don’t mean to be every thing that is bad, girl.”

“We know nothing where we shall end, if we begin wrong. The way is never to begin. Promise me you will never, never do this again, Whim.”

“Why, of course not, if you’re going to make such a row over it; it is a deal more than it’s worth, and the knife gone besides.”

But Whim had the strong curiosity of bright boys, and the ambition to be like men and know and do what men do. How often he flattened his handsome nose against a pane, watching elegantly dressed men in graceful attitudes knocking about balls on green tables.

That cost money. But there were signs out here and there "Pool and Billiards Free!" And there were signs, FREE POOL, and under these words a wavy dissolving view of a legend that read "*For Drinks.*" Whim did not crave the drinks, but he wanted to watch and learn the game, and how would Doro have shuddered at that atmosphere of oaths and tobacco-smoke and alcohol, where the pretty innocent boy stood with eager eyes fixed on the game. So does one vice pander to another.

Doro had a lesson in reserve for Whim, a great and terrible lesson, but it could only be given once, and she desired it to be effectual. She must withhold it until Whim was of age and maturity to understand it. For the present, she must watch and warn. And, then, it was so bitter to unfold to this innocent boy his father's sins. She hoped he was done gambling with the "Wheel of Fortune." So he was, but Satan is not so bankrupt in invention as to have only the "Wheel of Fortune" at command. One afternoon, Whim, strolling along, saw a ferret-eyed boy at the entrance of an

alley. "Hello!" said the boy; "want some fun?"

"Yes," said Whim, ever ready for excitement.

"Come along in here, then; there's a man got the prettiest little game, and lots of money in it."

CHAPTER IV.

A STRUGGLE FOR WHIM.

THE remark of the ferret-eyed lad aroused curiosity. Whim saw several boys preceding him down the alley to an open door; he followed. There he found a little table marked off into twelve squares: on eight squares lay some money — pennies, nickels, even a quarter. There was also a dice-box. The dice had figures, not spots.

“Now,” said the man, “lay down a nickel and take the box and throw. You get what is marked. That’s it, boy! Five! Well, on that very five is a nickel; just as much as you put down. You can’t complain; there it is; that’s fair. Try again. Nothing! Well, there’s ups and downs in this world. Next time you may get a quarter. Who next? All right. No, eight. Three cents on that. Try again, if you ain’t chicken-livered. So; ten cents for you! Again? Your dander’s up. Ha, ha, nothing! Once more. There you are, a five!

Again — a penny ; half a loaf is better than no bread.”

The door was darkened, and a tall young gentleman, with a lady on his arm, came in. The man looked up uneasily. “Amusin’ the boys with a quiet little game,” he said.

“Very amiable of you,” said the young gentleman.

Whim, all excitement, was searching his pockets for five cents.

“It’s sheer gambling,” said the young gentleman, softly, to the lady ; but Whim heard, thought of Doro, and held his hand.

The man continued : “It’s all open and fair. I don’t drive nobody. I makes nothing ; you boys gets all the money and all the fun. Here goes ; nothing ! nothing ! one — two cents ! nothing ! I vow, you’ve got the quarter !”

The lady spoke in French to her companion, and he slid out while she still looked on. Whim, all excitement at seeing the winning of a quarter, started toward the table ; but the lady held him by the elbow. All the boys, encouraged by the episode of the quarter, poured out the nickels.

“Me!” “Me!” “Ten; I win ten cents!”
“Nothing! nothing!” “Three cents for me.”
“Try again, two; again, five.” “I’ve got my
money back at least —”

The man leaped up, crammed the dice into his mouth and the money into his pocket, rubbed his coat-skirt over the chalked table. Too late; he was in the grip of a policeman, and the lady still looked coolly on, and the young gentleman had returned, red in the face from running. The lady let go Whim’s elbow.

“My pretty boy, never go into a gambling-den of any sort again. The man said he made nothing; it seems to me he has now all the money in his pockets. What boy here has as much as he came in with? The one who drew the quarter is his boy, the one who stood on the walk to decoy you all in. Throw out that quarter, and look at this little tablet, where I have secretly set down the plays. He took in three times what he paid out.”

Whim did not tell Doro that episode in his street life. “What odds,” he said; “why worry Doro! He hadn’t gambled.”

He played now every night at the show, and

attendance greatly increased. The fact was, Whim's playing was already masterly, and his old violin wept and laughed, sang and hoped, and prayed and dreamed under his steady bow. The famous Cremona was secured in a safe deposit vault, well insured. Whim had hugged and kissed it, as if it had been a beloved and living thing, before he buried it in its stone tomb. He did not know that there was a rampant passion that was competent to wrest from him his violin, his time, his honor, his all, to be laid on the altar of a blank throw. If Whim had such a passion, it was yet nascent. Still the world was full of things to evoke it. He had a little change at his disposal, especially since he played at the show. It usually went for rosin, violin strings, sheets of music, blank-books, and so on. One day he came running in with a little box. Doro was in the kitchen stirring up a tea-cake for his supper. Whim liked good eating, still he was not greedy. He had now some candy, and he did not open it till he could share with Doro.

“See here! Look, Doro, while I open it. It's a prize-packet. Every one has a present in

it — rings, pencils, pins, buttons, chains — something. One in a hundred has a quarter, one in a hundred a little wooden peg to balance the quarter. What do you suppose I've got? Suppose it is the quarter!"

Doro, wrathful, snatched up the unbroken parcel and flung it into the stove. "When will you stop gambling?" she cried excitedly. "You are always at it. You bought ten cents' worth of candy. What right have you to look for sleeve-buttons or quarters in it? If the candy was not worth ten cents, why pay ten for it on a chance? This is all depending on luck, and living in longing for things not fairly earned. You'll ruin yourself and be the death of me!" Doro was furious and impressive. Whim was quite cowed.

"Why, Doro, every one buys them. They sell in all the stores. Where's the harm?"

Doro caught him around the neck and began to moan and wail over him. "Oh, my poor boy, all the world is bound to ruin you! Can you never be let alone in peace; my darling, must I see you destroyed?"

Poor Whim! he could not tell what it was all

about, but he felt that he was always inadvertently treading on slippery places. Another day it was, "Oh, Doro, there's to be a church fair round here in Howard street. Ten cents admission. Can't I take a quarter and go? I can get lots for a quarter. Five cents for ice-cream and five cents for grab-bag and five cents for ring-cake. I may get the ring for you, Doro, and in the grab-bag is a nice silver pencil. I may get that, Doro."

"Oh my, oh my!" cried Doro, wringing her hands in despair. "If there isn't more gambling! Always something to stir up the thirst after luck and chances, and getting what we don't pay for. Here's the church fair teaching you lottery business!"

"Why, Doro, what's up? Of course the church fair is all right; they're good people; they know. There's to be shares sold for drawing a big doll. We don't want a doll. If it was for a pair of skates I'd go in for it; mine are too little."

"Shares, lottery shares," gasped Doro, environed with terror.

"Of course, they always have them. St.

Peter's Catholic Church has a fair, and I got in free this morning by helping Nick Mullins carry up his ice-cream. There they are selling shares in two of the biggest Bibles ever you saw, and a great arm-chair stuffed and covered with velvet. I'd have taken chances there, only I didn't have the dimes with me."

"There's no use," said Doro to herself in deep despondency; "Whim can't be saved; he has to go just like father; all pushes him into destruction." This preyed on her so that it gave her a terrible headache, and she wore a deathly look lying on her bed and unable to lift head or hand. Whim, much moved, forgot his fair, and sat by her bathing her head and pitying her very much. Doro felt that she would put up with headache all her life, if only she might lie there, with Whim sitting safely by her, out of the jaws of ruin. But poor Doro could not afford to have headaches. She had to rise up and exhibit wax.

"Say, Doro, got fifty cents to spare?" cried Whim one day.

"What for, Whim?"

"To subscribe for a paper. It is the great-

est scheme out. You get the paper weekly for a month, and with the subscriptions there are fifty thousand dollars' worth of prizes to be given away — spoons, watches, knives, sewing-machines, books, a horse, skates, coats, baseballs, croquet sets, — no end of things. Let us subscribe. A prize with every subscription. I might get a velocipede. In three months the prizes are to be distributed. I'll hate to wait. Suppose I got a watch, Doro!"

"Yes, and suppose you got a tin whistle, and suppose you set your mind on this hateful masked lottery, so that for three months you could not work or study, all your ideas on drawing a horse or a watch? Go down and ask Jonas what he thinks of it. If he makes it out a good thing we'll subscribe."

At the time Whim informed Doro that "Jonas didn't think there was much in that scheme any way — all sham." These were of Whim's temptations and perils. He had other dangers. One day the boy sat reading a history of music to his sister, while she repaired coronation robes for Elizabeth of England. Not that Doro preferred the history of music

to any other reading, but it was needful for Whim to read it, and he would be more careful and remember it better if he read it aloud. "It's dull reading, Doro; all my books are pretty dull."

"Well, Whim, if you'll work away at these, I will ask after some good stories, musical stories, for you to read. I have seen some advertised all about life at foreign conservatories."

There was a step along the hall, and, event almost unprecedented, Granby looked in on his children.

"Do you need something, father?" asked Doro.

"No," said Granby, "go on with what you are about, both."

He dropped into a chair and remained for half an hour. Doro noted uneasily that his eyes were fixed on Whim. That evening Granby came home earlier than usual.

"Where's the boy?" he demanded.

"Gone to bed," said Doro, with a sinking heart.

"I want him to-morrow," said Granby.

"What for?" asked Doro.

“To set him to work; he’s old enough,” said Granby, sharply.

“He is working; he is busy all day. You had better let him be.”

“I tell you I want him, and I will have him.”

“Then tell me what to do,” said Doro, quiet and white, standing firmly before her father, and looking in his eyes.

“Tell you? Well, all right, I will tell you. To help me in business.”

“Your business is — gambling.”

“All right. Yes, it is, and pays, too; made a hundred to-day.”

“Then you sha’n’t have Whim” — this with decision.

“Sha’n’t have Whim! Isn’t he my own son?”

“Yes; but he is just as much his dead mother’s son, and she told me to be sure and bring Whim to her to heaven. You know, father, it is impossible to get to heaven through the gate of a gambling-hell.”

“Child! heaven can take care of itself afterwards.”

“Father, I am bound to save Whim. Where he goes I go. I can not go to God and our

mother alone. Whim has to come. We'll support you gladly by our work; but, father, you shall not have Whim for gambling."

"I will. You can not help yourself or him. Get to bed."

"I can help him. I shall appeal to the court."

"Against me — against your father."

"Against you, my father. You can not have Whim to ruin, body and soul. I know what gambling means, father."

"Don't be a fool, worse than your mother."

"If you persist in this, father, Whim shall disappear. I am not very big, but in some things you will find me stronger than my mother. I have grown strong by seeing her suffer."

Granby walked out of the room. Doro sat down to think. Her mind was made up. She knew how it would be if Whim went with her father. Strong drink in most enticing forms would weaken appetite, deaden conscience, fire his brain, and the fury of play would be re-enforced by the seduction of wine. Never — he should not go!



“I want to show him life and make a man of him.” Page 81,
see page 238.

Next morning Granby, contrary to his custom, appeared at the breakfast-table. When the meal was over, he said to his son: —

“Whim, come with me; I have some nice easy work for you.”

“Whim,” said Doro, in a solemn voice, “don’t you go one step; he wants to make a gambler of you.”

“I want to show him life, and make a man of him.”

Whim stood dazed and irresolute between father and sister.

“Whim,” said Doro, “if you go with him, as sure as you live I will not pay your schooling at the Conservatory this year.”

Granby seized his son’s arm. “Come along; I’ll give you all the money you want — ten dollars at a time.”

Doro rapidly wrote two words on a card, walked up to her father and held the card out. She was white as snow. The words were ROBERT ARCHER.

Granby turned white as his daughter; he did not utter the words, but he looked at them and at her.

“Was that your mother’s legacy?”

“It was my mother’s legacy.”

“Confound the whole brood of you!” cried Granby, and fled.

Doro threw up her arms with a low cry. This terrible scene had been too much for the poor little heart; she fell on the floor senseless, and Maggie and Whim thought she was dead. When she finally revived, Whim, in the excess of his joy and gratitude, clasped his arms about her. “Poor Doro, don’t be afraid; I will never go with him to his business. I will never gamble.”

“Oh, Whim, Whim!” moaned Doro, “what have I had to do to save you?”

“What was that you put on the card, Doro?”

“Never ask me,” said Doro, with a look of despair. This poor child had been reduced to fight her father with deadly weapons to keep him from slaying her brother.

CHAPTER V.

A HYMN SELLER.

JULY morning, and hot, very. Jonas tap, tap, tapping in his den, like a woodpecker in a tree. Down Jonas' steps skips and jumps a little wiry old woman — brisk, trim, indigent. "Morning! How are you?" chirps the old woman. "You're busy earnin' your livin', and I'm out after mine. We must live, you know, and I sells hymns. Buy one?"

"No, I don't take to hymns," growled Jonas.

"S'pose you don't? They're my living. I didn't ask if you liked 'em, but if you'd buy 'em. I'm the attic. Very good hymns, five cents each. Ten verses for five cents — that makes two for a cent, and cheap. Would you make two verses for a cent? Poetry's a gift."

The old lady had established herself on the lowest step, and evidently meant to stay until she sold her hymn. "I've only one kind. I used to carry round five or six kinds, and let

people take their choice. I found that would not do. Folks looked 'em all over, read 'em all, and said they didn't want any; or by the time they bought one, ten were spoiled and ruffled up, and so my goods were gone. Now I take round one kind at a time; when every one has bought that I try another. To-day I've got a '*Spiritual Railroad*.' The finest railroad ever you see."

"I don't travel on railroads," said Jonas, fitting a patch.

"Yes, you do, let me tell you. One way or the other you're on a spiritual railroad. If you ain't going up, you're going down, sixty miles an hour. Where are you ticketed for? That's the great question. My hymn says :

"The line to heaven by Christ was made;
With heavenly truth the rails are laid;
From earth to heaven the line extends
To life eternal, where it ends.'

"Ain't that sweet, now? Rolls along just like the cars rushing over the track. Now, I'm going to give you that hymn, and you're going to give me five cents, and we'll have made each other a little present, as neighbors should, and

be friendly ever after. You wouldn't want me to beg, would you, nor to come on the poor-master? You can see I couldn't do heavy work. I'm too broke-down in strength. I've buried a husband and five children with consumption, and me now left all alone; so I feel like the stump of an old tree left standing by itself in a five-acre lot. There's plenty of people round me, but they ain't my people."

"I'll take two hymns," said Jonas.

"No, you won't; you don't want two of a kind. I'll come another time and bring another kind, and then you'll take your second. I ain't begging. This hymn is worth your money; all my hymns are. This is my favorite to-day. All my hymns are favorites the day I take 'em out. I'll read you a verse out of this:—

"The Bible, then, is engineer,
It points the way to heaven so clear;
Through tunnels, dark and dreary here,
It does the way to glory steer."

"Don't you relish that, now? Ain't it true as preachin'?"

"It may be true as preaching," said Jonas.

“I don’t know how true that is. I don’t take much stock in it,” — he secured a waxed end — “and as for the Bible, I’m not so clear that it’s what it claims to be.”

“My land!” said the scandalized hymn-seller, “if here isn’t a heathen Turk-Chinee Ashantee-Indian right in the heart of Boston! Not that I’m calling you any names, my dear friend, only characterizing your spiritual state. So you don’t think the Bible is a good book?”

“Oh, yes, I do; but then there are others just as good. You may call it inspired if you like. I won’t contradict you, if you mean by inspired just as Shakespeare and Milton and the Koran and the Vedas are inspired.”

“I’m not such a fool as I look,” said the hymn-seller. “My profession is literary. I know a literary person who writes these hymns. I’ve read a great deal to my people when they lay sick. Now, look out, or I’ll tackle you on this.”

“Go ahead,” said Jones, getting interested, “I’ve set out my views. What will you answer?”

“I’m not going to run off on any false

scents," said the hymn-seller. "When I open the Bible I read, 'Thus saith the Lord,' 'Hear ye the word of the Lord,' 'And God said,' and so on. Other books don't claim that; they don't pretend to be the Word of the Lord. We'll leave them right where they stations themselves, and we'll take up this book just where it stations itself. It says it's the Word of the Lord, and it says one jot or one tittle shall not pass till all be fulfilled; and whoever adds a word or takes out a word, his name is going to be left out of the Book of Life. Now, it sets out with great pretensions, and they are either truth or a lie. Don't try to fool me with any talk about the Bible being a good book if it is full of lies. It is what it says, or it is a sham."

"I don't know but you're right there, old lady; but haven't you heard of pious frauds?"

"Seems to me a contradiction—if pious means holy. I don't quite take to the idea of a holy cheat any more than to that of a ravaging lamb or a carrion-eating dove. But if any fraud can be pious, the Bible can't—it is too outrageous and impudent on the face of it, to put

words in God's mouth, and deceive men with false accounts of God's character, and palm off on God a set of laws, if so be none of these things came from God. It's so, or wicked. Now, Mr. Shoemaker, you are not the first man that has attacked the Bible. There are men who have gone before you in that line; name some of them, will you?"

"Well, there was Voltaire, and Tom Paine, and Gibbon, Rousseau, Holbach, Robespierre, all those called the encyclopedists, and a good many more."

"A good many, for many years, all attacking the Bible, and yet the Bible is as good as new — stronger to-day than ever. Mighty powerful book for a sham, is it not? I think I have heard of some of those names you mention. What has become of them? Are they, or their works, as good as new? Are they stronger than ever? Isn't Tom Paine rather out of fashion? Didn't he die a poor, scared, screaming drunkard? Didn't that Mr. 'Rosso' you mention put his poor little children in a foundling asylum? Wasn't Robespierre's head chopped off? I think I've read that in Mr. Voltaire's

house now is a Bible Society press, and the house is packed with Bibles from top to cellar. Should think it wouldn't do less than make him squeak if he knew it. They all fought the Bible, you say, and if they were any wise right, seems to me they ought to have done the poor book some little harm. But, dear knows, the more they fight it the more it lifts up its head. Cur'ous, ain't it? I stepped yesterday into the Bible Rooms to sell 'Wicked Polly.' They're good gentlemen there. I asked 'em a little about the business, and they told me that there have been two hundred and six translations of the Bible into new languages made in eighty years, and one hundred and sixty-five million of copies distributed in the same time. Pretty good, ain't that, for the Book a lot of infidels have bragged they have killed dead so many times? But, land! there's people will tell you they've put out the sun, when they've clapped green specs on their own noses, and that think the day's forever finished when their own eyes gives out! Now, we won't discourse on that any longer to-day. I must save up some breath for my customers, but I'll tackle you

again some time cheerful, if you like. You'd better read the Book up a bit, to be ready."

"At all events, I've got one," said Jonas.

"That's good," said the hymn-seller. "And you read that hymn; there's sound doctrine in that; it says:—

"Repentance is the station, then,
Where passengers are taken in;
No fee is there for them to pay,
For Jesus is himself the way."

The little woman paused to see what effect her verse had on Jonas. It was, in her idea, a beautiful verse, and he ought to be impressed by it. He was not remarkably affected, and she proceeded to clinch the verse by appealing to "The Law and the Testimonies."

"'Without money and without price,' you'll find that in the Bible. Look it up. Also, 'I am the way, the truth, the life.'"

"I say, how did you come to take up hymn-selling?" demanded Jonas, laying down his work.

"How did you come to take up cobbling?"

"Because I was mad; mad with every thing and every body!"

“What a pity! I hope you’ve got over it! Well, that was not my case. I had to make a living, and the doctor told me I ought to be in the air all the time, I was so poisoned nursing consumption all those years. Well, I did hanker to do some work that would help other folk as well as pay my rent and bread. So one day I found dropped on the street some stuff printed in verse; it was the worst stuff ever you see or heard of; it was just fair red-hot out of hell. I just thought any creature as could make and drop around such fearful stuff to drag young boys and girls to destruction ought to be kept in prison to all eternity.”

“So they ought. I’m with you there,” said Jonas, heartily.

“And mark you, Mr. Cobbler, the Bible is the only book that promises them that suitable reward. Tom Paine didn’t.”

Jonas dropped his head.

The hymn-seller continued: “It came to my mind, since the devil is going round like a raging lion, selling indecency and blasphemy done up in verses, why can’t I fight him by going round selling good Gospel truth in

hymns? I wanted to find some done up attractive and handsome in blue, but I couldn't. What could be prettier than a nice blue-bordered sheet with such verses as this on it? —

“Thou didst leave Thy throne,
 Thou didst leave Thy crown,
 When Thou camest to die for me,
 But there was no home
 On earth had room
 For Thy Holy Nativity.
 Come into my heart, Lord Jesus, come;
 There is room in my heart for Thee!”

The hymn-seller chanted this in a poor, quavering, earnest voice.

“Well, while I was resolving this in my mind I went to see an old army sergeant on a pension. He is bed-rid along of his legs, but he is death on making hymns, and he has piles of 'em, writ out by his bed, and he gives 'em to his friends. He told me he'd write the hymns for nothing for me, but the rub was to get 'em printed. But look you, Mr. Shoemaker, the Lord don't forsake his own. Whom did I meet but a young man who liked me because, he said, I'd been kind to his mother. Maybe I had. We ought to

be kind to each other. It is commanded. So he said he was a printer, and he'd print my hymns nights for nothing, and some way he interested his boss in me, and he gave the paper, and this lovely blue ink. Ain't those hymns handsome? Blue print and blue borders! I paste up one of each kind on the wall of my room, and it looks just like a parlor. I often laugh in my sleeve when I think of Satan promenading in there to see what he may devour, and finding me out, and them hymns glaring at him along the wall. I bet he'll stir up the wretch that put the thing in my head by dropping vile trash; he'll stir him up with his poker if ever he gets hold of him, as he's bound to do, if he hasn't already."

"Suppose you move from the attic. How about your wall?"

"Oh, I sha'n't move. The landlord's a good friend of mine. I am come to stay. I calculate not to move until the Lord sends me word that he's got my number among the many mansions finely furnished up, and sends me the latch-key, and tells me to move in. That 'll be a good day for me."

The hymn-seller laid the "Spiritual Railroad" on the box of shoemaker's tools and trotted off. In looking over her bundle, she saw she had one hymn of another kind. That being against her rule, she concluded to sell it at once, and knocked at the door of the first floor kitchen, where Maggie, with great drops of perspiration rolling over her comely face, was grumbling away with her dish-washing.

"Good morning! Hope you're well," said the cheery woman.

"Couldn't be worse. I'm so hot."

"Well, here is a pretty hymn I want to sell you for five cents. It will cheer you. It is about a wicked girl named Polly."

"I don't care for hymns," said Maggie; "I feel too sad," and she told the story of Doro and her father.

"Oh, you'll like this. It tells how Polly danced and sung, and wouldn't turn to the Lord. She said she'd turn when she was old. Then the Lord sent Death for her, and it was too late. Says wicked Polly — 'Too late!' I believe that is true. Don't you? It stands to reason it would be too late if wicked Polly

wouldn't turn when she had a chance; and when Death got her it must be too late. Oh, there's a whole heap like that, and the Lord's not to blame. Don't he say he stretches out his hands all day to a disobedient people? Don't he say he called often and folks refused? Don't he tell you he rises up early and calls?"

"I see you are a religious woman," said Maggie; "I like religious talk myself if I could get any satisfaction in hearing any, but I start the day so riled along of *him* I can't tend to nothing. He's no more humanity: the idea, demanding to have a shirt and collar a day, washed and polished, and his coffee scalding hot and strong as lye at eleven o'clock, and me over the fire making toast for him! And Doro, she insists he must have it all, because he is her father. Now, I don't hold by fathers who don't act a father's part, and he don't thank the little soul for it. If there's any thing lacking in the stiffness, or the strongness, or five minutes late, or a burnt bit on the toast, he says she don't supersede the house worth any thing. Supersede, in-

deed! I don't want any superseding. I'd supersede him out of the place if I had my way. There she comes now."

Singing along the hall, the flute-like voice:—

"I feel like singing all the time,
All the time like singing."

Doro was a cheerful little creature if she had any chance.

"I don't see what you find to sing about," said Maggie, with refreshing frankness. "I don't feel like it, I tell you."

"No, Maggie, my dear; you feel like grumbling all the time, and it don't pay. It takes twice as much out of you as singing. Who is this?"

"I'm the attic."

"Here's a hymn I bought of her," said Maggie.

"That's right. We must live and let live—she by hymns and I by wax. I'm in luck, Maggie; I met my Sunday-school teacher, and she so much liked the 'Babes in the Wood' that she sold for me, that she asked for something for a little girl's birthday, and

I've thought of 'Goody Two Shoes.' I'm to send it when it's done, and she paid me five dollars in advance. That must go to you, Maggie; you haven't had any thing for a long while. Here's the marketing. Can you make a living out of hymns, ma'am?"

"Well—more or less. In winter, what with light and fuel, and needing more to eat, I have it pretty close, and I have fallen back in my rent sometimes. That's all paid now, and I don't calculate to fall back any more. The landlord here is friendly to me. I've sold hymns to his wife. She is a Christian woman, and that's the kind that have soft hearts, you know. I get my attic for two dollars a month."

"Only one room!" cried Maggie. "That's hard. I lived once with rich people that had sixteen rooms, and every one carpeted with Turkey carpet and set up in plush furniture."

"And you liked that fine, ma'am?"

"You'd better believe I didn't. It was work, work, work, day in and day out. Keeping clean those carpets and all that plush was no fun; and such a raft of visitors! I hated the sight of the whole thing."

“I’m well off in my attic. I call it parlor, bed-room, dining-room, kitchen. When I’m cooking my little mite of food at the grate, says I, ‘Here’s my kitchen.’ I don’t need more than a kitchen when I’m *in* the kitchen, do I? When it is all ready I lay a towel on a table, and set a chair, and put out my spread, whatsoever it is, and I say, ‘Here’s my dining-room.’ Couldn’t be in *more* than the dining-room while I’m eating, could I? When I’ve done my day’s work, I have a little square of rag carpet, a little footstool, a little rocking-chair, and I set them all convenient, and I fold my hands in my lap, and look at my hymns on the wall; and I say ‘Here I am in my parlor, clean, cosey,’—all I want while I’m there, you see. When bed-time comes, I go to my bedroom in the far corner. There’s my bed; there’s a nail for my clothes; there’s a tin basin, and a little glass, and a towel, and a bit of soap, and a mat by the bed, and a little box for a seat and a trunk together; and I say, ‘I’m well off for rooms; here’s a bedroom to myself, all so comfortable.’ When I asks my blessing and reads my chapter and

says my prayers, God is not far off. He hears me as well as if I lived in a brown-stone front."

"And how are you off for eating?" asked Maggie, interested.

"Oh, well enough. When I can get my reg'lar coffee I am all right. I do hate to come short of coffee. I'm set up if I have a tomato and a roasting ear to my bread."

"Dear knows," said Maggie, "how different the world does live! I hired once to a very luscious family who did nothing but eat and drink. Coffee, tea, chocolate, all on the table at once, not to mention milk. Never sat down to dinner without fish, fowl, roast meat, to say nothing of soup and side dishes; all vegetables that were out of season, because then they cost lots of money, and were supposed to taste preferable, as green peas in January, and radishes and new potatoes in February, and strawberries all winter, and grapes in April. As for cakes — no end of them, with jellies and pies."

"Then you were a made woman, living so well," said the hymn-seller, relishingly, she having breakfasted on bread and water.

"Made! Not I! I thought I should die of

the heat. Cook, cook, cook, night and day! I was sick of the sight of food and wasting. If there was one thing I hated more than a turkey it was a lobster, or maybe a salmon-trout. I've had to throw away as much apricots, peaches, and limes as would run a family, and now we never can have a berry or a melon or a tomato, till they are so plenty in market that they are cheap. Dear knows, it's hard times."

"Why, we can't have every thing, evidently," said the hymn-seller. "We can't have the plenty and the enjoyment. I'll get a hymn made upon that topic. Miss, what is this you are doing? A cup of coffee for me! and a slice of meat? Why, land, I haven't had a bite of meat for a week — how good it looks! But don't rob yourself!"

"We have plenty," said Doro, privately eying the small amount of cold mutton, designed as *pièce de resistance* for the day. "Come to think of it, Maggie, we had better have our meat in a pie; it will go farther, Whim is so hearty."

"Yes, but pie-crust takes lard," objected Maggie.

“Make a crust of stale bread, buttered a little and browned. It looks and tastes well. And then, Maggie, as we don’t eat soup in hot weather, break the bone and boil it all day into a good broth for this old lady to-night. You can put some of our vegetables in it—a little sliced potato and carrot—and give her this tomato, too.”

“Now I am set up,” said the attic. “I’ll travel round with a good heart. I’ve got twenty cents in my pocket. That I can save now. You see, I want to lay up a little for winter, before cold weather sets in. That’s according to Scripture. We are to take no worry for tomorrow, but we are to consider the ant that lays up for winter.”

“That *is* a good old woman,” said Doro, when she went out.

“Oh, it’s easy enough to be good,” said Maggie, “when you have a little place of your own, and no one to plague, nothing to cook, no shirts to do; when you’re thin and don’t heed heat, and nimble and don’t mind cold. That’s not my case.”

The next Sunday evening Jonas asked Doro

if she would go up to the attic with him to visit the hymn-seller. "She is such a brisk, bright, friendly, contented creature," he explained, "and I got a little interested in her talk." They took Whim along to keep him out of mischief, and found the attic sitting in her parlor; the dormer-window was open, her Bible lay on the sill, she leaned back in her splint chair, and took her rest on the resting-day. She was very glad to see her visitors. Whim had the stool, the cobbler the box, Doro the other chair.

"Well now, I take this friendly," the attic said. "And this pretty boy, too! I must choose him out a hymn to cheer him up. Here's just the thing, right beside me — a new one, 'The Dying Young Man.' I had great luck with him. I took him out Friday and sold then and Saturday fifty. I never did so well before. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow! But 'The Dying Young Man' is a beautiful piece. Here's the first verse: —

"I am but twenty-one in years,
And on my death-bed lie;
A question now to me appears,
Am I prepared to die?"

“That’s a very great question, you see. We ought all to ask it, as we may die any day. You, my pretty boy, feel strong and well. I hope you’ll remain so fifty years. You’ll be none the less so for being prepared to go any time that the Lord sends down marching orders. Here’s a verse for you :—

“‘ Ask, and it shall be given you,
Seek while in health, you’ll find.
Knock, and the door will open too,
Or you’ll be left behind.’

“That is all Scripture. ‘To-day if you will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.’ ‘Ask and it shall be given you.’ ‘To him that knocketh it shall be opened.’ Scripture is full of promises as the heaven is of stars. I hope they’ll all be fulfilled to you, my pretty boy. Now read that ninth verse.”

Whim, much embarrassed at this especial notice, read :—

“‘ Remember when on me you think,
That you must die like I,
So that you hereby warning take,
And to your Saviour fly.’”

“That’s it,” said the old lady, nodding her head. “That’s it. You will do that, won’t

you, sonny? Is it you I hear making music of evenings in your room? My land, I thought an angel right out of heaven had got loose, the first time I heard you! I listen near your door sometimes. You don't mind that, do you? It lifts me right up. It seems to me as if I could hear my dear husband and children singing hymns up on the sea of glass, when I hear them tones."

"Madam," said Whim courteously, "you are welcome to come inside my door if you like to hear me play. Do not stand outside and listen. I will bring up a good chair for you there."

Doro approbatively stroked Whim's shoulder. And Jonas admitted in his secret heart, "That young rascal isn't quite such a cub, after all."

"My dear boy, you're kind, and I take it kindly. I'll tap, and if you're not in the mood don't open. I sha'n't mind. Your music rests me like a chariot of gold. It sweeps me right up like Elijah. I mind the song of the 'Saved in Glory,' 'For Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood.' That's the song. If you took 'Atoning Blood' and a 'Dying Redeemer' out of the Bible, there

wouldn't be any heavenly song left — nothing to make one of, you see, for it is a song of redeeming blood. Oh, I think of that!"

Then for the first time this boy got a glimpse of the virtue of the talent entrusted to him, and of the meaning and power of music.

CHAPTER VI.

THE COBBLER'S STORY.

“GOOD-MORNING! Haven't seen you for a week.” Thus the hymn-seller to the cobbler.

“That's your fault for not calling. Haven't you been selling hymns?”

“Oh, yes, every day; but you're not a rich man, and I don't expect you to buy reg'lar. I brought you 'The Road to Ruin' this morning. You'll buy that; it will suit you.”

“I'm afraid 'The Road to Ruin' would be a poor investment.”

“Not as a warning. It meets your case. As I don't come often, I'll sit down. I regulate my visiting by the Scripture; it says, 'Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house, lest by thine often coming he weary of thee, and so hate thee.'”

“That's good sound sense,” said Jonas.

“Ain't it? The Bible's chock full of sound

sense. Now, the 'road to ruin' turns out to be not believing and obeying the Bible. We tackled that question a while ago. Do you want any more talk on it?"

"I've no objections. You made some very fair remarks then. I'm open to arguments, if there are any. Let us hear them."

"Well, now, it seems to me a proof that the Bible is the true Book of God, as it claims to be, is that it has lived so long making that claim. All of it is now over eighteen hundred years old, and some of it over three thousand."

"I don't know as it can be proved so old; still, we'll say it is the oldest book in the world. But there are others that are many hundred years old, and have been all this time honored. There are the works of Xenophon, Plato, Herodotus, Homer, for instance."

"Well, have they lived down so many attacks on 'em? Has there been a steady charge against them that they are false and foolish, and not the work of their claimed authors? You see a fort that has stood all the attacks of all the war-engines in the world shows it is a good, solid fort. Then, have those books been

translated into all tongues, and become the property of all the world, high and low, rich and poor, learned and stupid, sick and well, young and old, men and women?"

"No, they are not of such general interest."

"And how does it come that no book that claims to have been, or shows to have been, written by man, is of this general interest that it suits and fills every body in all ages and countries, while the book that claims to have been written by God takes just that place, and does suit every one. Don't it look as if He, who made all men and knows what is in man, made a book to hit man's need, as no man could have fitted up?"

"That is certainly a very strong argument," said Jonas.

"So it is," said the hymn-seller, charmed with his assent. "And did ever you see such a book for tackling vices and showing 'em up, and leading reforms? People call themselves reformers and think they've started something new, and there is that blessed old Book carrying the banners far ahead of 'em all. Just look at the Temperance work. You uphold that —

and all its arguments and its principles, and its finest speeches have been in the Bible, while men were dead and dumb, letting poor souls drown in drink—and for all it is old it is always up with the times, and new and fresh. Why, it's just like Aaron's rod; they said it was only dead wood, but lo! it all broke into bloom. Well, now, Mr. Cobbler, I say if the Bible was a human book it would have the luck of some other human book."

"I don't know," said the Cobbler; "how about Shakespeare?"

"Him as wrote the plays? Well, I'll fetch a remark as to him that I heard made by a lawyer. Shakespeare's plays has got a yoke-feller in 'Pilgrim's Progress.' 'Pilgrim's Progress' has been translated as much, reprinted as much, sold as many copies, quoted as much, commented on as much, lived in people's thoughts as much as Shakespeare. And here's another observation: Them two books both stands by and quotes and believes in the Bible. 'Pilgrim's Progress' is pretty near all Bible, and Shakespeare never thought of disbelieving the Bible; but he expounds actions right out

of it like a believer. Did ever infidel come home to the heart like him? Why, I've read him, and he made me cry copious, I do assure you!"

The hymn-seller saw that Jonas had no dispute with her concerning Shakespeare. But she had set herself not merely to talk to Jonas, but to win him to a belief in the Book she loved. So she got back to her theme. "Now, my friend, we'll go where we started from. The Bible claims to be like no other book in its author or its authority, and no other book can run couple with it. Where is a land where the Bible isn't? The wiser the world gets, the more Bibles it keeps printing. Sail to any coast in the world, and somehow you'll find that book there. It's every-where, like air and water. And here's another fact which speaks wonders for its influence and its morals—and if it was a lying book it couldn't have such morals and influence—the more Bibles there are in a country, the more schools, the more good homes, the more good laws, better order, the more honest property, more education. Land ain't worth so much where Bibles is scarce, even if folks is

plenty. You'd rather invest in Massachusetts than China. You put one of your infidels, that lives by cursing the Bible, into a back-woods house. Put in his pocket the cash he got for his last attacks on the Bible at two hundred dollars a night, and put in the house six strange big men, with rifles convenient, and big knives. The infidel will fear for his money, and get out his revolver and sit up all night. And if through a chink in the door he sees them big men reading a portion of a worn old Bible before they goes to bed, he puts up his revolver and drops off like a baby. What he calls a 'lying book' is a better guard in his estimation than three policemen. He knows rascals don't read it or live by it, while he is rascal enough to make his living by running it down, *to people who don't read it, and won't hear the other side.*"

"That's another strong argument," said Jonas.

"Well, I'm done argufying for to-day. We'll tackle this again. You read the 'Road to Ruin;' here's a verse:—

"There was one light to light his path,
And teach him to escape from wrath;
He flung the Bible clean away—
'Twill meet him at the Judgment Day.'

Yes, there'll be one place where we'll have to meet the Bible square in the eye, and be judged by it. Then for good or evil we and the Bible will part forever."

"Are you talking about the Bible?" asked a soft voice. It was Doro, standing in the inner door. "Here is a verse about the Bible:—

"A comfortable book for them that mourn,
And good to raise the courage of the poor;
It lifts the veil, and shows, beyond the bourne,
Their Elder Brother, from His home secure,
That for them desolate He died to win,
Repeating, Come, ye blessed, enter in."

Your Bible usually has dust on it, Jonas. I think you would be happier if you read it more. It is good for all trouble."

"Something has gone wrong in your life, Cobbler," said the hymn-seller.

"You wouldn't think it much, perhaps, but it was much to me."

"Yes," said the old woman, "the Scripture has it, 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its woe.' But there is One who need not be a stranger to

any of us, and He can understand all our troubles. 'In all our afflictions He was afflicted.'"

"Not in any way such as mine," said Jonas. "Mine is a trouble of the nineteenth century. I'll tell you the whole of it, though I never told it before. From the first I can remember, I wanted above all things to write a book. I wanted to write a book that should last, and be remembered when I was dead. I thought I could immortalize myself. If I had had the choice given me of a fortune or authorship, I would have taken authorship and a crust. I preferred the honor of making a book to any other honor — music, painting, politics, riches, seemed nothing to compare to it. It was the craze of my life. Now, I had no gifts for making poetry, and no fancy that could go out in novels or story-writing, and indeed that was not the kind of a book I wanted to write. I wanted to be quoted as an authority, and I set my mind and heart on writing a book on chronology, comparing all systems, rectifying dates, and arranging them harmoniously, and making them easy to understand and arrange. I had no copious language for beautiful writing, but I

wanted to do well this hard technical writing. I was self-taught almost. I was poor, and bound to a shoemaker. I learned my trade, and studied nights. I learned Latin and Greek, German and French, so I could read them fairly for my work. I remember I hated Horace for thinking a cobbler should not go beyond his last. Finally, when I was twenty-one, and free of my master, I took five more years for steady study, living hard by evening work at my trade. I dressed coarsely, slept in a cold attic, ate chiefly corn-meal mush and milk and cold boiled beef. I spent my days in libraries. Then I commenced my work. I toiled ten years on my book. I walked from city to city, trying libraries. I worked my way to England, and was two years in the British Museum, which is open to the poorest when honest intention is proved. I carried my papers around. I lived for the future. I had finally a thousand pages, fair and neat; my work was done. Then I went from publisher to publisher, from city to city, and wrote to London, and not one would take my book. All said it would not pay. It would be costly to

get out, and no demand for it; subject not interesting; people were satisfied with works of that kind now in market. Finally, it could not be published unless I furnished the money. Then I spent my evenings revising, correcting, reading this manuscript that I loved like my own soul, and all day long I worked like a beaver, and saved money, almost starving myself, so I could get means sooner to put myself in print. In five years I had the money. I gave it to the publisher who would do the work cheapest; we agreed on paper, type, binding. I got fifteen per cent. off prices for paying in advance. I took a little room in the attic of the establishment, so I could watch over the preparation of my work, and study every line of proof again and again. I had all my notes, papers, items in a box under my bed. It was a small establishment in a crowded part of the city. One night a fire broke out in it, in the printing-room. The smoke rolled up and suffocated me, I suppose. There were many years I wished it had killed me. The first I knew I was dragged out by firemen, who came down through the scuttle in the

roof. Even then I struggled to get back for my box. In vain—they held me. The floor fell in; my book was about ready for binding; all was gone, proofs, manuscripts, plates, sheets, notes, collections, items, money, all, all. You remember, it was the hope and idea of my life, the toil of twenty bitter years. I was forty-two years old, and really old from overwork and worry and poverty. I think I was nearly crazy. Then I hated myself and all men. I went back to cobbling. I've cobbled for fifteen years. I hate a world where I shall never be known, never thought of after I am dead. I've never found any one to care for but little Doro here, and, somehow, I took to her, she is making such a gallant fight with fate."

"Dear, dear," said the hymn-seller, "you have had a hard run of luck! But affliction groweth not up out of the dust; it rains down from heaven to make our souls grow, which were getting dry as dust in the cares of this world. Set not your affections on things below, but on things above. You made a mistake when you thought you could be immortal in this world, for the world and the

things that are therein shall be burned up. But you know, dear Mr. Cobbler, that you can live and be immortal where Jesus sitteth at the right hand of God. Every good work you do for him, even so small as giving a cup of cold water, will be laid up in eternity and made mention of and rewarded when we stand with all the world in judgment. I take it your book was a book of times, dates, and so on, but such would be of no account when time shall be no longer, while love of God and service of Christ shall be a treasure laid up in heaven, if so be you pursue it. I don't agree with you that you have had a trouble that the Lord Jesus can't appreciate. You are mourning over the loss of years of work, and over your destroyed writing, and the ruin of what you made; and what do you suppose the good Lord feels at seeing the ruin, by sin, of the world that he made very good, and the loss of souls that should have loved and served him forever? Thirty-three years he left the glory of heaven and lived in this wicked world; poor, without where to lay his head, he was weary, hungry, homeless, for-

saken by his friends, rejected by his own, betrayed by his servant, and the end of his thirty-three years' work was crucifixion. He knows how to feel for you, I do assure you."

"Well, when all's said, I can't put my book back."

"No; but you can have what is better. You can cast your burden on the Lord, and live to please him and help your fellows, and get to glory when you die. Now I must go off to my rounds, or I won't make my living to-day. This summer I want to get enough ahead to buy a ton of coal for winter and have two months' rent in advance, and get me a warm gown and a hood and flannel petticoat; then I'll be up for winter."

"Good little soul, isn't she?" said Jonas to Doro, as "the attic" trotted off. "I mean to make her a pair of strong flannel-lined shoes for winter. She means well, and perhaps there is truth in what she says, that I haven't been able to get at, with all my study."

"No doubt, Jonas, your study was all very good, but there was another study that you left out. Somewhere it says, 'This ought ye

to have done, and not have left the other undone.' When all's said, I think we waste life if we don't study Christ and try to learn him. I should die of worry about Whim, if I did not feel that Jesus heard my prayers, and loved Whim also. There is a poem I read a great deal; the more I read it, the more I like it; I like these two verses:

“‘And didst Thou love the race that loved not Thee?
And didst Thou take to heaven a human brow?
Dost plead with man's voice by the marvellous sea,
Art Thou his kinsman now?’

“‘O God! O Kinsman, loved, but not enough!
O Man, with eyes majestic after death!
Whose feet have toiled along our pathways rough,
Whose lips drew human breath!’”

“Yes; but I shouldn't know in such words whether it was the music and beauty, or sense that took my heart.”

“Then study your Bible, and see how you take the sense of that. There's a young man looking in your window.”

“Don't run off. It is only young Jonas; hello, boy! come down.”

Young Jonas, a well-made fellow of eighteen, came down.

“How are you, cousin?”

“None of the best — I never am; I’m at swords’ points with creation.”

“Not with me, I hope.”

“Not especially with you, young Jonas, nor yet with this little girl here.”

“Then there are two of us the Ogre don’t intend to eat up,” said young Jonas, turning brightly to Doro. “I’m glad there is some one to charm dull care away from old Jonas. I take an interest in him, as he’s the only relative I have in the world.”

“How did you come here, long-legs?” asked the cobbler.

“Walked, I’ve walked for a month, pounding away at rocks and taking notes, along with the state geologist and a party. They took me along at my professor’s request; thought I would be a kind of bottle-holder, I suppose, but soon I was hammering away with the rest of them. I’m going to get into the Smithsonian.”

“What will be the end of it all? Geology, chronology — all vanity and vexation of spirit.”

“You gave in too easy, old Jonas,” said the boy, with the hope, audacity, and freedom of youth.

“Suppose the manuscripts were lost, you had the cultivation of years of work, and vast stores of knowledge in your head. If you couldn't be an author just then, a man of your calibre could do better than cobble shoes. You could have got a professorship of history, — working up to it, you see, and in time, in congenial surroundings, you could have done another and a better book. Why put yourself to a martyrdom of pegs and bristles, when your bent was to books?”

“All things are possible to the young and ignorant — in imagination,” said old Jonas. “My long burden had broken my elasticity; when I was crushed I could not lift up again. Let be: I am used to it now.”

“Can't you do any thing for him?” said young Jonas to Doro.

“Yes; I can invite him to dinner. I came down for that and have talked nearly an hour and a half, neglecting my wax! I would like you both to dinner, please. It is my birthday, and Maggie has a chicken pot-pie and a berry pudding.”

“We'll come!” cried young Jonas, “pot-pie

and pudding are the delights and condiments of my life."

"We'll be too much trouble," said old Jonas.

"No, indeed. Maggie grumbled an hour this morning because we never had any company to taste her cooking, or tell the news, or cheer her up. She said she had always been used to seeing people have visitors."

"We'll come up in an hour," said the cobbler.

"What a little fairy, and what a charming voice," said young Jonas, when left alone with the cobbler.

"She's a little hero — a little saint. She's gone far to reconcile me with living, and prove the Bible to me, since she lives by it."

"That's good news," said young Jonas.

"She supports her family. She has the wisest little business head. She works little images in wax like a real genius. She is just as faithful about her wax show to be correct as if her life depended on it. She is fighting the world, the flesh, and the devil, and her own father to boot, for the life and soul of her brother, and I believe she will gain the day.

As for the father, he cares nothing for his children, broke his wife's heart, expects to be treated like a lord, and never contributes a penny to the family's support, and this girl waits on his every whim ; arranges all to suit him except letting him ruin her brother. As for sharing his winnings when he makes any, she wouldn't, for one day I asked her and she said no, that was not honest money ; she would never touch it, even if it were offered, which it never is."

"Why, she is a brave little creature," said young Jonas.

Meanwhile, upstairs, Doro informed Maggie of the guests.

"Of course," growled Maggie, "hot day ; I'm ready to drop, and so there must be a raft of company asked. I hate visitors when there is nothing for them ; if you had broiled pigeons, watermelons, and ice-cream, you might ask company."

"But, Maggie, you said so much about wanting some company, that was why I asked them."

"I know there won't be dinner enough, and

ten to one the pot-pie will burn, and there is no sauce for the pudding."

"I will make a nice sauce at once, Maggie."

"And I didn't mean two people, nor common people like cobblers and their young Jonases; I meant quality."

"But we are common people, and don't know any quality."

"No, we have the worst of every thing. Dear me, what elegant ladies I see on the streets, with laced parasols and long trains!"

"And, Maggie, you'll be sure and put on the collar I bought you, and the white apron I made for you last week?"

"It's too hot for all that worry," said Maggie, but she did put on these decorations, and was very pleasant after all.

That evening when the Wax-Work Show was well in progress, Whim playing his best, Jonas stepped to the sidewalk to listen. A cab stopped, and two men lifted out Mr. Granby. The immaculate shirt, which had cost Maggie so much polishing, was drenched in blood; this coat-sleeve was torn off; his eyes were closed; his hair hung dank, and

his face showed ghastly through the blood. Jonas darted up the steps, closed the show-door gently, so as not to disturb the sight-seers or frighten Doro, told Maggie to keep her place and he would see to Granby, led the way to the miserable man's room, and went to the attic, three steps at a leap, to fetch the hymn-seller, who had served her time as a sick-nurse. Then he quietly stepped into the show, and said to Doro, "Can you spare Whim awhile; I've a little time to give him a lesson?" Doro nodded to Whim to go off. She was giving a very graphic account of Lord Nelson at Trafalgar. Jonas led Whim to his father's room.

"Is my father murdered?" cried Whim.

The "attic" was sponging off the blood, and preparing to cut off the shirt. One man had gone for a doctor. The other said: "A gambling fight. They said he cheated. Police carried off the other men, and sent us here with him."

"Take warning. This comes of gambling," said Jonas.

"Poor little Doro," sighed Whim, "how she'll take on!"

“We won’t let her know till to-morrow noon,” said Jonas; “our old lady here will sit up and nurse to-night, and do you slide in after breakfast. We’ll let Doro have a good night’s sleep, and let him get as much better as possible, before she knows.”

The doctor came and went. The injury was not very serious, he said. Whim went to bed. The hymn-seller was shut in with the unconscious gambler. Maggie told Doro that she had word that her father was not coming in that evening, and so Doro went early and tranquilly to bed. Next morning, Maggie betimes carried coffee, eggs, and toast to the nurse, and “hoped she was not very tired.”

“Tired!” said the old lady. “I could sit up night in and night out on such victuals as these.”

Doro quite wondered to see how subdued Maggie was that morning. It fell to Jonas, about noon, to tell Doro the story. He came round to it as well as he could: Her father had been struck over the left temple with a bottle in a quarrel about cards.

“Dead!” cried Doro, standing with dilated

eyes and white face; "dead! killed in a gambling-hell!"

"No; nor isn't likely to die. He'll live to do worse."

"No, no; he may live to repent," cried Doro; and in a few minutes she was at her father's pillow. Did he greet his child—respond to her touch? No. His eyes were on the ceiling, fierce and set; his crisped hands moved over the bed-clothes. "You made a sign to him! That card was not marked! You had that in your sleeve!" And a volley of oaths, and a grasp for money, and an arm lifted to ward off a blow.

Whim, much subdued, listened, and helped Doro in the nursing. "It will have this good—a lesson to your brother," said Jonas to her.

That night old Jonas watched by Granby, and young Jonas for the first time saw Doro exhibiting her show. Weary and very pale, but resolute, earnest, interested, honest, the little show-woman told her historic tales, and made the most of Bonaparte and Josephine and the infant king of Rome, and General Washington, and gallant Israel Putnam. Later,

when she had seated herself to watch by her father, young Jonas came behind her, put a finger under each of her elbows, and quietly lifted her out of the chair. "Now, away to bed, young lady. I watch here."

"No, no, I will watch with my poor father."

"Not a bit of it. I dote on watching; it freshens me up. Old Jonas will watch to-morrow night. We won't allow you to watch."

Doro felt herself being gently propelled out of the room, much as she wheeled about her wax. She cried: "Can't I do any thing for poor father?"

"Oh, yes! say your prayers for him, and dream he's better."

Then young Jonas put her into the hall and locked the door. Next night old Jonas kept watch, and then Maggie and Whim were to divide a night. Old Jonas masterfully made these arrangements. He saved Doro all he could, and he did not spare Whim at all; he meant him to learn his lesson.

Granby's hair was shaved close over half his head; a horrible broken wound crossed his temple; he moaned and tossed and raved; all

the unquiet of his soul poured forth in the sick-room.

“I declare,” said the hymn-seller, standing between Whim and Jonas, and looking at the patient, “Satan is a most dreadful hard paymaster, ain’t he, now? And it is written, ‘The wages of sin is death.’”

“My boy,” said Jonas to Whim, “this is the outcome of drinking and gaming. A company of gamblers meet together — their aim to cheat each other. They drink to steady their nerves or to forget their losses. They fall into mutual accusations, and the fire of alcohol in their blood drives them to such murderous assaults. Look you, my lad, if you sow such seed, you’ll reap such harvest.”

CHAPTER VII.

A WAX-WORK SHOW.

DRUNKENNESS is not the only vice which turns and rends its victim, and yet the victim says in his besotted folly, "I will seek it yet again." Granby lay feverish and distressed in his bed for a fortnight, raving on the verge of brain-fever ; another week he sat in his easy-chair in a dressing-gown and slippers, the one the work of his dead wife, the other of Doro. He never thought of either of these devoted ones when he put these comforts on ; he took slippers and dressing-gowns as his natural right ; also easy-chairs, beef-tea, poached eggs, and any incidental luxuries of the season. He made as much ado about his health, and demanded as much attention, as if he had been the most valuable man in creation. At first Maggie believed he was going to die, and spared no pains in nursing him — she wanted to have a clear conscience in his behalf when

he was only a memory. When she found him getting well, and more exigent than ever, she was disgusted. Whim showed considerable aptitude at nursing during the first two weeks. The third week Granby was able to talk, and apparently took a fancy to Whim. He poured forth "tales of the den."

"Say, Doro," said Whim at the tea-table one evening, "father was telling me about a man who sat down with his last dollar to play at *rouge et noir*, and he won forty thousand dollars in two hours! Wasn't that wonderful, to get rich in part of an evening? Considerable excitement in living just on the edge of a fortune, that way! Nothing slow about that."

"What good of getting a fortune one evening if you lose it the next?"

"Oh, one need not. One could make his money, and go off and live on it, never playing any more."

"But one never does; having made the thousands they crave the millions, and so go on gaming."

"You see it is such an easy way to make money!"

“What kind of money is it? That forty thousand dollars, if the story were true, was not honestly gained nor fairly lost — it was loaded with curses, tears, misery. Some one’s heart was broken for it, as our mother’s was. The one that lost it betrayed some trust, beggared his family, or ruined a ward. I have heard of a young man that won ten thousand in a night from another young man who was a clerk. The clerk played with money that did not belong to him. When it was lost he blew out his brains. At the news his sister went insane. His poor mother, whose support he had been, went to the almshouse, and died there. Don’t you think he must have been a very hard-hearted person who could enjoy money with such misery upon it?”

“That was bad, but all money don’t have such a story. Father says there are lots of real rich men, here in the city, who don’t know what to do with their money, and go and lose it just to amuse themselves; and their losing what they don’t mind gives a living to poorer men.”

“One of those rich men in a year’s gaming

threw away a hundred thousand dollars, all the property of three little orphans left by his sister. When the money was gone he ran away, and the three beggared children all scattered in families who adopted them out of charity. Yesterday I read of a poor lady who went mad and killed herself and two little children, because her husband, who had been gambling, stole funds out of a bank where he was cashier, and ran away from the country, leaving her poor, disgraced, and abandoned."

"You seem to have lots of horrid stories about it, Doro."

"I have suffered so much from gambling, Whim, that naturally I notice all that is in the papers about it."

"But the papers don't put in the good side."

"There is no good side to drink or cards."

"Why, father was telling me about one of the nicest men in the city here—keeps carriage, dogs, horses; gives elegant dinners; awfully friendly man; has his house full of music, pictures, flowers—father says he'll take me there some time; he knows how to play just right, just enough to make him a

handsome income. It is a business, a science, requiring skill, cool nerves, a steady hand. Father says that's what he lacks ; but I don't."

"Did father tell you what gambling had done for him?"

"Well, he said he'd not been so very lucky."

"What kind of a business is it that don't give a man one thing but his clothes? Does father provide board, or washing, or one thing for himself? There was a time when, instead of bringing his family any support, he used up all the show made, and left us hungry and in debt."

"He says he hasn't been lucky; he's too nervous."

"Lucky, Whim! Let me tell you: he married our mother because he thought our grandfather was rich. They did not know he played, but in two years he had ruined our grandfather. We came to this country, and in a year he had gambled and drunk eight thousand dollars, all that our poor mother had, and we were beggars. I remember crying of hunger and cold. Mother sewed and did all she could. She finally lived up in the attic, where

our old hymn-seller does. Her father was dead; her uncle would only help her if she would leave father and go back to England. An old Frenchman, who owned the wax and furniture that we have now, got very sick, and mother, out of kindness, began to wait on him. He then asked her to exhibit the show and nurse him, as he got paralyzed. She hired Maggie and did so. He lived two years, and died, leaving mother the wax and furniture and his lease—it was for our mother's use, but it was really left me, and he made Jonas and another man guardians or trustees for it, so it could not be taken from me. It is by this we live, Whim, by a show left us, when we were beggars, by a stranger; and ruin and heart-break and the loss of thousands of dollars are all our father has made by gaming."

"Yes; he said he'd been unlucky," said Whim.

Doro went down to Jonas' shop. Young Jonas was there. He was mending a knapsack, as next day he started out for a geological tour along the coast with some gentlemen. Doro went up to him, and, in her eager, childish

way, cried, "I want you to do something for me!"

"With all my heart," said young Jonas.

"Take Whim with you to-morrow, and keep him till the Conservatory opens. Get him away from father, who is trying to make him a gambler. Whim is strong; he can walk. I'll pay all his expenses; he will help you and do whatever you tell him — only take him away," and she poured forth the stories and beguilings the innocent Whim had repeated to her.

"He certainly must go away," said old Jonas.

"Yes, we'll take him," said the other Jonas, "and we'll get him well primed and prejudiced against gambling and drink."

"Don't tell him I asked you to take him; just invite him."

Accordingly, before eight, Whim came running into the show with his violin in his hand, and crying, "Oh, Doro, Jonas has asked me to go on his tramp with him. It would be such a lark!"

"I'd go, by all means," said Doro, tranquilly.

"And the music — could you do without me?"

“You know you have taught me to play pretty fairly lately. I’ll do the music, Whim, if you want to go.”

She did not tell him not to tell his father, but she sent him to bed without disturbing the invalid that night, and before Granby senior’s eleven o’clock breakfast, Junior Granby was cutting all sorts of antics, as, emancipated from the city, he walked along the hills. Not more difference was there between the fresh country ways, the pure free air, the glorious liberty of the rural districts, and the hot, dirty, miasma-laden air of the narrow city courts, than there was between that narrow, greedy, unloving, chance-poisoned mind of his father, and the wide views, the generous instincts, the learning, the simplicity, the honesty of his present comrades. These were men, every inch of them. Whim had got into better surroundings, and he began to breathe with full lungs morally and physically. Meantime Doro’s face brightened and her heart sang. Granby senior asked for his son. He had wrought very successfully for two days with the credulous boy. He wished to continue the work. By every lure of flat-

tery, of aroused avarice, of curiosity, of romance, of excitement, he wished to decoy this boy to the gambler's fatal hell. The man's heart was so consumed by his vice that he had no compassion for this frank, buoyant, credulous spirit falling his prey — as a dove in a serpent's coils. Gamesters have many singular superstitions. They attach power or fatality to certain numbers or repetitions of the same; they have dream-numbers. Granby had a fixed delusion about the value in a game of a young and innocent boy as a "luck-bringer." He was ready to offer his only son as a holocaust on the altar of his own deadly passion.

"Where is Whim?" he demanded, fretfully.

"Whim has gone off on a little tour," said Doro, brightly. "He has been working hard all summer, and he had a nice invitation, which will give him just what he needs before he works hard all winter."

"But I need Whim!"

"I'll try and wait on you so well, you'll not miss him, father."

"But what right had you or he to make arrangements without consulting me, miss?"

“You have never taken any interest in our arrangements, father.”

“But I have a right to, and I will! I want Whim.”

“Try me instead. Shall I sing to you, or read to you?”

“No; I don't want you around me. You know too much.”

“I'll forget all I know, if you'll let me. I only remember when I must for Whim's sake.”

“Where is the money I had in my trousers pockets when I was brought home? Have you used it?”

“I never use that kind of money; my hands are clean,” said Doro, with sudden pride, stretching forth her little hands. “I did not touch it or count it. I pinned your pockets up while I cleaned the clothes, and they are pinned yet.”

“Are my clothes all in order?”

“Yes, sir; I had the tailor mend your coat.”

“Well, I'm going out as quick as I can. I won't stay mewed up here. No excitement — all so deadly slow. Maggie growling like a cross chained dog in the kitchen; you singing

psalms or some such horrors; that old witch from the attic croaking about eternity and spiritual railroads and dying young men; and that cobbler, that is guardian of your property, and hand in glove with you to dishonor and cheat your father, coming up here with his tongue like a file. I'll go out in a week, if I die for it. But how can I go with my head in this case — shaved, one half of it, as bare as my hand? You had that done out of ugliness."

"It was done by the doctor, before I knew you were hurt."

"Well, I ought to have a wig — a wig of handsome black curled hair like my own; no poor trash to make a guy out of me."

"It would cost thirty dollars."

"Suppose it would. Hand it over, if you have any respect or gratitude for your father."

Try as hard as she could, it was impossible that Doro should have either of these emotions toward this wretched man. She contented herself with saying, "I really have not that much money for it, father."

Certainly she could not offer up the long-saved amount of Whim's year's schooling to

satisfy the cormorant of this man's horrible vanity.

“Beg it, borrow it; take a few nights' earnings.”

“All are gone before they come, father. I have thought of such a nice way. I will make a silk or velvet cap, just to fit your head, and I'll sew all along one side the curls that were cut off; so when the cap is on your head it will look alike all round, and soon your hair will grow.”

Granby fought against this delectable scheme, but finally yielded. He allowed her to sit in his room while she made the cap, and he interfered and quarrelled with every cut and stitch. That done, he forbade her the premises, declaring that she knew too much, was obstinate and his enemy, and he couldn't bear the sight of her.

Two or three of his friends came to see him that third week, friends that filled Doro with terror. One of them brought wine, and made her father much worse. Doro determined he should not get in again. A second, seeing the little maid in the hall, impertinently kissed

her, but his further progress in the house was interrupted by Jonas, who followed him in, and, seizing him with the brawny hands which had drawn so many waxed cords and hammered so many stiff soles, he flung him head over heels into the middle of the street. A third recklessly walking into the kitchen and giving Maggie orders about "grilled bones, deviled kidneys, and eggnog," and calling Doro "Hebe" and requesting her to favor him by tasting his bottle of wine, Maggie found herself so deserted by patience that she flung first her dishcloth and then the pan of water at the invader of her dominions, and the enemy, going home to change his clothes, did not return.

After such wars, it was surely a relief when Granby dressed himself in his renovated clothes, put on a superior specimen of Maggie's clear-starching, wore the cap over which Doro had been obliged to shed so many tears, and departed for his haunts without a word of thanks to any one for the trouble taken for him.

Maggie relieved her mind by entering upon a general house-cleaning; she probably liked house-cleaning, as it gave her so large occasion

for grumbling. Doro offered to help her, but was informed that "she hated people round." She had no patience with bungling; she would never be a lady if she allowed herself at such low work. All she wanted was leave to clean the house after such a tumult. And Maggie put her hands on her hips, and defiantly shot out her two under teeth over her upper lip, and brought a very hideous appearance into the ruins of her beauty.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISS HARRISON.

DORO took advantage of her banishment from the rest of the apartment to put her wax in fresh order. She was happy among her wax people. She talked to them, and they never reproached or contradicted her, they gave her occupation, they gained her her living. The best memories of her childhood belonged to them. The old Frenchman, their former owner, had loved them, and lived so long among them that they seemed real people to him. He had taught Doro their histories. She had never had dolls; but, as a child, these wax figures were her dolls; with them she sewed, with them she played. Now they afforded range for imagination, invention. Not that she invented stories for them; she would have thought that dishonesty to the public; but she took figures that were too familiar, regrouped, redressed, repainted them, and so had

new tales to tell. Now that Whim was safe, and her mind was reacting from the depression occasioned by her unhappy father, the little show-woman returned to her affairs with great interest. She tied up her head, and put on a big apron, got her work-box, paints, wax, dusters, and a great hamper of remnants of silk, lace, lawn, tulle, ribbon, bought wholesale at an auction, and resolved to have something new in her show. Isabella of France, the "Child Bride" of Richard II., had figured for some time in the show, dressed in red satin and Roman pearls, with a long blue train, a gilt paper crown, and a quantity of gold lace. "We've had enough of you, miss," said Doro. "I'm tired of telling how your hand was pledge of peace after twenty-eight years' war. I'll make a nicer child of you. You shall turn into little Elizabeth of England, who died a prisoner, sitting with her Bible in her lap, and thinking of the last words of her father, whose head was cut off. That will be a very pathetic story. I'll braid this black wig of yours, Miss Isabella, and put on you a little lace cap to soften you down; I'll paint you a little paler.

Why, how sweet you are going to look in this little black gown of mine, my mourning for my poor mother, when I should have had courage to be glad she was gone to heaven! Here are frills for your wrists, and you may have this string of pearls around your neck, lest people think you are not truly a princess. Your joints are some stiff from long standing. A little kerosene oil will limber them so you can sit down in your chair. I hope it isn't wicked to put a Bible in a show. I'll try and say something good about it. There, now, you are done over, and you are sweet, and no mistake. Come here, Joan of Arc, and Lady Jane Grey, and Anne Boleyn, and Maria Louisa—people are wearying of you, my dears, and so am I." She wheeled the figures out of line, and looked at them intently. Then she clapped her hands. "I will have Tennyson's 'Dream of Fair Women.' Joan of Arc, I'll put pegs under you, and you shall be Jephthah's daughter; and you, simpering Maria Louisa, may be 'that Rosamond whom men call Lair'; and Josephine, step forward for 'Cleopatra.' You were as crazy after admiration as ever that

‘swarthy queen’ who knew how to raise her ‘eyes and fill with light the interval of sound.’ For my part, I don’t see how any of you queens and beauties could have craved so to be admired and flattered and stared at. I hardly think it is decent, myself. You have much to answer for. I like Vashti better; she wouldn’t come to be stared at. I declare, I’ll have a Vashti! Elizabeth Tudor, how would you like to go back a few thousand years, and be the great queen of Media and Persia? You shall, my dear. Where is my Tennyson, that I drew from the Library? I must see how to dress these fair women. Cleopatra, you are sitting on a ‘crimson scarf unrolled.’ I can make that out of this red petticoat and gold lace of the late Isabella of France. I shall have to go to the Public Library and see if I can find out something of the way Vashti was likely to be dressed. Iphigenia, you shall look lovely, even prettier than when you were Lady Jane Grey. I shall comb out your yellow hair, and bind it with a fillet, and drape you in white with a blue border, and Queen Elizabeth’s big belt-buckle shall be a clasp for your shoulder, and

your shoes shall be blue. I like Greek drapery myself. I think it is enough nicer than that train and ruff and stomacher and petticoat that the royal Miss Tudor wore. Elizabeth Tudor, are you not glad of the change? You have been for ages stepping over Raleigh's cloak. I'm sure his back is almost past straightening, but he has to come upright and be Edward the Sixth. He'll make a very good story, poor little king!"

"Here's a lady says she's your Sunday-school teacher!" cried Maggie, thrusting in at the door a head crowned with a huge yellow cambric sweeping-cap, like a rising sun.

"Oh, Miss Harrison! Come in, if you don't mind the wax, please."

Thus Doro, leading in her delinquent teacher.

Miss Harrison had "been away all summer." She had often assured herself, her parson, the superintendent, that she had "no gifts for visiting the poor, was as afraid as death of tenement-houses, was struck dumb if she tried to talk to that kind of folks," and so on. But, finding that her attentive and golden-haired pupil was a heroine in her way, had a wonderfully gifted

little brother, was part of a modest little romance, and could make marvels in white wax, which Miss Harrison's dearest friends pronounced "too sweet for any thing," Miss Harrison had boldly ventured so far as 97 Andover street, and found it not a disreputable place, though truly inferior to Commonwealth Avenue. Miss Harrison was only a girl, and she had some corners of her nature unspoiled by her foolish reading, and trifling, pleasure-pursuing life. These corners were straightway invaded by Doro and her wax. Doro took her teacher's little gloved hand.

"Shall I introduce you to my wax? You recognize Napoleon, and Columbus, and Ferdinand of Aragon, and Robespierre, and the little princes, and Queen Victoria? I am making up my mind to change them all. Elizabeth is to be Vashti."

"Vashti! Oh, lovely. We had some tableaux at the mountains, and I was Vashti," cried Miss Harrison.

"Then you know how to dress her! Do please tell me, and do you think any of these things will do to make over? I can not afford

to buy much in working up costumes, but I can run after some cheap satin."

"Let us look over what you have!" cried Miss Harrison, in a costuming frenzy at once. "I can tell you exactly. Suppose I stay and help! you — are there — any — people here that would — disturb us?"

Doro hailed Miss Harrison's suggestion with great joy. "No, indeed; no one but old Maggie and me. Whim is off on a trip. My father won't come in till midnight. Would you stay? It would be so nice of you!"

Miss Harrison pulled off her hat and gloves, and entered with her whole soul into the reconstruction of the wax-work show. She was deeply interested in seeing Doro strip the figures, alter their joints, wheel them into new places, mend little defects in their complexions, and touch up eyebrows and lips with paint. "If I could only make their eyes stare less," said Doro; "if you'll excuse me, I'll go for some more scissors, and I need a hammer and tacks. Please, may I bring you one of my white aprons?" She went out, and was waylaid by Maggie:

“That’s a real true lady in there. Did you notice the long feather in her hat, and the proud way she held her head, and the high heels on her boots, and how she walked?”

“No, but she is real kind, and is going to help me fix my wax. I am going to do it all over.”

“If she helps, you may be sure it will be done. *She* knows what’s what. That silk of hers never cost less than four dollars a yard. I’ll tell you what I’ll do: if she stays I’ll make you up a real stylish little lunch — chocolate and biscuits and sandwiches and a salad, and bring them into the show-room to you. I like to entertain gentry.”

Truth is, poor Maggie was an unmitigated snob.

Doro returned to her wax much overburdened by a sense of Miss Harrison’s fine clothes and social state, but this adumbration of Commonwealth Avenue thinned away in the sunshine of Miss Harrison’s smiles. Miss Harrison had grown up as soon as she got out of the nursery. She had had no long, careless childhood playing with dolls and dishes. She

had become immediately a little lady, with her little beaux and her little tasselled cards of engagements for her dances. It was a new experience to her to sit down all day to dress dolls. She had only done that once a year — for the Sunday-school Christmas tree. Doro herself did not rival Miss Harrison in enthusiasm. They worked and lunched and worked again.

“A lady like you,” said Doro to Miss Harrison, “can do much good. You are rich, and can give so much to the poor, and you have time, and can visit them: and you are wise and can teach them, and set a good example, and teach in Sunday-school. Now, I like to be good, and do good, but there is so little I can do. All I can do must be done in wax. It is such a little way. Yet, as it is, I want to make my show a moral lesson. That is why I have Princess Elizabeth with her Bible, and little King Edward the Sixth. I’d like something more striking. Do you think you would know how to make a Satan?”

“To make *Satan*, my dear child!” cried Miss Harrison.

“Yes, I have thought, not too horrid, but enough to tell who he was. A pair of small horns in his wig, and a tail perhaps.”

“Whatever do you mean?”

“And very long moustaches, twisted up to his eyes,” continued Doro. “I would like to make in wax a copy of a picture I saw in the library — Satan playing with a young man for his soul. There is a little table with wine, cards, and dice, you know, and Satan is playing to win with that foolish young man, and the guardian angel is turning away so discouraged. I think it might be a good moral lesson.”

“Let us make it, by all means,” cried the enthusiastic Miss Harrison; “put a good bit of brick-dust colored paint on Satan’s face, and if you can find something to dress that young man in the corner up in a toga for a young Brutus, you could have that Continental blue coat and knee breeches for your Satan, and I’m sure you can make a very nice copy of the picture, if it must be done in wax.”

By five o’clock the show was nearly all reconstructed. The newly dressed figures looked very impressive, and Miss Harrison felt as if

she had been reviewing a course in history and general literature, as Doro talked over her wax. She regretted that it was time to go home. "Good-by," she said; "you are quite the dearest little thing I ever saw in my life, and I don't know when I have enjoyed a day so much. I shall bring a whole crowd to your show next week, to see what can be done in wax."

CHAPTER IX.

WHIM'S INHERITANCE.

IT was a Sabbath morning in early September, and August seemed to have strayed back into the city. Maggie sat on the lobby door-sill. She had conceded none of her multitudinous petticoats to the stress of temperature, but her calico sack was unfastened at the throat, and her hair pushed back from her flushed face. She fanned herself with a huge and ragged palm-leaf fan, and muttered like low thunder her animadversions concerning the weather. To her came the hymn-seller, hopping down the stairs like a little bird. "Are you going to church to-day, Mistress Maggie?"

"Not I. It is too hot to stay home, let alone to go to church. The weather is not what it used to be when I was young."

"When I was young," said the hymn-seller, "I lived in the country, and we *did* have Sundays there, I assure you. I mind the hymns we used

to sing Sunday morning — ‘Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise,’ and ‘Again the day returns of sacred rest.’ Dear me, the very cows and horses and fowls had a sort of stillness for Sunday! The sunshine lay along the fields, quiet and soft, the brooks ran stilly like, the winds were not so free as other days, the flowers were brighter and I thought they smelled sweeter, and the sound of the church-bells came up along the hills like the notes of a hymn. Then we all set off for church, going slowly along the road-sides, carrying Bible and hymn-book in one hand, and a handkerchief with some seed-cakes rolled up in it in the other. Most often we took a sprig of dill or fennel to nibble, if we got sleepy in church, and a piece of rosemary to smell to; my mother called that ‘herb-o’-grace.’ Feverfew was also a great *favorite* on Sunday, and southernwood as well. We all had them in our gardens. The church had square pews, with high sides, and when we were small we had to sit up and hold our heads back to get a sight of the parson, high up against the wall, in a little box pulpit. The windows and doors were open.

We saw the willow-trees waving like mourning-veils over the graves in the church-yard; the bees came swinging in and went out again; we youngsters used to watch, with a sort of terror and joy, the wasps darting about close to the bald head of the leading deacon; if a bird or a butterfly came in, we were happy. Once a swallow came sweeping in and lit on the communion-table, and our preacher quoted that bit of the psalm, 'Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.' The sermon was two hours long, and then we had a little over half an hour, when we went out into the grave-yard and ate our seed-cakes and talked to our neighbors, and then we went back and had a short Sunday-school and another long sermon. But there wasn't any more going to sleep in church those days than there is now — not so much, maybe, for the parsons gave their attention then to preaching rousing doctrines."

"Nothing is as good as it used to be," groaned Maggie. "I am not so good myself

as I used to be. In the words of a book I used to own, 'I was once a fair and flourishing professor,' but I am far from either fair or flourishing now. But no one could be good contending with such a man as her father — what with his shirts and hot coffee, late and strong, he is completely carbolic," which adjective was, no doubt, recklessly flung away in lieu of diabolical.

It was just after this hot Sabbath that Whim came home tanned, stout, happy, to enter the Conservatory. Doro took him up to the director, paid the bill, and purchased a violin for school work, and expressed her desire that Whim should be kept closely at his studies, and converted into a "first violin" as soon as possible. She was such a tender, earnest, pathetic little mother, leading about this big, effervescent, inquisitive boy, who was likely to fall into a great deal of mischief just out of curiosity to know what it was, that the director vowed to himself to make a specialty of Whim for Doro's sake. That was one care off Doro's mind. Another source of comfort was that the show began to look up. It had a

new lease of popularity. It was a new play-thing to Miss Harrison. No. 97 Andover street smacked of a safe Bohemianism which lent a flavor to the conservative existence of Commonwealth Avenue; Miss Harrison ventilated her behind-the-scenes wisdom in show-life. Doro received a note asking her to open the show four Saturday afternoons, so that the Sunday-school infant-class could be brought in four divisions to see it. Then came a request to open her doors one evening at half-past six, so that Miss Harrison and a number of friends -- about twenty -- could have a *quasi* private exhibition. Maggie joyfully received a ten-dollar bill as fee from that party, and assured herself "that the show's fortune was made, and it was easy to tell real quality -- they wore such elegant clothes." Indeed, the clothes attracted her so much that with her hands on her hips, and her two lower teeth shot out over her naturally well cut upper lip, she stood in the door-way and looked at the visitors all the time they looked at the wax.

Doro, doing her best to exhibit to these elegant pleasure-seekers, found herself some-

what nonplussed by Miss Harrison's zeal to tell what she knew about wax. Thus:—

Doro: “This, ladies and gentlemen, is Marcus Junius Brutus, born in 85 before Christ, died in 42. He was a great student, and stood well in his day; and because he took chief part in the killing of Cæsar, he has been called a patriot and a great man. It seems to me that it is very much against him that he joined friendship with Pompey, when his father had been killed by Pompey's order. I think, too, it was wicked in him to divorce his wife for the sake of getting political power by marrying the daughter of Cato. It looks very wrong to me that when Cæsar had been generous and forgiving to him, he should conspire to kill him by treachery, and he surely made a very bad end when he killed himself after a defeat in battle. Suicide is the end of a coward, and it leaves the soul without hope.”

Miss Harrison: “Makes a real good Brutus, don't he? He *was* Israel Putman before, with a wig, a cocked hat, and that blue coat and breeches with brass buttons, that Satan has on, over there by the other wall. We wanted

the blue clothes for Satan, so we took off Putman's wig, and put black hair on him, with an olive wreath to make him look classic, and made him that toga and pair of sandals."

This disquisition from Miss Harrison discontented Doro. It was one thing to dress up her wax, but quite another to show it off. When it stood decorous, quite majestic under the gas-light, she believed in it. She took Brutus (M. J.) where and as she found him for exhibition, and was, for the time being, oblivious that he had figured as Israel Putman, and had killed a wolf and not Cæsar. The long series of metamorphoses and historical metempsychoses of her wax figures faded from her mind when she met them in order for exhibition. In the day-time, arranging her show, she was of the school of Pythagoras ; that work completed, she returned to modern orthodoxy, and decreed to each individual his particular identity. However, if Miss Harrison and her comments were somewhat subversive of the dignity of the show, one way and another, they brought in considerable money, and that was good in Whim's education. Whim

was fulfilling the prophecies of Jonas — at first he was mad over his new pursuits ; he desired neither to eat nor sleep ; he talked music, he thought music, then, following the omnipresent law of the pendulum, his zeal rebounded toward indifference, he became weary of effort and thought he did well enough.

“There’s a fellow up to the Conservatory who has a nice time of it,” said Whim to Doro. “I wish I was in his boots. He studies only as much as he likes, just because he likes ; he don’t need to work to make a living ; he won’t have to give concerts or take pupils. He is a German ; he takes what he calls *clavier* — that means piano. His uncle left him an inheritance ; he is an heir ; you’d better believe I wish I was.”

“You have an inheritance, Whim,” said Doro. It was Sunday night. Doro was lying on the little hard hair-cloth lounge, and Whim was sitting on the floor beside her.

“I’d like to know what, I’m sure,” said Whim, testily.

“Well, in the first place, your violin. Perhaps there is not such another violin in Amer-

ica. If you are able to bring great skill and great genius to bear on your bow, that violin can make you famous."

"Yes, there's the violin," admitted Whim.

"And, then, there is your musical genius. That's an inheritance worth more than a big fortune; for the fortune may be lost, but the genius is still yours, and can be made more splendid by labor. That genius came to you from your great-grandfather and grandfather, just as your name, Henry Whimper, did. Do you find many pupils at the Conservatory who have more natural gift than you?"

"No," said Whim; "they all say that I have the best genius there."

"And that should make you more and more industrious, Whim. The diamond is the most valuable of gems, but it needs the most and hardest cutting and polishing to make it all it should be. And now, Whim, you have another inheritance, which I don't like to talk about; and yet I must, to save you from trouble—an inheritance which you got from poor father, Whim."

"As what?" asked the boy.

“I’m afraid — in the first place, a great hate of hard work.”

“Oh, well — work — why, who likes work?”

“When work is seen to be the only proper means to goodness and greatness and usefulness, we should love it for that, Whim. Then, too, God bids us work; he objects to idlers, and work keeps us out of wickedness; work we owe to God, to ourselves, to others. Those who hate honest work, Whim, usually have a craving for money got without working. The Scripture don’t believe in that; it says: ‘If any will not work, neither shall he eat’; and when we want money that shall come like rain falling out of the sky, and not like gold dug up out of the earth, then we are apt to try to get it in unfair ways — by games of chance or by cheating. And I want to speak to you of that, Whim. I see you have a great deal of temptation toward chances and lotteries, and such ways of getting things, and poor father has tried to lead you astray in those ways, and you must fight and pray, Whim, against that part of your inheritance, the liking that is in your blood for gaming, my poor dear boy — and for wine too, I fear.”

Whim was silent. He was considering whether this was so.

Doro was lost in a painful musing. Here was Whim, dowered with beauty, genius, and an inborn vice: how would the fatal inheritance end? Finally, Whim said:—

“There is, I suppose, something amusing and exciting in gaming—but because a man wants to get a little entertainment out of it, he need not get absorbed in it, or be a cheat, and disgrace or ruin himself.”

“As the man who pleads his right to moderate drinking often, even usually, ends by being a drunkard, so he who games a little for fun is apt to end by being a gamester, and ruined. Both drunkenness and gaming are roads to eternal ruin. The Bible says no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of God—so the gamester cuts himself off from heaven. It is true they might repent and be forgiven, for the blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse from all sin, but these vices put their victims in a frenzied state, where they will neither ask for nor accept the mercy of God. The gambler lives on the ruin of his fellows, and per-

ishes in his own. Suicide results more often from gaming than from any other vice, and suicide shuts the door of hope to the soul. Gambling, Whim, is social ruin; it is moral ruin; it is physical ruin; it is spiritual ruin. So is drinking. Now, see how much temptation there is every where toward gambling and drink, and I see that you are naturally vulnerable to these temptations, and so I wish you would fear for yourself, and keep watch, and pray God to deliver you from temptation; and if you do that, dear Whim, you can not then deliberately put yourself right in the way of it. Then, too, one way of keeping out of temptation is to be active in honest work, and I think God has given you your love of music as a safeguard, if you will have a passion for it and work at it honestly."

"Do you know," said Whim, "sometimes I envy people who do not have to work? Perhaps I would get just as much happiness and less vexation out of music if I were rich and only studied for pleasure. I think lords and millionnaires are very lucky people."

"They are in places of greater temptation, of

greater responsibility, and have more to answer to God for. If you read the history of the eighteenth century, you will see how many princes and nobles, and men who might have been great and good, led ruined lives, and died hopeless, shameless deaths, because they had lived only to amuse themselves, and tried to amuse themselves in gaming and drinking. God says all we are brethren; he sets us in this world to live for others as well as for ourselves. That man lives highest who lives least for himself and most for God and his neighbors. God says that every man should seek another's good; we are to owe no man any thing but love; we are, with regard to living, to 'work every one with quietness, and eat our own bread,' and, instead of envying and grieving at the good of our neighbor, we are to do good and lend, hoping for nothing again. All extortioners and unjust and robbers and liars have no part in the Holy City. When men stand before God for judgment according to their works, what will the works of the gamester be, on which his record is made? The Book of Proverbs tells us that those who are greedy of gain lie in 'wait

for their own blood'; and 'lurk privily for their own lives.' The man who means to live idly on the gain he makes by winning his neighbor's money is 'devising evil against his neighbor.' Could any thing be more unlike the law of God, that we are to do good as we have opportunity, do as we would be done by, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous! Oh, Whim! gamblers 'eat the bread of wickedness, and drink the wine of violence,' and sleep not unless they have done mischief."

Doro was afraid that Whim was becoming idle, and she feared if he were idle his thoughts and his tastes would drift into evil channels. Jonas made it his duty to go to the director and have a talk about Whim. The chain of sequences lengthening, the director confided the story of Whim and Doro to a friend, who was visiting him, a Swiss cornetist of fame. The Swiss made a pilgrimage to a top-story class-room, where Whim was alone, his violin lying on a table before him, his arms folded, his head bent in a reverie; he was fond of idle dreaming.

"What, doing nothing!" said the visitor.

“I have learned my lesson,” said Whim.

“So! How extraordinary! But no, you mistake; one has never learned his lesson, because one has never got out of a lesson all that may be got out of it.”

“I assure you, sir, I am quite perfect in mine; I am always prepared — ask my master, else —”

“Ah, it is but little your master could tell me; for he only knows that you have learned what he can draw from you in a lesson of less than an hour. That is only of the surface of things. But there is something deeper in every lesson. In every new thing learned there should be some new revelation, some fresh insight into the spirit and power, the mission, the soul of music. You should gain in enthusiasm as well as in technical knowledge; you should be more and more concerned for *rightness* in yourself, that there may be rightness in your music. My lad, behind all true music lie thoughts, as much as behind poetry or painting or architecture. You can not play really unless you think and feel; there must be a self behind the music, and it must

be a self worthy of love and respect, and powerful to kindle soul in others. What sound is that?"

"That's Hobber, taking his cornet down."

"So! let us hear him a little." They listened.

"You call that music? It is true, he follows the assigned notes, and he marks the demanded time: but where is his expression? This noise he is making is crude, inexpressive. It falls coldly on the ear; it breaks my heart. Now, let me show you what the cornet can do. I am a Swiss. On the notes of this music I am going back to my beloved land. Before me spread with 'snowy peaks engrailed,' as your English poet says, the Alps — infinity in matter. I see great flashing spaces — seas of glass mingled with fire — the glaciers, smitten by the sun! Mont Blanc lifts up his head, hoary with pre-Adamite snow. The Jungfrau, with her placid state, her folded arms, sits in her bridal white, tutelary genius of the homes of Switzerland. Monte Rosa flushes like the morning; the airs that breathe around me are crisp with frost and yet sweet with flower-

breath. I hear the laughter of the sky-born rivers running down the gorges ; I listen to the *jödel* of the mountaineer, to the tinkling of the bells of the herd, to the shepherd's song. I see the goats winding down the steep descents in the eventide. I listen to the laughter of my sisters, and I hear the voice of my mother calling her wanderer home."

The enthusiastic Swiss lifted his arms with a grand sweep, and his chest expanded while he drew back his head, then he put the silver tube to his lips and breathed a long, sweet, tearful note — an exile's heart-cry. That note was to Whim as the chariots of Ammi-nadib, as Mahomet's carpet, as the cloud throne of Indra that came floating slowly through superior space. Before his mind rose with the growing music all the senses, and breathed all the sounds that the Swiss cornetist had indicated. He saw the chalets perched in almost inaccessible places ; he heard the dull thunder of the falling avalanche, the scream of the eagle sweeping upward ; the laughter of children, glad that the winter was gone. He felt, there in the midst of the winter day, in that attic, none too

warm, the breaking of the bondage of the ice-king, the return of summer swinging garlands over all the plain.

“What do you think of that?” asked the cornetist.

“That is surely the way angels make sounds in heaven.”

The master waited for his music to make its full effect ; then he said, earnestly : —

“Look you! did you ever read of the ice-palaces of Odin, of Valhalla in the North, of the Bridge of Frost, of the revels of the North kings where they drink blood and mead from skulls, and shout until the roof trembles? Have you heard of the ‘Twilight of the Gods,’ that dim eclipse, that cold and pale shall fall upon that revelling crew, and chill them into a long dark silence, that shall be neither life nor death?”

“I have read of it,” said Whim.

“I will tell it to you in music.”

And then in that cold attic, out of that silver tube, they heard the snapping of the frost, the grinding of iceberg and floe, the shouts of the gods, the clash of arms, the rush of blood and

mead in rivers to the lips of those Northern kings, the war songs, the wassail, and found the gods themselves grown weary, and heard the revel sink to rest, and that grim silence, that was neither sleep nor death, settle over the terrible splendor of Valhalla, and felt that Ragnarök was deathly cold and pale.

“It is thus,” said the master, when the last note had died away, “that you must learn to make music. You must accumulate thoughts, and practise yourself in their expression. You must think a thought, a thought worth thinking, and then you must seek the note for its expression. You must seek in every thing to learn the capacity of your instrument, and develop in every way your capacity for bringing out its power. When you have a study given you, you must go back to its meaning, to its origin, and forward to its object, and outward in all directions, to what it can do for you and for others. When you hear music, especially of the great masters, you must search to find your heart *en rapport* with their hearts; you must discover what they meant to express, and you must prepare to interpret their true

thought. You must always have something to express to others. The Hebrews were, and are, well dowered in music; it was much of their worship. Painting they had not—scarcely sculpture. They thought in tones. That is not all. You must compare music, the music of various schools and races, to see where the varied idea and constitution of the musician develops itself. Compare French and German and Italian—Auber, Glück, Jomelli; you must see the differences of race, education, character, age, period, written in the music of masters, just as these are written in the books of authors. Don't tell me you have ever learned a lesson. You may have nibbled a little around its edges, as a mouse around a cheese. Every score you study, you want to find out all about it, and all about its author, before you begin to try to express it in sound. You must know what you are going to express. Make honest work of your music."

With natural gifts, and such instructions, Whim could not but do well, far above the average of his fellow-students; he played at

the Conservatory concerts, he became popular, he was invited out to play sometimes at private concerts, and Doro felt it was good that he should earn what he could for himself. Sometimes he accidentally met his father going out from his late breakfast. Doro tried to make these meetings few; she wanted Granby to forget Whim.

“So,” said Granby, eying the violin-case, “you stick to your fiddling? Beggarly trade, that; won’t bring you dry bread.”

“Oh, no; it will bring bread well buttered. Why, father, I earn money now. I earned five dollars last night.” Thus the unsuspecting Whim.

“Five dollars! I’ll warrant she took it away from you. Poor boy, you are well tied up to her apron-strings, as if you were a three-year-old.”

“I am not!” cried Whim, indignantly. “It is in my pocket this minute, and I’m going to buy patent-leather pumps and a satin tie to wear at concerts.”

Granby shook his head incredulously. Whim took out the note. Granby seized and ex-

amined it, then slid it into his own vest-pocket. "My dear boy, I'll double it for you to-day, as you are not allowed to help yourself that fashion."

Whim made a wry face, shrugged his shoulders, and proceeded to his teacher in a harrowed state of mind. His money was gone; he never expected to see it again. However, that was not Granby's game. He had a victim to entrap. He believed that the boy would bring him luck if he could get him to go with him to a gaming-den. Next morning he waylaid Whim, and pulled him into the sitting-room. "See here, boy, I owe you something. What did I tell you! Double it, eh! Well, there's the ten."

Whim could hardly believe his eyes. At that crisis, as he held the crisp new note, Doro came in. He cried out:—

"Now, Doro, what do you think? My money is doubled! I can get gloves and new music and a present for you. Father has doubled it for me. What do you say to luck, now?"

"Is that your five?" asked Doro, while Granby eyed her.

“It is my five turned into a ten.”

She took it from his fingers. He thought it was to look at. She left the room with it.

“There, fool!” cried his father; “so the little tyrant beats you.”

“She’ll come back,” said Whim, faintly.

“She won’t—not with the money.”

“She is coming. I hear her.” (Enter Doro.)

“There, Whim! There are your five dollars. That is clean, well earned, honest money; take it—it is yours. Father, there is your money—it is part of the price Satan has for souls.”

“Won’t you have it, Whim?” asked Granby, jauntily.

“No, he will not have it. I promised our mother I would bring him to heaven, and he has to come! But you are making it hard work, father.”

She looked so distressed, so white, so pitiful, this little Doro with the over-much golden hair, that suddenly rushed into Whim’s mind all that she had so faithfully and tenderly been to him since he was three and she was six, his little

mother, who kissed his tears away, and played with him, and held his hand and sung to him in the dark after he was put to bed, that he was overcome by the recollection. He caught her around the neck, kissed her, crying, "All right, Doro, I don't want that other five; I'll go with you wherever you say. So now I'm off to school."

"I'll try him again," said Granby, defiantly.

That morning Doro felt herself constrained to utter so many sighs over a bread-pudding which she was compounding, that Maggie inquired what was the matter. "Is the bread mouldy, or have you found sand in the sugar? Everything is 'dulterationed now."

"No," Doro confessed, the bread and the sugar were good; she was "worrying about Whim."

"La!" said Maggie, "you can't expect boys to be like girls, with a sense of duty and minding their business, and doing right because it is right. By no means. Boys have no more sense of duty than butterflies. You have to coax them to be good—give them things, humor them along, amuse them, if you mean to

keep them out of mischief. If you are afraid of Whim going wrong, you should buy him a verbodiscle."

"A *what?*" asked Doro.

"Why, a verbodiscle!"

"I don't know what they are," said Doro.

"Then you can't have used your eyes very well. There is a plenty of 'em flying round the streets—a great big wheel, with a little no-account wheel behind, and men riding on 'em like mad. He'd like a verbodiscle."

"Oh! you mean a bicycle!"

"It's all the same," said Maggie.

"Oh, it's quite different; but that's no matter. I could not buy him one of those, Maggie; they cost seventy-five or a hundred dollars apiece."

"If that's the case," said Maggie, "of course you can't, and you might as well give up and done with it, and expect him to go to destruction before he's much older. He is young and ignorant, and ready to dip into any kind of mischief, and his father means to have him for a gambler. He'll get him with his talk, he is so plausible when he sets out. He is truly the

most hyperbolic talker I ever see or heard tell of."

This was poor promise for Whim, and Doro began to add tears as well as sighs to the concoction of the pudding.

CHAPTER X.

GOING WITH FATHER.

“**D**IDN’T you think that ‘Road to Ruin’ was a mighty nice hymn?” said the attic to the cobbler. “I went out with it again the other day, and I thought I was doing a good work. That’s a touchin’ verse:—

“‘The road to ruin is broad and steep,
Wherein poor sinners go astray,
And all because they will not keep
The law that shows the narrow way.’

If every body loved the Bible as David sets forth in the 119th Psalm, there’d be less people travelling the road to ruin. I went into the court-house yesterday to sell ‘Roads to Ruin.’ I gave one or two to some prisoners. Says I, ‘You’re on that road. “Turn ye, do turn ye, why will ye die?”’

“‘Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go.
Why will you trifle on the brink
Of everlasting woe?’

And I sold some hymns to the lawyers, telling them I wasn't no ways clear they was all off the road to ruin; and the judges each bought one, and says I to them: 'Sirs, you now sit on the judgment-seat; remember, you will have to appear before the Judgment-seat.' Well, being in the court-room minded me of another argument for the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures — for their being just what they claims. It is testimony. The men that wrote the New Testament was good men, and respected as such in their day. They didn't write by hearsay, but they declared, as the 'Postle John says, 'that which we have seen with our eyes, and our hands have handled.' Peter says, 'This Voice which came from heaven we heard when we were with Him in the Holy Mount.' Paul says he saw the Lord Jesus; also, John says, 'We have seen and do testify.'"

"You are always out with a new argument," said Jonas.

"So I am! And that court-room was like a commentary on Scripture. They had a lot of poor drinking men up. "Who hath woe? who hath redness of eyes? who hath wounds without

cause?’ says the Book, and there they stood, just as if it had drawn their photographs. And there was a liquor-dealer charged with killing a man. ‘Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink,’ says the Book. Why, Mr. Jonas, I don’t see how you can doubt a book that speaks like that!”

“Well,” said Jonas, “suppose part of the Bible was true—say the Epistles of Paul. I read a book lately, called ‘*Horæ Paulinæ*,’ that proved that pretty well,—or say the Gospel of John.”

“Why, man, if you admit either the Gospels or the Epistles to be true word of God, then by them you stand convicted of being a sinner and needing a Saviour, and finding the only Saviour in Jesus Christ. And, besides that, the Bible hangs together, so you can’t take part and leave part very easy. The Prophets quote the Psalms, and the Psalms quote the Law and the historic books, and the Apostles quote the Psalms and Law and Prophets, and the Gospels maintain all that went before them, and so it is all bound together, testimony lapping onto testimony.

“The Bible hangs together, but man’s work don’t. Just you compare newspapers, even of the same party, and see how they contradict; and as for opposite parties!—my land! what one says is black, the other is bound to say is white on the spot.”

“Well, see here,” said Jonas, “what a lot of scamps the Bible tells about! There’s something against every one of them, except, perhaps, Joseph and Daniel and Job; Noah and David and Solomon and Judas and Peter all did things that would get them turned out of church nowadays.”

“And isn’t that a sure sign the Bible wasn’t written by men? The Bible was written *about* men, about humans, not about angels or saints up in heaven. We know that humans are always sinning and falling, more or less, on account of their human nature, even when they have grace in them, and the Bible is honest, and tells square truth about these heroes; while men who write about great Christians or other great men are so prejudiced for them that they forget, or don’t see, or slur over all that has been wrong. If the

Bible was a human book, and any publishers had revised the manuscript, they would have cut out all that about good people who lied, or quarrelled, or were cowardly, got mad, got drunk, swore, did all that kind of human sinfulness; they'd have said: 'Oh, it won't do to tell this — it will be a bad example.' 'Oh, we must leave this out; it will look as if these were not good people.' And so we poor sinners, who are falling and repenting every day, would never know what forgiving mercy is in our God. What's more, the Bible don't side with kings and princes and rich men, and hide their iniquities, and spread it all out thick about poor folks. It hasn't a word against Beggar Lazarus, but it tells the truth about Nabal and Dives. David and Solomon hadn't money enough to buy the record of their sins out of the Holy Book."

"Well, I must say," remarked Jonas, "that the more I talk with you, the more I'm interested in the Bible."

"Now, I must be going," said the hymn-seller; "all I have to say is, over your head here, you've got a little girl that lives by the

Bible, and you've got her father who lives direct against it, and you just compare them two together."

"Poor little Doro," said Jonas, "she is worrying a good bit over that brother of hers; he's a lively chap to have no guardians but a soft-hearted little sister and a rascal of a father."

Yes, Doro was worrying about Whim. Whim was one of the boys who seem bound to take all their experiences for themselves, rather than hearsay. Their lessons cost dear to themselves and those who love them. The one great danger of Whim's life was his lack of moral sense, of quickness of conscience, of moral acuteness. It seemed as if in the making of this brother and sister, the girl had all the conscience and the boy nearly none. Doro had a scrupulous conscience, a painfully sensitive conscience, a conscience that demanded an infinite exactness of rectitude from herself and others. Whim, on the other hand, woke up slowly to the idea that any thing was wrong or in any way to be reprobated. A sin must be as high as the tower of Babel, as crooked as an S, and as ugly as the Gorgon head on the

shield of Athena, for Whim to perceive its existence at all. But out of this very obtuseness arose a measure of Whim's safety. It never occurred to him that a proceeding was likely to be reprobated, and so he made no effort to conceal it; he told his intentions or his acts right out, and so Doro was forewarned and forearmed.

"I'm going to see Bob Lane for a while, after I'm done the music for the wax," said Whim, at the tea-table. "Two more of the fellows from the school are coming down — cornets."

"I suppose you are going to play then," said Doro.

"Yes, we're going to play," said Whim, with a peculiar expression.

"What are you going to play? I wish I could hear you."

"*See*, you mean, girl! We're going to play cards."

"What!!!"

"Bob Lane is to teach us. I suppose there isn't another such milksop round as I am — 'most fourteen, and don't know one card from another."

“But you must *not* know one card from another.”

“Nonsense, girl; we’re not going to play for money, nor have any drink.”

“But to know how to play cards, or think you know, is the first step; the playing for money comes after. Ignorance is safety.”

“But father says every gentleman knows how to play cards, and that a man who doesn’t know cards is laughed at; and that when people get old, if they can’t amuse themselves with a quiet game, they have nothing left them but to mope.”

“And mother said that cards had been the bane of her life, and the cause of her death, and that I was never to let you touch one, Whim!”

“But if it’s gambling you’re afraid of, Doro, people gamble with plenty of other things as well as cards.”

“I know it, and I want you to keep clean of all of it. You are, perhaps, in more danger than other boys. Remember your inheritance, Whim.”

“I won’t do any harm with it, Doro.”

“Whim, you can not learn to play cards. I shall hate to leave the show to Maggie right in the middle of it ; but if you go I must. I will go to Bob Lane’s if you go, and tell them just my feelings about cards.”

“You won’t, Doro.”

“*I certainly will.*”

“Bother ! then I’ll have to stay at home.”

Doro caught him round the neck, kissed him, and said he was “a blessed boy.”

Whim uneasily pulled away from her embraces, and vowed that “if she kept him so tight, he would be driven to run away.”

“Then I shall have to follow you, Whim,” said Doro.

She watched Whim more and more closely after that, and tried all ways of diverting his attention and amusing him. She was ready for any sacrifice to prevent the fatal taste for gambling, the quenchless thirst of the gamester awaking in his heart. Maggie, out of hate for Granby, liking for Whim, and love for Doro, shared this watch.

One evening Whim asked Doro if she would not play at the show : he wanted to go up to his

room. "Are you sick?" asked Doro, anxiously.

"Of course I can play."

"No, I'm not sick; my head aches. I worked hard to-day."

He went upstairs, and all Doro's motherly instincts were awake. "I'm afraid Whim is sick," she said to Maggie.

"More likely some mischief is up. You'd better look out for him."

"Whatever do you mean?"

"His father is at the bottom of it. I know what I know."

"Tell me at once what you know, Maggie?"

"I see his father slipping a note into his hand yesterday, and giving him a wink this morning. He is up to something."

Doro ran upstairs and knocked at Whim's door. All was still. She knocked again, and called. No response.

"Whim! You are here; you must let me in."

Whim jerked the door open. "What now, Doro? You are such a fuss."

Doro was in her blue silk show dress, her golden hair fell around her like a veil, her eyes were tearful, her lips pitiful.

Whim was dressing himself with care. He had on his best trousers and his patent leather shoes. His best tie and kerchief lay on the little table. He was brushing his pretty curly hair, and Doro shuddered as she saw in him some of the motions and little vanities, and the same twist to his curls that his father had.

“Where are you going, dear Whim?”

“To a little party — if you must know, Doro.”

“Where, with whom, dear Whim?”

“Well, to a rich man’s on Beacon street — a very rich man. The one I told you of, that had pictures, conservatory, music, all kinds of gorgeousness, and I’m invited to go with father.”

“Going with father! Then, it’s a gambling party, Whim.”

“I’m sure I don’t know. I needn’t gamble, and I sha’n’t gamble; I don’t know how. The most I can do is to look on. I shall see life. If I’m going to succeed in any thing, father says, I must see life. I must know men, and go in society, and learn how to handle myself. I can’t do well on a concert platform if I am awkward and seem just out of the backwoods.”

CHAPTER XI.

DORO SHARES WITH WHIM.

DORO was not so much beguiled by Whim's plea in behalf of his manners as was in Whim's view desirable. The little sister had what is called a very level head. She responded calmly: "Your teachers will see to your manners, Whim; and you can not learn really good attractive manners from a set of fast men — from a crowd of gamblers."

"These are gentlemen, genuine gentlemen, some of the first and richest men in Boston. Father says I am in luck to have a chance to get in with them, and ought to improve it."

"And when did father say all these things to you, Whim?"

"Why — he — called on me — at the Conservatory a time or two, he wanted to hear my playing."

"He wanted to make you as bad as himself!" cried Doro, fiercely.

“That’s a pretty way to talk about father,” said Whim.

“It’s dreadful, but I can’t help it. I must say the truth about him, or lose you. Whim, don’t drive me to say any more. I don’t want to make you feel as wretched as I have felt. Trust me, Whim. Do as I say without making me tell you any more. Promise me, Whim, that you won’t go with father to-night or any other time. Give me your word that you will not meet his friends. Tell me that you will not be persuaded by his talk.”

“I shall do no such thing,” cried Whim. “He probably knows as much about some things as you do. A pretty way to do—to set me against him. You have set up to believe what you call gambling is wrong. Gaming is a thing you know nothing about. It is a science. If a man makes money by wit and memory, on scientific principles, he has as much right to do it as by building steam-engines.”

“What do you believe is wrong? Is stealing wrong?”

“Yes; but gambling, or gaming, is not stealing. That is all prejudice. So is your notion about lotteries prejudice.”

“But lotteries and gaming are against the law.”

“Here, maybe, in this Puritanical New England,” said Whim, quoting from his paternal relative, “but they are not against law in the South, and the South is as good as we are, any day.”

“Much better in some things, perhaps, but wrong about the lotteries. Whim, it’s ’most show time. Will you come down with me, and drop this dreadful engagement?”

“No, Doro; I won’t.”

“Do you think forging wrong?”

“Of course I do.”

“Would you associate with thieves and forgers, or think them safe company for you, or follow their advice?”

“No, I would not.”

Doro burst into tears.

“Oh, Whim, we have an inheritance that I have kept to myself! I hated to share it with you, Whim. I hate now to share it. Oh, do as I say without it.”

“I hate crying, and don’t know what you mean; and if you have any thing to tell, Doro,

you'd better out with it. It is 'most time for the show, and for me to start."

"Whim, do you remember I put something on a card once, and gave it to father?"

"Yes. What was it?"

"Oh, how can I tell you?"

"Well, don't, then, if you can't. Where's my handkerchief? I'm off."

Doro caught him in her arms.

"Oh, Whim! You would have it! You make me tell. Why will you not be saved without it! Our poor father—is a thief and a forger."

"What!" cried Whim, beside himself.

"I tell you true. He is not a man that you can safely go with. This gambling that you defend has made him what I say. If he had been found by the police, he would be now in prison. If he were seized now, he would go to prison, but the thing has blown over, and they are not looking for him. If to-night he is going among honest men, he is going on false pretences, and is not a fit associate for them, for he has never repented, Whim, nor tried to restore what he took."

“Who knows this?” sobbed Whim, overcome, “Jonas? Maggie?”

“No one in Boston but myself. Mother told me. She wanted me to try and pay it back, to make our name clean so far as I could; but it is so much, Whim, and I get so little, and we use it almost all up.”

“How much is it?” said Whim, hoarsey l.

“Two thousand dollars.”

“A thief’s children!” cried Whim. “How can we look any one in the face? We can never try to do or be any thing again.”

“Yes, we can,” said Doro. “Mother told me that text, ‘Then I restored that which I took not away.’ We will restore it, Whim, you and I, with the interest. I know the name. It is Robert Archer; I have the address in Philadelphia. Father got in with him as a clerk, when they first came from England, and they became friends, and father used money out of the desk for gambling; and Mr. Archer found it out, and forgave him; and then father forged his name to get two thousand dollars for gambling, and he lost it all and fled. Mother went to see Mr. Archer, and told him

she or her children would one day pay it all. He did not hunt after poor father much, out of pity for poor mother. When she found he was here, she followed him; but things never went any better — they never do when one is gambling.”

Whim was tearing off his gala dress, flinging each article furiously upon bed or chairs. Then he jerked himself into his ordinary clothes. “I didn’t know I was the son of a thief,” he shouted, madly.

“Dear boy, I was forced to tell you to keep you from going the same way, perhaps,” said Doro. “You are not safe with father.”

“It’s all right to tell me. I had as much right to know it, and to bear the burden of it, and help pay it back, as you. Come along, it is show time. Pity your eyes are so red, Doro; but it can’t be helped.”

They went down-stairs, and Whim privately shook his fist in the direction of the street corner where he supposed his deceitful parent to be waiting. Then he took his violin and played furiously — wailing, moaning, groaning.

“What *is* that unhappy music you are playing, Whim?” asked Doro.

“The chorus of the condemned in the ‘Paradise Lost,’” said Whim, sharply. “I feel just like it — like nothing else.”

Poor Whim! Doro felt that she had tried a severe remedy — an extreme remedy — the last one she had in reserve. She knew that if she had allowed his father’s secret influence to increase over him, he would be surely ruined. She had not dared allow him to go to such a place as he had described, where all the attractions of wealth and style and dashing men, with loud, brisk, witty talk, which the poor boy would consider wonderfully fascinating, would surround with a glamour the terrible vice of gambling. And yet, what would be the ultimate result of this fearful confidence? Would it rebuff and discourage him, load him with a hereditary curse and crime? Or would it awake latent manliness to purge his name of the sin, to work to remove the burden and do justice? Would it sharpen his moral sense, showing him the process of sin, its progression by swift stages, from that of which man does not take

cognizance, and through various steps to that which falls under the rod of human law? Doro had been able to consult with no one. The story confided by her mother was not of a nature that could be shared. Jonas, the pastor, neither of them, could hear this story of her criminal father.

After the show, Whim came and sat down by his sister, when Maggie, having brushed her young mistress' hair, had gone off, grumbling about the cold of the January night.

“Tell me all about it, Doro?” said Whim, taking her hand.

“There is little to tell but what I told you, Whim. Mother left me the address of Robert Archer, in Philadelphia, at least of a law firm where I could find him. She had laid up two hundred dollars — in eight years, Whim! — and she gave me the bank book, and told me all about it. She wanted to pay it back, you see. I have laid up with that fifty dollars — only fifty, Whim. You see, the first year after mother died father took almost all the show money away from me, and we got in debt for rent and in debt at the grocery and coal

yard, and we came near being turned out. Then I sold two rings that had come to mother from England, with your violin — rings my grandmother had worn ; they came for me, so I had a right to sell them.”

“ Yes, poor Doro, sold all that was left you.”

“ You know I have the wax.”

“ And support us all out of it ! Well, go ahead, Doro.”

“ I paid up some of the bills — enough to go on, and I made up my mind not to let any more honest earnings of my show go to a gambling-den. And by the help of Jonas I have got on. Father is not a violent man, you know ; he never strikes ; and then Jonas, I think, told him if he troubled me he would bring the case into court, and poor father is naturally afraid of a court. If the police got hold of his name and history, he would be wanted in Philadelphia.”

“ Two hundred and fifty to pay off two thousand, with some ten or twelve years’ interest. That’s a look-out, Doro. Well, now, see here. I have a right to share this with you ; you ought to have told me long ago.”

“I might have told you when you were so young it would not impress you or be a warning to you.”

“Perhaps. Well, now I do know, I’ll take hold of the thing with you. I’ll be more saving, and I’ll earn all I can, and we’ll roll up that money as fast as possible.”

“Oh, you dear, good boy!” cried Doro, clasping his neck.

“I don’t know as I am any better than you are,” said Whim, condescendingly, feeling excessively virtuous.

“And you’ll hate gambling and all that is like it, or leads to it, forever, won’t you, Whim? You see what it comes to.”

“I see. You’d better believe I’ll hate it,” said Whim, confidently. “Why, Doro, I feel as if I could not look a decent man, or a person that has an honest father, in the face. This money has to be put back. I can’t have such a story as this behind me when I am a first violin. I suppose it will end in my changing my name any way, and dropping the Granby. I could come out as just Henry Whymper.” Then, by an association of ideas:—

“I say, Doro, you sold your rings; do you think I ought to sell my Cremona? It would fetch just about what we need.”

Doro shook her head. “I suppose it is in our power to sell it, Whim, but it would be against the wishes, the conditions made by our grandfather and uncle when it was left. It was left to be used by you, and it was very strictly written that it was not to be sold to pay any obligations contracted in any way by our father.”

Whim felt rather glad, as he left for his own room, that the Cremona was freed from any moral obligations toward the fatal debt.

“Where’s Whim?” cried Granby, coming in late. “He did not keep an engagement with me. Was that your fault, miss?”

“Yes, father; I suppose so.”

“And how long will you stand between me and my son?”

“As long as you gamble and drink and would ruin him, father.”

“I won’t stand it longer!” cried Granby, seizing Doro by the neck. “I’ll shake the breath out of you, if I die for it!”

“Let her alone!” shouted Whim, bursting into the room, and wrenching his father’s hand from his terrified sister. “I did not go to you, because I was busy at home doing a sum. I was calculating the amount of two thousand dollars with interest for ten years and nine months.”

Granby fell back to the wall. “You too!” he cried; “if I am in the hands of a pair of children, I am done for. I might as well blow my brains out at once.”

“Have I hurt you during the last three years?” asked Doro. “You will betray yourself some day when you have been drinking. We will not betray you.”

“We would neither of us hurt you,” said Whim.

“All we want is to set you free by paying back the money,” cried Doro. “We will try for that, father, with all our might.”

“Yes, we are at it already,” shouted Whim, eagerly.

“You have made a beginning? You have laid up something? You have a little money for me, for my safety?” cried Granby, bursting

into maudlin tears. "Bless you, my dear children! We are safe. Fifty dollars to-morrow will make me a rich man. Not a paltry two thousand with interest, but ten thousand, twenty thousand I will bring home to you, to do with as you like, to-morrow night. My dear good children, just let me try my luck *once* with that money?"

Doro flung herself on the sofa, and began to cry.

Whim, with only moderate ceremony, escorted his father to his bedroom.

The Conservatory was to give an afternoon concert, and Whim gave a ticket to Doro and one to his father. Granby said he should surely attend. It was Thursday afternoon, a period when Maggie always went abroad — not to visit her friends, for she had few, but to enjoy the innocent and curious gratification of her life — walking upon Washington or Beacon street, or in the Public Gardens, and noticing the fine dresses of the ladies. Old Maggie received from this the same pleasure that many persons do from pictures.

Just as Doro was setting forth with Whim, the postman handed her a letter. It was from Miss Harrison, saying that she wished to see her that afternoon, and would be at 97 at five o'clock.

"After I hear you play, Whim, I must come back," said Doro, "to be ready for Miss Harrison, and have the fire burning."

Accordingly, she was back at half-past four, let herself in with the latch-key, and ran lightly up to her room to put away her hat and sack. As she pushed open the door, a scene of singular disorder met her eye. The bed was dismantled, clothes lying on the floor, mattress half off. On chairs or floor lay the few dresses, ruthlessly pulled from the closet; the closet door was opened, boxes were overturned, her trunk was open and its contents scattered abroad, and, root of all this disorder, her father stood at the bureau, rifling the drawers, both hands ferreting among Doro's poor possessions. Doro turned pale, and pressed her hands upon her heart. She was an orderly little being, and this reckless stirring-up of her little properties distressed her; but worse

than that, these drawers contained little mementoes of her mother—her gloves, her veil, her Testament, her needle-book, little articles associated closely and forever with the beloved dead; and for these, though her father must know them, he had no respect, but flung them about as the street-picker flings over the refuse in barrels which he is investigating. Then, why was her father there? Evidently for no right or good purpose. She spoke sharply: “Father! what are you doing?”

The man started. “What I have a right to do in my own house. If it doesn’t please you, go down-stairs.”

“What are you looking for?”

“For that money you and Whim are making fools of yourselves laying up to pay to people who don’t need it. If I want my bills paid, I’ll see to them. What I need is money, to make money out of.”

“If you had asked me about the money,” said Doro, “I could have saved you trouble in looking. I have none in the house—not a dollar. Whatever I have of any value, even my mother’s wedding-ring and two of my

grandmother's teaspoons, Jonas keeps for me."

"And why do you mix Jonas up in your affairs?"

Doro made no verbal answer. She looked around her dismantled room, and waved her hand toward its disorder. Then she went down-stairs. She was angry, indignant. Then she remembered Whim's violin — the famous Stradivarius. Her father would instantly have recognized that instrument, and, knowing its worth, he would have hurried it off without delay. She reflected how, for over three years, that precious thing had been in her room, exposed to such a raid as this, and God had wonderfully kept her father from any thought of examining her small belongings. Now the Cremona was safe in a vault, and Granby did not know that his son owned it. Gratitude for this Divine care, and for this escape, filled Doro's heart, so that indignation had no room. She pitied and forgave the unhappy man who would try to rob his own children. Miss Harrison came; she intended to give a birthday party for her little niece, and she wanted

Whim to come and play and Doro to come and help with tableaux. It was an early party, fit for children, to begin at four o'clock, and Doro could be back to her show by eight.

Yes, Doro would be glad to go; she and Whim could make that ten dollars easier than most that they earned. As Miss Harrison and Doro stood talking, the door opened and her father came in. He supposed she was alone, or with Whim, and doubtless had something disagreeable to say. But he saw the shining folds of the silk dress, the seal-skin coat, the long hat-plume; he caught sight, through the lobby door, of a coupé with a pair of horses, of a coachman in brown liveries. What! Doro had such acquaintances! He would speak properly to this Doro. Idle was Doro's fear that some outbreak might alarm her teacher.

“My darling child, excuse me, I thought you were alone.”

Was this her father's voice, melodious, plausible? He had never used such tones to Doro before; but he had them, it seemed; by them

he beguiled her mother; by them he beguiled Whim. Doro started and flushed.

“It is my father,” she murmured to Miss Harrison.

“Father, my Sunday-school teacher is calling on me.”

Perhaps Miss Harrison meant that little lifting and falling of her eyebrows as a salute. Granby swept an elegant bow, as good as any she received from her own *set* in social life. Perhaps some of the men whom she met in those select circles were Granby's partners and adversaries of evenings in well concealed rooms, only guessed at by the police, and therefore it was natural that association should develop something in common among them, if it was only a bow.

“It is an unspeakable comfort,” said Granby in that new voice, “that my dear child has such a friend, such a monitor. A little girl deprived of a mother's instructions can have no better friend than her Sabbath-school teacher. My dear child, profit by all these opportunities.”

Miss Harrison was looking from under level

lids at Granby. His whole bearing had altered. He was always carefully neat and well dressed; but Doro had never seen him with that gentlemanly, subdued air. Had she ever dreamed her father was so handsome a man? She saw where Whim got some of his beauty.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GREEN TABLE.

WORDS could not express the alarmed Doro's relief at the part suddenly taken by her parent. "My dear child has, perhaps, told you," said the same melodious tones, "that our fortunes have been adverse, and we have fallen from our proper station in life. Her admirable mother was of a high family in England—the Whympers. My own family was creditable. A cruel will has robbed us, and misfortunes in business have pursued us; but I am applying all my energies to the rehabilitation of my family's interest. I hope soon to set my beloved children in the position held by their ancestors. Until that fortunate hour, how thankful I am that my dear Doro has the unspeakable privilege of seeing and hearing a lady, on whose model she may form herself in all graces."

Here Granby swept another bow, and re-

treated as from a royal presence. It was a masterly, an impressive retreat.

“Your father is a handsome young man, Doro, and seems very fond of you. So glad you have some one to look out for you,” said Miss Harrison, all incapable of seeing under the surface of things.

Doro thought of the scene upstairs, and was silent. That scene in her rummaged room was exceedingly bitter to her; it gave her an unusual sense of her father's degradation. She would not for any thing have opened her lips about it to Whim or Maggie or Jonas. It was bad enough to know these things about her father herself, without sharing them. She was glad Miss Harrison had not dreamed the miserable truth of him. The minister had been her confidant, and had carefully kept confidence. The little scene below-stairs alarmed her more than the one above. What matter, after all, if her father meddled with her things; he would find nothing worth taking away, and she could reduce disorder to order in any half-hour; but the terror was to see him so amiable, so plausible, so ready with a tale; it was thus

that he manipulated Whim, thus he flattered and cajoled the boy, and made evil seem good and good evil. For the present, Whim was rather shy of his father, but the distressful impression would wear away, and Whim might fall again into the power of the flatterer, whose words were softer than oil and entered into the soul like drawn swords.

The first effect of Doro's confiding to Whim the family burden and disgrace, which she had born so long alone, seemed admirable. Whim felt a sense of his responsibilities; he developed manliness; he had an object in life, and the object excited industry and economy. A new moral sense seemed awakened in him; the shame and danger of his father's crime taught him something of the penalties of sin, and from these he laboriously deduced for himself some of the sinfulness of sin. For a while Whim was as zealous against all gambling as Doro was. Doro rejoiced, amid her trials, that Whim was safe. But Whim's nature was one to prove true the often quoted:—

“Vice is a monster of such frightful mien
As to be dreaded needs but to be seen,
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

However hideous to others, and to ourselves at first view, the "loathly frere," the face of our darling, hereditary, particular sin may be, it loses its loathsomeness by familiarity. At first to Whim the heavens seemed black; every other boy, blessed with honest pedigree, seemed happier than himself; his father seemed a monster. But days went on, and the sunshine of his nature reasserted itself. The other boys treated him on equal terms; his inherited shame was not written for the public to read. When he met his father, Granby was plausible as ever; the law had not laid hands on him. If Whim had seen his father behind prison bars, the lesson might have been complete, and he might have hated sin because sin brings penalty and public ignominy. Sin shorn of these adjuncts did not look so very terrible, after a while, to Whim. He was obliged to throw off the burden or break his heart. He was but a boy, and he threw it off, saying, "Perhaps it did not matter so much, any way."

Doro's feeling and purpose were steadfast, because she viewed wickedness not merely with

human eyes, but in the light of God's law and God's holiness. She resolved to make reparation, because that would be right; and while she felt her daily burden, she was not crushed by it, because she had found One to sustain her.

Whim, for two or three months, rigorously brought Doro all the little money he earned, and told her to "put it with the fund for the debt." But after a little this self-denial became painful — it seemed endless. He said, "It was useless to try and save money — such a sum! It would be better to wait and give it all in a lump, when somehow or other they had made a fortune."

Then, too, he began to tell himself that the stealing and forgery did not necessarily belong to gaming; that gaming might be conducted on proper principles, and that, even if gaming were wrong, playing any kind of game might be right, and entirely dissociated from gambling. These views he reached partly under the influence of other boys, who liked to play billiards, pool, cards, and other games, and partly biassed by his father, who by degrees

came into his company again, and called on him at the Conservatory, and waylaid him in the street. Granby had two purposes in his intercourse with Whim — one to detach him from Doro, the other to gloss over gaming. He held fast his superstition that a boy like Whim would bring him luck, and he had, besides, made up his mind that Whim, bearing his grandfather's name, must certainly get some English property. He did not believe that the great-uncle Whympier had died impoverished, and he told himself that when Whim was twenty-one it would be found that there was money for him in London, and he intended to be friends with Whim, and share that money. These, not any remnants of paternal affection, were the reasons that he surrounded and besieged Whim with the stratagems of his fatal friendship. Unfortunately, Granby was able to impress on Whim the need of being less confidential and frank with Doro.

Granby went to the Conservatory one February day, and found his way to the top story, where Whim practised. There was a medley of sweet sounds in that top story, and some dis-

cords. Two pianos were re-echoing in two opposite rooms, one the march from Lenora, the other a selection from Tannhäuser. A cornet was giving forth "The Last Rose" from Martha. A bass-viol woke distant thunders with the *Sinfonie Eroica*, and a violin gave Strauss' waltz, "Good Old Times," while Whim, shut in his thin-walled den, almost drowned the waltz as he stormed away, very appropriately, at a portion from "The Tower of Babel." Surely this was a musical "Tower of Babel." There was discord as well as concord of sweet sounds.

"Are you going to take a lesson to-day, soon?" asked Granby, seating himself in the window-seat, and smelling at a rose in his button-hole. "Pity you can't be out in the air."

"I could if I liked. I'm not to have a lesson to-day. My master is laid up with earache. Had a new pupil yesterday that didn't know a thing, except to flat where he ought to sharp. Came rather hard on the master, that; I wish you could see him. He's a German, made of wires, and about five feet high. When you

rile him up with false notes, he gets wilder and wilder, till he jumps all around the room and yelps like a mad puppy. Never saw any one get so off his head in my life, and don't he know music, though! If he don't, nobody does."

"Well, come, boy; you scrape at that admirable instrument of yours quite enough. As you have a free hour, let us go out for a walk. You are getting pale, seems to me."

"I'm all right," said Whim, but he locked his violin in the case.

They strolled about the streets for a time, then Granby stopped at a door. "Come in here a bit."

"What is going on in there?" asked Whim, uneasily.

"Nothing that will harm you. You are too big a fellow to know no more of life than a nursery and the Conservatory attic. I'll show you something — it is only to look on."

Whim followed. His father, after turning through several passages, touched a button on a heavy door. Presently the door opened; there was a very thick door covered with baize

within that. The person who put an investigating nose to the crack of this door, suddenly flung it open on seeing Granby, and Whim, who stood before his father, saw a colored man with a tray in his hands, covered with strips of ivory; he was trying to escape quickly from another door. Some one with a laugh stopped his exit by seizing his coat-tails. There were a number of men lounging on sofas or in big chairs, with their feet up on mantels or other chairs. All windows were closed; the gas blazed as if it were midnight rather than three o'clock in the afternoon. A very handsome sideboard held glasses, bottles, decanters, silver trays, a bowl of ice, and two china baskets of lemons. The furniture was rich; very gaudy pictures, which shocked Whim, hung on the walls; there were three tall mirrors; the carpet was velvet, glowing with roses; some brilliant glass and brass ornaments glittered on the mantels. When Granby and his son entered, they were greeted with a shout. "We didn't look for you this time of day, and we heard the bobbies had learned our call. When you touched the bell, we hustled things."

The colored man laughed louder than the rest, set down his tray, and by some sleight-of-hand converted a very honest-looking piece of mahogany, in the centre of the room, into the fatal green table. Then the men around the room rose up, and "pulled themselves together," as they said, and the result of the pulling was that from their sleeves and up their backs they got a supply of cards. They all lit cigars, and the colored man placed a glass of wine or other liquor at each elbow. He treated Whim, also, who stood close by his father's chair.

"I don't want it," said Whim.

"Give him an iced sherbet," said Granby; "he's green yet."

Whim sipped the sherbet and thought it very nice.

The scene at the table interested him. The men, with thin faces and eyes like hawks, bent over the green cloth. Little piles of silver or gold shone under the gas. Bank notes were scattered here and there, with what was to Whim a bewitching prodigality. The long, lean, white, nervous hands that moved

above the disastrous green cloth were shapely, full of character, as musicians' hands; the most of them had rings that caught the light, and dazzled Whim's ornament-loving eyes. Voices were, for the most part, low but clear. The words spoken were to Whim cabalistic, mysterious, fascinating because unknown. An assumption of indifference pervaded the scene; the indifference was as the thin crust of cooled lava on a volcano, and ever and anon the fire and fury of passion, of greed, hate, despair, exultation, leaped out like red flames in short, fierce, or blasphemous cries and sentences. How these men played! How this one risked an eagle, and, unflinching, saw the gleaming gold lost to his adversary! Another laid down a twenty-dollar bill, calmly as if it had been a fragment of shaving-paper; a third, without evidence of elation, swept a hundred dollars into his pocket. They smoked continuously — as soon as one cigar was done they flung by the stump, took another, and swore at the negro for a light. Then, most of them drank as well as smoked; some emptied their glasses as if they were so much water; others

sipped cautiously, as if afraid of disturbing their nerves; some abstained altogether. The defiant coldness of the losers covered much of their losses from the watching Whim, while his father, by a word or a nudge with his elbow, called his attention to all gains. "Made that easy, eh, Whim?" "Nice little pile, that, Whim." "That's the result of scientific playing — see." "Fair profits and quick returns that, eh?" Such were his low comments to the lad, who stood dazzled, fascinated, amazed. All his pure and honest home associations, all the gentle teachings of Doro, and the fading memory of his ill-fated mother, rose up in protest against these minions of Satan, whose greedy fingers were clutching and raking money over this green cloth. But the light, the newness, the glitter, the quaint colors and forms in the cards enamored him. The temptation was addressed to his most vulnerable point. Whim could understand the thirst for excitement, the temptation to go on in the midst of bad fortune, trusting to the turn of a card to bring change of luck. The hours passed like minutes. Granby was too astute

to wish to wear out a first impression ; he was also anxious to conceal Whim's escapade from Doro. He, therefore, at quarter before six, told Whim he "had had enough of it for once. He had seen how it went, and that was all that was necessary ; and, taking him to the street, he sent him home with a warning to keep his own counsel and not stir up a fuss," which Whim had already proposed to himself.

"Whim," said Doro, after tea, "do you see what a rip is in your shoe? That will never do ; run down and have Jonas sew it while you wait."

"Off with the shoe, then," said Jonas, having looked at the rip. "I'll do it in no time." And, being in a hurry, he lifted up Whim's foot, untied the low shoe himself, and pulled it off. Then, holding it on his knee, he selected a waxed end, and put his hand inside the shoe. Suddenly he looked inside. Then he said to Whim :—

"What have you been doing to-day?"

"Studying, practising.— up at the Conservatory."

"What else?"

“Nothing much. I took a little walk.”

“And where did you go?”

“Oh, several places.”

“Your memory seems to be failing you,” said Jonas; “let me jog it a bit. You went with your father to a gambling hell.” And as Othan the Norseman:—

“Then the king of the Saxons,
In witness of the truth,
Raising his noble head,
He stretched his brown hand and said
‘Behold this walrus tooth,’” —

so Jonas stretched out his strong brown hand with a bit of bone lying on the palm. “See here, this chip?”

“Father took me there. I didn’t know where I was going, and I didn’t play a bit.”

“Of course not; you don’t know how yet. What did you think?”

“Why — it didn’t seem so dreadful bad. There was no noise, no dirt; all was elegant and quiet and stylish, and all seemed to be scientific; I didn’t see any cheating.”

“Wouldn’t have recognized it if you had. Going again?”

Now, Whim already felt the deadly attraction for the green table; it was in his blood, and had been commended to him. He said, uneasily, to Jonas, "Why, I've got my music to attend to."

"You might find the table attraction stronger, so strong that your passion for music, your love for your sister, would be the new ropes on Samson that the Bible tells about."

"Well, Jonas, what is the great harm? Do you know? Father says there is not any."

"Does his life or character show his assertion true?"

Whim shook his head. "Doro, of course, is all wild against it. She's a girl; she's excited and timid, and don't know what she is really talking about."

"Who does, then? Hasn't she been robbed of mother, of childhood, of father, of happiness, by it? She knows pretty well."

"But does every body's luck come out that way, Jonas?"

"See here," said Jonas, "was not the gaming accompanied by the free use of liquor and tobacco?"

“They were there,” admitted Whim; “the tobacco made me sick, but no one was forced to drink. Some didn’t touch any liquor.”

“And swearing? No oaths, eh?”

“Well, some; but a person need not swear unless he chooses.”

“Moral surroundings good? Respectable? Nice pictures?”

“Well, there were some pictures that looked rather bad.”

“Designed to destroy moral sense. Now, how about time? Is not time wasted? Plenty of time? Your sister would tell you that for every hour you must give account to God—time wasted?”

“But, Jonas, if it is a business, pursued scientifically as a business for a living, why call it time-wasting if it makes a man his living?”

“There is a proverb—I like that book of Proverbs—that says that he who loves pleasure shall be a poor man. I venture that all those gamblers are really poor men, and will die poor. Then, the temptation is to wager—to risk something, as all are doing; and once

begun, the risking goes on, for if one loses, he risks again to reinstate himself; if he wins, he does not wish to turn his back on his luck. Such a place as you visited to-day is illegal. If the police had raided it when you were there, you would have been arrested with the others. Is it honorable, gentlemanly, do you think, to sneak within closed windows, double doors, signs of admission, a watch to give information if the police comes near, slyness, trickery from beginning to end?"

Whim thought of the hidden cards, the shifting table, the negro disappearing with the chips, the general precaution.

"Every government of every civilized country," said Jonas, "has had to contend against the vice of gambling, by which its citizens have been ruined. Murders, suicides, sudden deaths from excitement, are numerous in gaming-houses. There is no science in these farotables; they are games of cheating and rascality throughout. There is an old allegory that Gaming is the daughter of Fighting and Fortune, and mother of Duelling, Suicide, and Despair, and that this rabble feast on the

bodies and souls of men, as buzzards on carrion, and mock at the agonies of their victims. Like drunkenness, gambling is a universal curse. Every race of men has been taught by the devil to produce alcohol out of rottenness, and equally every race has been taught by Satan to gamble with something, whether cards, dice, colored stones, or playing *mora* with nothing but their ten fingers, which God gave them to use in honest industry. The dice-box has slain more than the sword. Now, there is your shoe, and it is time for you to go and play for the show. If you run round to any more of your father's haunts, I'll find some way of making you sick of it."

Whim went to the show-room, and Jonas hammered a boot-sole to the doleful tune, "Fallen among the Philistines, the Philistines."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FAMOUS CREMONA.

“I’VE been having a treat to-day,” said the hymn-seller to Doro. “I went to hear your minister. I don’t go there mostly, but I heard he was going to preach about the Bible, and so I went. It does my heart good to hear about the Bible. I do prize that Book. ‘Holy Bible, Book Divine,’ that’s a hymn I like ; it ought to be all in capitals. The minister spoke of the oneness of the Book all through ; he called it something else.”

“Unity,” suggested Jonas, who was sitting with Doro and Whim.

“Exactly. Unity. It does so hang together. Look at the first book — Genesis. It tells of the creation, of the beginning ; and the last book tells of the end of all those things then created. Genesis tells of the first heaven and earth ; Revelation tells of the new heaven and new earth. In Genesis we have the Tree of

Life growing in Eden, and in Revelation we get back the Tree of Life growing in the Paradise of God. Genesis tells how Satan tempted man, and Revelation shows Satan bound with all his angels in the pit. Genesis shows how man sinned and fell; Revelation shows him at last sealed to God, following the Lamb, 'sweeping through the gates of the new Jerusalem.'"

"What is so wonderful in a book having oneness or unity?" said Jonas. "Every book should have that — men's books do."

"But consider, Mr. Jonas, that of those parts of the Bible I mention one was written in Hebrew by a man educated in Egypt, and the other pretty nearly fifteen hundred years later, by a man educated in Greek learning and writing in Greek. Now, is it not wonderful that there should be such unity in a book written by forty or so people, in two or three languages, during fifteen hundred years? And the men were such different men: Moses, Daniel, Solomon, Paul, were very learned men indeed; but Amos was a herdsman, and David was brought up a shepherd, and Peter was a fisher-

man, and so was John; Matthew was a tax-collector—a sort of folks not well thought of in his time. Then, look how different they were reared. Some of them in Egypt, some in Babylon, some in Jerusalem, some were rich and some were poor, some were fighting-men and some were priests; and yet the Book is one, one from beginning to end. So I think we must see that the men didn't write out of their own heads, for then they would have made a jumble of it; but it is just as they say in the Book, that holy men of old wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost; and as it is all the work of one Spirit of God, writing through men; why, the Book is a unit. If other books were dragged out for a hundred years in the making, they wouldn't get made at all; but this Book moved through fifteen centuries to its end. It is a Book that never gets out of fashion, because God, who made it, and men, whom it was made for, don't get out of fashion. Truly it says in Corinthians, 'The fashion of this world passeth away.' 'The word of the Lord abideth forever,' says Peter; and then Paul turns right round and

hammers them two ideas together: 'He that doeth the will of God abideth forever.'"

"I always admitted it was a very beautiful book," said Jonas; "and as I've been reading and studying it lately, I do admit it looks as if it must have been made by God, and by none other. You've brought out some strong arguments."

"I haven't touched the strongest of all," said the hymn-seller, "and that is the *effect*. Oh, the effect of the Bible is the true and genuine proof that the Bible comes from God. Water don't rise higher than its source, and foul fountains don't send out pure streams. Here's a book that only does good, and that continually. Nobody says it grew of itself; that would be wild. The devil didn't make it, for it defies the devil and all his works. Men didn't make it; it's high up over all their doings and abilities. Who is left but God for its author? Just match the work of the Bible by what we know about God. Take a liar; get him converted by the Bible; let him live according. Does he lie any more? No; he is true, and God is true. Take a thief, and let him be taught out of the

Bible. He quits stealing. Take a drunkard. How can you cure him? By teaching him to spell? By giving him a geography, or telling him how steam-engines are made? Oh, no; but let him study the Bible till his heart is squared to live up to its measure, and he don't drink any more. Oh, he says, I was in the gutter, I had wounds without cause, I cared for nobody. I hated my own flesh, but the Bible told me no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God, and said, 'Flee from the wrath to come,' and 'To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.' That made a new man of me, and I quit drinking, and take care of my own, and I'm not worse than an infidel now, and I love every body in Jesus Christ. 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' says the Bible, and let us apply its own rule to it—and these effects of the Bible are true fruits of the Spirit—love, joy, peace. It is the Bible starts and moves along the good work of the world. Cut out the Bible from under our charities, and how many of them would have foundation enough to stand?"

"I reckon you're about right," said Jonas;

“but in your mention of sins to be cured by the Bible you haven’t laid out the worst one of them all, and that is gaming.”

He spoke with a view to the benefit of Whim.

“You speak of that, Jonas,” said Doro.

“Gaming,” said Jonas, “is lying ; gaming is stealing ; gaming brings on beggary, cruelty, neglect and ruin of families, suicides, murders, just as that drinking does. It begins in two things — laziness and love of combat. Soldiers have in all ages been given to gaming. I read the other day of a Prince of Orange who gambled away all the money the Emperor Charles Fifth sent him to pay his soldiers, and, the soldiers rebelling for lack of pay, the Prince had to make what terms he could with the city of Florence. Dr. Johnson says it is indolence, *vacuity*, that sets men at gaming ; they need money, are too lazy to earn it, desire unearned money, and so gamble. I remember Aristotle says gamblers are to be put with thieves and plunderers, who for gain do not scruple to rob their best friends.”

Jonas did not know how closely this remark fitted the case of Granby, who had robbed his trusting patron.

“I mind,” went on Jonas, “a story of Roman history, that tells of the Emperor Didius Julianus, who trampled on the bloody body of Pertinax. Julianus was in such a hurry to get to his dice-playing that he could not notice his predecessor’s corpse. I have thought gamesters are just like that; they will trample on their own flesh and blood and not know it, they are so bound up in their favorite vice.”

“I don’t see,” said Whim, “why gambling need make a man a monster, any more than drink need make him a drunkard. He might know how to rule himself, and play and drink moderately.”

“That’s theory, that ‘he might’; the practice is just the other way. Owing to the weakness of human nature, men don’t stop in a vice at moderation. The story of drink is to make a drunkard; the story of a gambler is to become one of the ‘cursed children, without natural affection, hateful and hating one another.’ He who begins to gamble lights an infernal flame.”

“I don’t see *why*,” persisted Whim. “A

man, if he had sense, might depend on science for his winnings, and set a mark where he would stop, and say he had enough."

"Almost all gamesters," said Jonas, "have some season of winning, yet no one of them is on record who *stopped as a winner*. Invariably they play to win more and more, and end by losing all. There is a story of a French gambler who lost his all and was beggared. He went weeping to his sister, vowing he never would game again. She gave him some money to redeem his coat and boots, and pay a week's board; he at once returned to the gambling-house with it. He began to win, and broke the bank. The play was stopped for the day, and he, having a large sum, went and bargained with a hotel-keeper and clothier, and paid them money to keep him boarded and clad for ten years, as he said he knew he could not and would not stop play, and unless he secured safety by this accident, he would die of starvation. An English nobleman lost all his estates by gaming, won them back and at once deeded them in trust, so that they should be out of his power, for he said he knew he should go on

playing again and lose all he had. Those who have gambled most, who know all about the deadly fascination of gaming, know they are not going to stop."

Such were the warnings and instructions Whim got at home. His father did not deal in the dry and didactic; he gave Whim brilliant object-lessons. Calls at the Conservatory were repeated. That fine house where Doro had hindered her brother from going soon received him. His father took him out for a walk, and "showed him through it." Whim felt his social standing vastly improved by going into a place so richly furnished, where there were men in livery. He did not know that this was only a gilded gate of perdition, the house of a professional gambler, who lived by fleecing people, and that Granby was admitted because he was a decoy or stool-pigeon, and hunted up men with more money than wit or principles, and brought them there to be robbed. Granby told Whim that this was one of the "first men in Boston," and "his particular friend." Then one night, when there was to be a concert at the Conservatory,

and Whim started off ostensibly to go there, he met his father by private appointment, and they went to the "Spider's Parlor." Whim's head was turned. He thought the house magnificent, and that its master must be one of the happiest men in the world. He was flattered by all the guests ; he had his violin, and played for them, with great applause.

"The little fool intends to make his living by music ; it is the height of his ambition to be a first violin," said Granby to the company, sneeringly.

"Oh, he must never be that!" they cried, with one accord ; "never ! He can be an amateur, by all means ; but a gentleman can not be a musician. Look higher, my boy !"

Whim did not see the irony of gamblers telling him to look higher than music, and laying down the law what gentlemen could do. His father whispered in his ear that all this luxury and pleasure came from "a few gentlemanly games played on scientific principles among friends." Whim was foolish enough to believe it. When time came for him to leave before the rest, so that Doro's suspicions might not be awakened,

the owner of the house offered him five dollars for his music. "Thank you," said Whim, "I can not take it. I did not come on an engagement, but as a guest, and am glad to add my part to the evening's pleasure. Besides, you have just told me that a gentleman plays only as an amateur, and not for money."

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted the select circle.

"Here's a little chevalier! here's pluck! here's true mettle for you!" Whim felt excessively flattered.

"Since you will not take money," said the house-master, obligingly, "here's a quarter of a ticket in the Louisiana State Lottery, and I hope it may win you a prize. The drawing will be the first of May. You would be well off with five thousand dollars."

Five thousand dollars! Whim's head whirled. He went home elated as if that money were in his pocket. He dreamed of five thousand dollars; he thought of it all day. "What use to save up dollars, and such little sums, for that debt? He would sweep it all off when he got five thousand dollars. When he got five thousand dollars, he would lay by fifty, to

buy other tickets, to win more money; and he would have money to take Doro a little trip to the shore—and father, too; only it was a pity Doro could not get on with father. Father was well enough if you knew how to take him.” Granby saw what hold this lottery ticket had taken of Whim’s mind, and he fed the fire. He spoke as if Whim were sure of getting it, and he planned how it should be spent all for Whim. Now, that was more agreeable than Doro, who, when Whim tried to plan with her about being rich, either warned him to wait till he earned riches, or told him not to love money, or planned how debts were to be paid and money given in charity. That was what Doro liked money for; but—his father was a man who knew something of life. Under the double pressure of these great expectations of unearned money, and the bewildering fascinations of the places where his father surreptitiously took him, Whim began to neglect his music. Hours when he ought to be practising he was at nefarious places with his father, learning games. Granby was careful not to disgust the boy with gaming, by letting him

play and lose prematurely. Doro knew nothing of Whim's negligence in study; he could keep beyond others with almost no study, so largely was he gifted, and he was always promptly off to his work, and, if he came in late, the reason was always that he "had been at the Conservatory." Doro never guessed that Whim was indulging in subterfuges and prevarication. Doro's character was clear as the sun: she did not understand how one could falsify. She knew Whim was changed; there was an excitement in his manner, a restless, expectant gleam in his eye, a wild "planning" in his talk, and less of cordial frankness. What was at the root of this, she could not tell; neither could Jonas. While the case was beyond human wisdom and helping, Doro had one strong refuge—she had prayer, and she laid hold of heaven for Whim's safety. Heaven sometimes answers our prayers in long and indirect ways, possibly because in some cases these are the surest ways.

One day while Granby was "planning" with Whim what they should do with the five-thousand prize coming from the lottery, Granby

said, "You can get a first-class violin — something worth having."

"I've got a violin," said the incautious Whim.

"Oh, yes; but you hardly know what a first-class violin is. I mean something good, not a mere forty or fifty-dollar fiddle. One of Bank's or Forster's. Your grandfather had a genuine Stradivarius."

"I know it — and I've got it," said the heedless Whim.

"What! Where did you get it? It is worth a pot of money."

"Yes, I know; two thousand dollars. It was sent to Doro for me, and she gave it to me last summer."

When Granby heard that for three years Doro had really had that costly treasure in the house — in her room, and he had never thought of seeking in that little cell for his treasure, he was mad with rage. He did not indicate to Whim his fury at having missed the chance of robbing him of his all, but he made hints and objections, and said Doro was a fool and had fooled him. Whim told how

the precious violin had been shown to the Director, and by him recognized and admired, and bestowed in a safe deposit vault, insured. The next thing was to get the violin out. Granby wanted to see it—he said he wanted his friends to see it. Whim would create a stunning sensation if he went to that fashionable house and played on a genuine Stradivarius. He must do it; he must insist on his right to take the violin out to play on at the Conservatory concert, and, once out, he could bring it to the indicated house. Granby did not say that he meant to keep Whim and the violin there, until he had played high for all they were worth.

But Whim found Doro impracticable about the instrument. She consulted Jonas, and Jonas suspected a snare. Then she went to the Director, and asked if he desired Whim to play on his choice violin, and he told her to leave that where it was safe. Whim's instrument was good enough. Moreover, he said it was industry and enthusiasm that Whim needed, more than the Cremona; he neglected work sometimes, and was often in the streets

when he ought to be working at passages in the choral symphony.

Doro went home heart-sick.

Whim, when questioned, vowed he was working himself to death, and the Director was an old grumbler, quite unappeasable.

“Get the violin yourself,” said his father; “go to the Deposit Company and say it is your property, and you are sent for it, and I will go along to vouch for you. I can write a little note in your sister’s name. It will not do to let her lead you round by the nose this way.”

Whim was so enraged at not being allowed to exploit his own violin, that he failed to see that his father had proposed to him a forging of Doro’s hand and name. They carried out the plan, and asked with aplomb for the violin, and Granby handed over a note signed “Dorothea Granby,” and requesting that the instrument should be given to bearer.

“We have just been warned not to let that violin be taken by anybody, on any written order; to give it to no one but Miss Granby personally, coming accompanied by the Director of the Conservatory.”

“Who warned you?” asked Granby.

“Person named Jonas.”

“He is a meddler. This lad owns the violin, and I am his father.” The Deposit Company did not seem favorably impressed with the father. The Company remarked that “Miss Granby must really come in person.”

“Then return her note,” said Granby.

The “Company” returned the note reluctantly, and then repented; but Granby tore it up promptly. Whim had not noticed that young Jonas was sitting in a corner, looking over some papers. The back of young Jonas was turned to the general public; but he was a sharp young man, and saw and heard all that went on. He repaired to 97 Andover Street, and told Doro what had happened. Then Doro knew that snares were prepared for Whim by his father, and that perhaps she must choose between having her brother ruined or defending him by extreme measures. She waited up for her father, and charged him with his evil work in regard to Whim.

“If you will not let him entirely alone,” said Doro, “I must tell our *whole story* to Jonas and

my minister, and take their advice as to how I can save my poor boy."

"If you betray me to a cobbler and a priest, and get me into a penitentiary, that will be Christian work."

"It seems to be that, or let you betray Whim to perdition. I don't wish to get you into the State Prison; but being there would not make you any worse, nor destroy your soul, but putting Whim with gamblers will destroy his soul. If it is a question of your liberty or his ruin, I must forget you are my father. I don't know where to have Whim put to get him out of your hands. You know you will give Whim wine, and create in him a taste for drink. My boy shall not be made a drunkard. Won't you please to run away, father? Can't you go to some other city — far from Whim?"

No, Granby couldn't and wouldn't. Where else could he get his board and washing free, and be nursed when he was ill, and waited on, when well, like a lord? Besides, he had set his heart on having Whim bring him luck. If Whim dealt the cards, he knew he would win. He plotted subtly.

“If Whim is willing to break with me, I am with him. He can take his choice. I won't cast off my son.”

O magnanimous parent!

Then Doro, eager to save Whim and not attack her parent, addressed herself to Whim. With tears, supplications, tenderness, arguments, she besought him to withdraw from that deadly association, and devote himself ardently to his chosen life. She brought all the power she had to bear on Whim, and she might have succeeded had not the gambler been beforehand with her, and arranged with Whim what course to take. As it was, Whim was much moved by Doro's prayers and her goodness, and he made up his mind not to gamble, not to get into debt, not to do a good many evil things; but he did not make up his mind to break the dangerous company, and pursue an upright course. He said he would attend faithfully to his work; would go to no more places with his father; would not walk out with him; would not be in his society. Granby had told him to say all this. “Women are all nervous fools,” said Granby; “you don't

want the girl to make herself ill fretting. She is good enough in her way, but narrow and cowardly, like all her sex. She don't know what she is talking about. She don't understand me. It is horrible to be an enemy of your own father! You must tell her what will satisfy her. It is a case for a little innocent white-lying." Somehow this white-lying seemed very amusing to Whim. He and his father arranged what they called "a little drama." There was a lad at the Conservatory named Orrin Winn. His home was ten miles out of the city; he came in daily, taking singing lessons; he was a lad of some genius, and of very excellent habits. With this boy Whim undertook to deceive Doro. He brought him once to see the wax, and Doro liked him very much. Then Whim pretended to a very violent affection for Winn, and told great tales of their intimacy. Every day something more about Winn; he walked with Winn, he stayed to practise with Winn, he was invited to visit Winn. Doro asked the Director privately about Winn, and was told he was an excellent friend for her brother. Moreover,

she heard that Whim had mended his ways, and was diligent. Doro was uninitiated in wiles, and her heart found rest. At this time, the Director, having been enlightened by Jonas as to Granby's character, met him as he passed the office one day, and quietly forbade him the premises. This added fuel to the gambler's revengeful flames. Whim, on his part, resolved to "see life with his father," and hold by his music. Gratitude impelled him to do something to please Doro; he really loved music, and the reproaches of his masters shamed him, while the opportunities given him of performing in public stirred his ambition.

Under his father's direction was played the "amusing comedy of Orrin Winn." Granby took the name of Winn. He was very funny, indeed, talking of his voice, of his home in the country, of his parents, and calling himself Winn. Now, whenever Whim told his sister he had been with his new friend, Winn, walking, practising, or even at his house all night, how was Doro to imagine that he had really been with his disastrous parent?

CHAPTER XIV.

HE FELL AMONG THIEVES.

AND so was Whim daily initiated into that hideous vice that slinks and skulks from the light of day and "in holes and corners, like a poisoned rat," lies hidden in its own perdition. In that grim den where he had first been taken he became familiar with the *roulette* and *rouge et noir* tables; at that fashionable residence of one of the first gentlemen of the city, he ceased to feel horror or disgust or fear or condemnation of *faro*, *basset*, or *hazard*, and he found that at the elegant and scientific game of "whist" a thousand dollars or so may be fleeced from the unwary of a single evening, while, curiously enough, almost all the "strangers in the city," whom his father amiably introduced to this generous host, lost all that was in their pockets at "poker" or "old sledge." Yet Whim did not wake up to realize that he would be safer running over a

road laid with red hot ploughshares than over this road which under his father's tutelage he was treading, or that his father was a scoundrel and a stool-pigeon, and his companions were the vilest blacklegs in the city.

At this time Granby made what he called two new friends — a young clerk in a commission merchant's office, and a middle-aged man, who had been for years in South America, where he said he had "made a pot of money." The clerk was a heedless, self-confident young fellow; the elder man had no relatives and almost no acquaintances. Granby introduced them to each other, — seemed intimate with both, — took them to walk or ride in the suburbs, to see the lions, called on them, took Whim to see them and to play for them, and Whim, not knowing that in his boyish attractiveness and frankness, he was serving as his father's decoy, escorted the strangers through the Conservatory, gave them tickets to a concert, and was very agreeable. It was several weeks before he saw any indications of these men being invited to either of his father's haunts. At the rooms of the elder man, Burg,

Granby, Whim, Burg, and the clerk Cary sometimes made a party at whist, and his father could not enough praise Whim's quickness at that game. Thus was Whim hurried on to learn the bitter lesson that the gambler lives on the vices of his neighbors, and dies of his own.

The game of faro is a notorious fraud, of which none but professional gamblers know the secrets, and by which they invariably plunder all non-professional players. Having assured a victim that the game is fair, square, and scientific, they assert that he knows all about it, plays with them on even terms, and then proceed to rob him of his all. This was the method used by Granby with the foolish and inexperienced clerk Cary. Whim, going with his father one evening to the gaming-house where he had first seen the fated "green table," found young Cary there, evidently grown accustomed to the scene. Whim's visits were but occasional, as Doro and Jonas watched him closely. Whim, coming fresh from pure air and innocent surroundings into this mouth of perdition, had a clear

brain and an observing eye to bring to bear upon his surroundings. He saw that young Cary was flushed, voluble, excited, had been drinking wine, and seemed in a state of mingled fear and exultation. He was also evidently entirely in the hands of the "professionals," and thought himself "sharp," "manly," "knowing," while they manipulated him like wax. Whim's Sabbath-school teacher had succeeded in getting his class to learn almost the whole Book of Proverbs — *THE YOUNG MEN'S BOOK*, he called it. Whim had a retentive memory, and, as he beheld his young friend Cary, he seemed to see his portrait forecast long ago by the "Preacher": "Among the simple ones, I discerned among the youths, a young man void of understanding. . . . With much fair speech they caused him to yield, with the flattery of the lips they forced him. He goeth after them straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks; till a dart struck through his liver: as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life." Hitherto when Whim had looked on at the gaming he had not been particularly inter-

ested in the fortunes of the game, but, seeing young Cary in a place he might soon occupy himself, and feeling that this was a crisis in his life, Whim looked on with doubly sharpened wits. He saw now, for the first time, the immense advantages clearly reserved for the banker, and the abundant means open to him of private cheating if he chose, and what honor was there among such a gang of thieves, honor to prevent cheating? Whim saw too that all the players, of whom his father was one, were in collusion against this one wretched young man; he also remarked that Cary had a great deal more money to play with than he as a young clerk could be expected honestly to possess. Cary played at first boldly, hopefully, then eagerly and defiantly. The odds insensibly stole upon him at every pull from the beginning; but the players lured him on with jokes, encouragement, defiances, provocations. He became fierce, tremulous, frantic. He drank more wine, he became reckless, he was mad. His eyes flamed, his face contracted, his hands shook, his long hair hung dank about his face, he bit his lips till red drops ran down

along his chin. Whim, behind his father's chair, watched the frightful spectacle. Granby, in his fury, had forgotten the presence and observant state of his son. Finally, with an oath, Cary flung down a stake. Whim had been trained to abhor swearing, he had never before heard profanity from Cary, but the profanity now seemed the legitimate offspring of this atmosphere, surcharged with vice. Cary watched the play with blood-shot eyes and foaming lips. He lost, just as he had lost all the evening; the long lean hand of the croupier with his little rake—like the talons of a bird of prey, or the loathsome harpies that swept down on the dinner of the Trojans, whirled Cary's last stakes into the greedy maw of the bank!

Cary gazed as if transfixed at the vanishing notes. Then he sprang up, with a cry like a wild beast. His words were inarticulate, his "ruin" and "shame" and "death" seemed to be among them. The scene froze Whim's generous young blood, but was beheld with sneering indifference by the authors of the ruin. Cary frantically searched all his pockets,

as if looking for money, and found none. His disappointment was greeted with a shout of derision — “Cleaned out, my bird?”

“For the love of heaven, give me fifty cents, some one.”

But there was no love of heaven there — only the hate of hell, and its triumph in a fellow-sinner’s agony.

“Go along; your bed’s secure; go sleep it off. Try again.”

Whim supposed blindly that Cary wanted money for a bed or supper. He had fifty cents. He thrust it into his hand. “Here it is, Cary. Go home. This will get a bed.”

“A bed!” shrieked Cary; “a bed! Yes, a grave for me; that is all my chance. A bed! Laudanum, you mean!”

He dashed out of the door.

Whim saw what he had done — he had given his friend money to buy poison for suicide! He felt guilty of murder. With a cry of “Oh, Cary, Cary!” he rushed after him; but longer legs than his pursued him, a pair of arms gripped him and dragged him back. “Boy! what are you at? Will you bring the police

on us, screaming, 'Cary!' in the streets? Let him alone; he'll be back to-morrow."

Whim dropped supinely into the chair his father had assigned him. An awful sickness overpowered him; he saw Cary lying dead. He saw Cary's parents moaning over their son's dishonored grave. He shivered as in an ague. Oh, to get out of that den!

"I must go home," he said, faintly. "Oh, father, let me go! Doro will look for me: it is getting late."

It was not Granby's plan to disgust Whim with the gaming-house. He spoke kindly, joked, laughed, led him to the street, made light of "Cary's little adventure."

"It was not 'little,'" contradicted Whim; "he gets five hundred salary; he supports himself; he gambled away a thousand dollars; it means robbery and state prison."

"Go home, milk-sop!" said Granby, angrily.

The reasonable forecast of Cary's fate would now be that he took the laudanum, and perished a disgraced suicide. No other end seemed before him. But by various small incidents the lines of our fates are deflected as heaven wills.

Cary lived in a boarding-house. The boarding-house was that night unusually full, and the landlady took the liberty of putting a young man in Cary's room and bed. This young man, a good fellow, knew Cary a little, and suspected that he was getting wrong. When Cary came in, his entrance half roused the unexpected bed-fellow, who, to sleep the sooner, did not speak. Cary scarcely noticed him, but moaned and groaned, and ejaculated until he had roused not only the sleeper but strong suspicions. Finally, after long hesitations—dreading alike to live or die, Cary poured the laudanum down his throat. His fellow-lodger leaped up to prevent him. "What are you taking, Cary?"

"Medicine."

"Reckless medicine-taking," said the other, and wrestled for the empty bottle.

"It is laudanum; you have tried to kill yourself!"

He dragged Cary to his bed, and, half-dressed, rushed for the landlady, and sent for a doctor. Immediate and vigorous exertions saved Cary; by morning he was out of danger, but terrified

at the idea of living. His friend left him under strong guard, and went to Cary's employer. It happened that this commission merchant was Cary's relative, and a Christian man. He went at once to the culprit, and secured a full confession. While he labored for the good of Cary's soul, he also labored to repress sin, by destroying the den of wild beasts where the youth had been made a prey. He sent a full account of the affair to the police, and a raid was prepared. This haunt of Granby's was always infested with sharpers. With horrible diligence in iniquity they kept open night and day. Granby was seldom there in the morning, he having a penchant for morning slumbers, and a craftiness in alluring fresh victims, in search of whom he spent mornings in streets or hotels. Whim rose up that morning with a terrible remembrance of the previous night's scene. Instead of warning him from the den, this memory seemed to drag him to the horror that made him shiver and tremble. He wanted to know what was there going on. He wondered if Cary would go back, like the burnt moth to the candle. He wanted to hear news.

He craved the very horrors that had sickened him — a morbid passion for excitement drew him on. Instead of going to the Conservatory he turned aside, and for the first time went alone to the “gambling-hell.” He was known, and admitted. Thus it happened that not Granby but Whim was in the den, upon which the police were bent for a raid. The gamblers were already about the green table; some haggard and weary-eyed from all-night vigils; many of them inflamed with wine or brandy. The air was thick with smoke and liquor fumes, the gas burned dimly in the heavy atmosphere. Suddenly there was a cry, a shout, a warning roar of “Police, police!” A rush of heavy feet, a crash of strong and angry men against the door! Incontinently the uproar grew. Every man snatched for what money was in his reach. Some turned out the gas, the tables were upset, wine spilled, glasses and bottles shattered, notes and markers and trays and rakes flew in all directions; the gamblers scuffled with one another, scrambled over one another, stooped to dart under the arms and between the legs of the invaders, who turned

the dazzling glare of their lanterns upon the suddenly made darkness ; blows, oaths, pandemonium broken lose. Meanwhile Whim, intent only on escape, having no interest in the money-snatching, terrified lest he should be arrested, and Doro's heart should thereby be broken, sprang over the sprawling and scrambling humanity on the floor, and leaped in behind a little sideboard that stood across a corner—a deceptive little sideboard, that looked as if it were triangular and was not. There was just room for Whim to hide there. Thus he escaped notice. The paraphernalia was gathered up, the gamblers were most of them secured with their booty upon them, a cursory examination was given to the room, and the police marched off their prey, locking the door behind them. The keeper of the whole house was among the arrested. This man had, however, a confederate in his wife, who had taken refuge in the coal-hole at the first alarm. Out of this black retreat she came when the house was empty, and, having extra keys, went at once to the gambling-room to see if any plunder of stray bank bills and bits of silver

or jewelry might remain in nooks and corners for her. She very naturally saw a companion in misfortune in Whim, condoled with him, and let him out the back way. Whim hurried home to warn his father. Doro was at market; Granby was taking his strong coffee; Maggie was growling to her pots and pans, — all favored Whim. He reported affairs to his father, said he was sick, and went to bed. He was sick; he felt sick of gamblers and gaming, sick of sin, sick of his wavering, weak-principled self. Unhappily, it was but a momentary sickness, soon passing off and soon forgotten. The mask was off the gambling. Whim would never, never go to the den again. For a fortnight he sedulously avoided his father, and gave all his time to Doro and to his music.

But while the lately raided den had never had for Whim any attractions save those of prurient curiosity, the “elegant establishment” of the “first-class gentleman,” the “private house” with its splendors, fascinated him. There he saw luxuries, style, splendors of living which suited his dashing taste. The perfumed air, the long conservatory, the splen-

did furnishings, the music, the pictures, the abundant lights, the flippant wit, the delicacies of the table, these bewitched the boy, who had not enough moral stamina to loath them for the sin that permeated them. This house was the one to lure him back towards ruin. When the impression made by Cary's miserable fall and near destruction had worn away, while he would never think of the circumstances and place of that miserable crime without a shudder, he soothingly told himself that at the other place all was "honorable, scientific, above board, gentlemanly." He laid this flattering unction to his soul because he wished to believe it, and to go back to the temptations, delusions, and entertainments there found.

He went back with his father. He was kindly welcomed, and his prospects for a May prize from his lottery ticket were merrily discussed.

Cary he had never seen since that fatal night when he so nearly stumbled into destruction. Cary's lesson had been effectual, if severe. The serpent for him had cured the bite of the serpent, and he was no longer void of under-

standing. Whim did not see Cary again until after many years, when he came to ask for the help of his violin in a great concert given in aid of a charity by the Young Men's Christian Association.

Instead of Cary, Whim found Burg, evidently intimate with his father's "gentlemanly and wealthy friend." He had become one of the habitués of the house, and received much attention. His stories of South America were listened to and applauded, and his views consulted on all occasions. Whim wondered if another phase of the Cary story was to be developed. He watched; he could not tell. He seemed mostly to play at billiards or whist. But there was a little room beyond the conservatory, where people sometimes withdrew, and Whim had not been admitted. What was there he did not know.

On his third visit to this house, after the Cary disaster, Whim noticed that Burg seemed more than usually excited by wine, and inclined to be fierce over his billiards; there was a good deal of bravado and taunting, and finally the master of the house and Granby, Burg, and

several others retired to the well guarded small room. The remaining men sat down to a game of cards, and Whim, left alone, wandered about the conservatory. He had told Doro he was going to be all night with Orrin Winn. This lie to his trusting sister hung heavy on his soul. In the quiet of the conservatory his ill deed and his dangers rose up to confront him. His feet were set in slippery places, he felt himself sliding to irretrievable ruin. He wished he could fly far from his father, and eschew forever those dangerous haunts. He scorned and hated himself. A colored servant came by, the especial trusted butler of the establishment. Whim asked what was going on in the small room.

“It’s a hazard-table, sah.”

“What is that?” asked Whim.

“Dice-throwing, sah. Don’t play it myself, knows too much about it, sah, and hasn’t a fortune to lose like the bucks. The boss is ‘groom porter’ in there, an’ your father is ‘caster,’ and Massa Burg gwine to git fleeced, sah, if I knows any thing about it. He’ll cut his eye-teeth expensive.”

Whim felt sick. He was tired; it was after midnight.

About one o'clock, the door of the hazard-table room burst open, and the men came out. Burg was ghastly pale. He stopped in the middle of the conservatory and said quietly, "I have lost my last dollar — the whole earnings of my life. I made up my mind not to outlive my fortune if I lost. It is gone. *Ich gehe unter!*" He passed his hand across his mouth, looked fixedly at the bystanders, and in a moment fell on his face.

With a cry of terror they raised him; his closed hand held a little vial. The master of the house looked at it. It held the swiftest and deadliest of poisons.

"There's no hope for him. He has truly gone under," he said; "what are we to do with *it?*"

It was the dead body of their victim.

A hasty agreement was made to take the body across to the Public Garden and place it on the grass. The vial in the hand would explain the suicide. The ground was dry, and the night was dark. The lamps were giving but a dim light in the street.

Granby and the colored man were appointed to take away the body, and they did so, supporting it as a drunken person between them.

Whim, wild with the horror of the scene, fled the house. His father and these companions of his were, he felt, the real murderers of this man, as much as if they had fired a shot through his heart. He thought of that dead body chilling on the grass of the Public Garden; he considered what eternity that rash soul had found, rushing uncalled into the presence of the mighty Judge. He wandered about in an agony until he could no longer support himself on his trembling legs. He wanted to run away from Boston. He thought of his lottery ticket. If he got the prize of five thousand he would escape — he would tell Doro all, and hurry far from these deadly associations and try and lead a good life. He did not consider that Doro's first requirement would be that he should resign the prize-money, the wages of unrighteousness, and that he could not begin a good life by living on the fruit of robbery. However, he had not yet won the prize-money, and what he needed most of all now was a resting-place.

He stopped and looked about. The moon was just rising, and he stood before the marvellous beauty of Trinity Church. Solemn, still, pure in the growing light rose the house of God. It seemed in some sort an earnest of repose, of shelter, of peace. After that terrible gate of the pit, where he had spent the evening, this heaven-pointing tower, this gate of the Lord's house, this consecrated place, in the midst of the turmoil of the city, soothed him, comforted him. It had never appeared so beautiful to him before. It seemed like the 122d Psalm wrought in stone. He crept into the shadow of the pillared porch, crouching against the door, gathered up for warmth in the early morning chill, and to seclude himself from the eyes of passers-by. He tried to feel less guilty, less horror-stricken, because he was in "a good place." He saw, here and there, church-towers lifting above the yet leafless trees and against the blue, starry sky. Oh, how he wished he had never, never strayed from the teachings he had heard in the churches! Why had he run greedily after sin? He sobbed, he tried to pray; but yet, while terrified, he

did not with grief and hatred of his sin turn to God.

Thus, while Doro slept the sleep of innocence and peace, feeling that she was "kept by the mighty power of God," "the terrors of the Almighty" made Whim afraid, and Doro's cherished brother lay like a vagrant on a threshold in the growing light of dawn.

When day had fully come, Whim walked briskly about to warm himself in the sun; went to a restaurant for a twenty-cent breakfast; to the Old Colony Depot gentlemen's room to get a morning wash and brush his clothes,—for Whim was a gamin of the cities, and knew all these ins-and-outs,—and then repaired to the Conservatory. He worked diligently at his music all day, but his soul was still sick with terror, and again and again he found his violin straying off into the plaining and despairing "Chorus of Lost Souls," in the oratorio of the "Paradise Lost."

"Did you have a pleasant visit, Whim?" asked Doro.

Whim started; he had almost forgotten about his pretended visit to his friend Winn. He replied:—

“No ; I had a horrid time, an awful nightmare, a fearful dream. I think I shall never go there again.”

“I’m afraid you are sick,” said Doro.

“Yes ; I am sick — sick of every thing.”

“Poor boy ! you will soon have vacation, and rest and change.”

Whim watched the papers in a fever of anxiety. The body of Burg had been found. The coroner’s inquest had returned a verdict of suicide, which, it was considered, had taken place alone in the Public Garden. Granby tried to gloss it over to Whim. “Burg was known to be partly insane. Burg had insisted on playing hazard. It was Burg’s own fault. They had offered him back all he lost, and he wouldn’t take it. He was mad ; bent on putting himself out of the world. It would have happened any way.”

CHAPTER XV.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

WHAT could be more inhuman than Granby's remark about poor, miserable, reckless Burg's death? It but ill smothered over the terrible event to Whim. The poor boy had a tender heart. He was inexperienced in wickedness, and he bore the burden of knowing all about a horrible crime which the police could not fully find out. It wore on him. More and more he longed to get "his prize" and escape from the city. He did not consider that if he drew that money his father would cling to him like a leech till all was gone.

"The prizes were drawn yesterday," said his father; "*he* will know all about them to-day; he gets the information from his partner in New Orleans. All the ticket-holders go there this evening to learn their luck. Come there with me."

"Oh! I can't, I can't," said Whim.

“Tush! come. You will come back with your pockets lined well.”

“You — you get it for me,” said Whim.

“I would not answer for myself — I’m unlucky; I might play it all away in the evening, with the best possible intentions.” Finally, Whim went.

“Your ticket? Better luck next time, lad,” said his host. “You have drawn — a blank. You have lots of partners in distress, if that will do you any good.”

The house bore no traces of the recent tragedy. All was bright and lively. Burg was forgotten. Whim wondered how many others had gone in that same way, and been forgotten. Intending to leave each moment, he stood by the table and idly watched the card-playing. The host had found a sharper sharper than himself, had lost, and was cross. The colored man came to light a wax taper at the gas over his master’s head; carelessly he held the taper so that the scalding wax ran in three hot drops on the hand that held his cards, and, involuntarily starting, he dropped his hand, “showing” his cards, just as he had made sure of a fortunate

game. Infuriated by this *contretemps*, the gambler sprang up, and hit the negro full in the face a tremendous blow. The man staggered, then developed the wild beast, and sprang at his employer as if to tear him in pieces. The others dragged him off, and flung him into the street. In the passions of the moment they did not realize how dangerous this man might be, who knew all the secrets of their nefarious life. It was some little time before they recollected. Then going to seek him, they found he had not returned to the house, but had disappeared. Meanwhile, Whim had taken advantage of the *mêlée* to run home. He was terribly disappointed about his lottery ticket. He had made sure he would win the prize, and he had planned a dozen times how he would spend it. He was weary and sick at heart. He had longed to get out of the city, to go for a while to the sea-side; he had relied on "his prize" to give him the means. The prize was a blank.

However, going back to the "elegant private residence" had relieved it of some of its horrors. He was less afraid to go there again.

Two or three days after, his father came to him and said "his friend" was going to give a little party and would give Whim twenty dollars if he would come and play the violin. "You can make a nice little trip on twenty dollars," suggested his father.

Whim agreed; any thing to be able to get away and forget for a little time what he had seen and shared.

"The party" was well in progress when a lieutenant of police and six policemen, with the rudely dismissed negro, rushed into the house. The negro had revealed the circumstances of Burg's death. The police were after all concerned. Granby had expected something like this. It was especially important for him to keep out of the hands of the law. He was holding the stakes for a party of whist-players; he incontinently darted down into the basement, out of a known and convenient back passage, into a rear street and, fled. Half an hour later a train was carrying him toward the North — with a view to Canada. The others wanted were arrested. Whim also was arrested, violin in hand. He protested:—

“Sir, I don’t belong here — I am only hired to play for the party — I have nothing to do with these people.”

Now, Whim had never once been mentioned by the negro; the prisoners were satisfactorily numerous; the boy looked innocent; he might be released, and called for as witness when wanted. His name and residence being secured, he was allowed to go home. He found Doro sitting up; he hugged and kissed her with fervor.

“Was it a nice party where you played?” asked Doro.

“They are never nice, I think,” said Whim, with disgust; “but I was paid in advance. They had cards, and thought I would stake it — but I didn’t. Say, is father in?”

“No, not yet.”

“Go to bed, then; he won’t be in. I saw him; he said so.”

Then he kissed Doro again, and said, “Good-night.” It was meant for “good-by,” and his heart ached. When he got to his room, he sat down to take breath. He did not question what he was to do; he had made up his mind.

He had been found with an evil gang, under a heavy accusation; he would be called on as a witness. His father was one of those who had put Burg's body in the Public Garden. Could it be proved suicide? Did he really know that Burg put poison in his own mouth? He thought he knew; but this disposing of the body would go heavily against all the party. And all Granby's past life would be raked up. Son of a forger, companion of gamblers, Whim felt that he was ruined where he was. He would fly. He had his violin and twenty dollars. He packed a little satchel. He wrote a note to his sister:—

GOOD DARLING DORO: The police and the papers will tell you all. If I stay I must witness against my father. It will end in state prison for him. Burn this quick. I had nothing to do with it but being there. Oh! if I had always followed you, Doro, I would be all right. I promise you I will neither drink nor gamble. Your unhappy
WHIM.

And then Whim stole out of No. 97 Andover Street and made his way to an early train, and both father and son were fugitives, and Doro's home was left unto her desolate.

When the express-train was whirling along

westward, Whim crouched in a corner and looked drearily out on the landscape that swept past him like the canvas of a swiftly moved panorama. It was not yet the middle of May, and trees and thickets were not in full leaf. The gray of the early morning was brightened by a broad saffron band along the north-eastern sky, a silvery mist hung over the meadows and trailed along the marshy places, the grass was drenched and bowed with heavy dew. The world was not yet awake; the plough stood in the brown furrow, where it had been left the previous night; the cows gathered slowly toward the yards, where they would be milked and fed; from the sheds marched the poultry, fluttering and dressing their feathers, while now and again the cocks stopped their progress to crow lustily. Here and there a thin blue smoke wavered from some early fire, or a door was opened, and some one, sleepily rubbing his eyes, leaned out to note the passing train. Here was a building half-completed, where the workmen would soon gather; here was a garden half-made, the spade left in the sod, waiting for the toiler. All these houses were homes,

and the people who were in them all had something to do, and would pursue that work all day, and sleep under known shelter at night. Whim felt more than ever like a dismal, sin-marked vagrant. In all the history of the world there was but one who had felt as he did, he thought, and he wretchedly repeated the words of Cain: "My punishment is greater than I can bear. Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth; and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth!" The world looked so wide and so dreary; that little room of Doro's looked such a haven of security, the work at the Conservatory so attractive; Jonas, Maggie, the hymn-seller so faithful and honest, — even the wax people were so many friends, — and from all these he felt cut off forever. He told himself he should never see Doro again, and every minute Doro looked more lovely and desirable, more true, more comforting. She had been so good to him, and he had broken her heart. What would Doro feel when all this terrible story came out? His father had said Doro was "cowardly and nar-

row-minded, as all girls were." He himself had said that Doro was timid and given to worry over things, but now he could see how true and brave Doro had been all the time; how honest she was, how superior to all unrighteous gains, and faithful to what she knew was justice. How bravely she had opposed her father's sins, and tried to defend Whim against him; but Whim had fallen a prey to his own feebleness and lack of moral purpose, rather than to his father's wiles. If Whim had been as sturdy in defence of right as Doro was, he would not have been led astray by his father. Whim saw it all now; he was indolent, he hated steady work; he was self-indulgent, he craved needless luxuries; he was bewitched with games of chance; he liked money without inquiring whether it were clean or dishonest; in fact, he craved unearned money. How willing he had been to be deceived! How he had deliberately blinded his own eyes and deceived himself! Whim cordially hated himself, as he shrunk up by a window in the car, and watched the day grow along the world. He looked back on the past four months as on a dreadful

dream ; the very thought of a green table made him sick. The ghastly dead body of Burg dragged out into the Public Garden, Cary's face of frenzy and fury, were now before him in all their horror.

Two men, who had yawned and twisted wearily on their seats until the day was clear, now turned over a seat for a table, and invited each other to a game of old sledge.

“What stakes?” asked one.

“Oh, I don't play for money ; just for amusement.”

“Tush ! You must play for something, or it is no amusement ; we'll have stakes, if only pennies.”

“No ; I've put my foot down about playing for money. I once worked up in the lumber regions a whole winter — worked hard, lived hard, passed a dog's life to get money to pay off a mortgage on my little house. After the log-drives in the spring, I started for home, fell in with some card-sharpers, and was bamboozled into playing with them. I lost every cent of my winter's earnings — \$300. I tell you I felt ready to blow my brains out ! However, I

thought of my wife and my old mother, and home I went and told the truth. My mother had just five hundred in the world. To save my home she paid the mortgage, and I swore a vow I'd never play for money, great or small, again. I've paid my old lady back, and I've got on fairly since; but none of my money has gone on games since."

"Well, you were pretty well bitten, but I can't play for nothing. Let us play for matches or pins, or something."

"We can play for matches, then."

The two began to play. Whim looked at them. A curious sensation came over him; the red hearts and the clubs and spades on the cards seemed spots of blood; he fancied that the black marks of the same kind were traces of Satan's fingers on the pasteboards. The kings and queens and knaves all took the faces of Burg, Cary, and his father. He felt really ill at seeing the play, and was obliged to change his seat so that his back could be to the two men. Then first he began to hope that possibly he had learned his lesson, and would hate gaming forevermore. However, for his peace

and happiness it was too late. He thought he could never go home any more, never see his sister again ; he must be a wanderer all his life. He exaggerated to himself the results to him of what had happened in Boston.

While Whim was thus going over considerable distance in the cars, and wide mental experiences, rising-time had come at 97, and Doro, having risen, knocked, as usual, at Whim's door. When she was dressed, she knocked and called again, and, having no answer, looked into her brother's room. He had not been in bed. He was gone. There was his note. All the fabric of Doro's hope and happiness fell in ruin around her. Whim was gone, and possibly before he went he had done some terrible thing—and there was her father ; of what fresh crime had he been guilty ? Whim seemed to fear being called to testify about something dreadful ; he had fled so as not to criminate his father. After the first burst of anguish, Doro felt for the present it would be best, if Whim had gone, to let him get as far away as possible. She could look him up later. She knew that wherever Whim went, he could not get out of God's

reach. What a comfort was the omnipresence of God, his omniscience. Her heart took hold of the verse, "If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." She gave Whim and his case to God.

Maggie was calling loudly that breakfast was ready, and Doro went down. She went straight to the door to beckon a newsboy, who was shouting the morning papers. The paper secured, she sat down by the breakfast-table, because she trembled so that she could not stand.

"Father is not in this morning," she said to Maggie.

"Glad of it. Something good happens once in a while. Where is Whim? If you indulge that boy about lying late in the morning, you'll make him just like his father. I warn you, Doro, I won't wait on two such. Seems to me," added Maggie, reaching after the coffee-pot, "you're uncommon wild after the paper this morning. How your hand shakes, girl!"

Doro had found a column headed in staring capitals, "Gambling-house Horror! Was Burg Murdered? A Fashionable Gamester."

Maggie was grumbling in a monotone: "The coal was bad — the coal-men were cheats. She liked Lehigh; this coal was half slate. No matter what price you give for eggs, you will get stale ones mixed with the fresh. The butter wasn't real good butter; it was Old Margines, and the grocer deserved imprisonment for selling such trash.

"Why don't you eat your breakfast, Doro? The paper will keep. I care more for the paper than you do, and I have to wait for mine till work is done. If I'd known there was no breakfast to be eat this morning, I'd have stayed in bed. I didn't want to get up. I'm all done out."

"I don't feel very well," said Doro; "I think I'll lie down."

She went to the little lounge—the stool where Whim liked to sit beside her as she lay down, was near. She felt as if her heart were bound in iron; she could not cry; heavy noises surged in her ears. Had her father been con-

cerned in a murder? Did Whim know it? Was her father arrested?

“That beats all,” said Maggie; “I knew it was coming. You are getting typhoid, or small-pox, or something. Whim will catch it; the show will be spoiled—all the money used up, debts made, and one of you two will die. If it is you that dies, neither Whim nor your father can do any good, nor take care of themselves; if Whim dies, you won’t feel as if you had any thing to live for.”

Doro heard vaguely, but the words roused her. She must not give up; she must live for those who needed her. Whim would go to ruin without her. If her unfortunate father were in some final entanglement, she must stand stanchly by him.

“I’ll be better soon,” she said to Maggie; “but clear up the room, and if any persons come here, bring them to me.”

About half-past nine came two policemen, and Maggie ushered them in. She was terribly alarmed.

“Does Whympers Granby, called Whim, live here?”

“Yes,” said Doro, calmly, lifting herself up.

“We want him. Where is he?”

“I don’t know. He is not in. I have not seen him to-day.”

“We have a subpœna for him.”

“What for?”

“To come as a witness about a gambling-house affair.”

“What had he to do with it?”

“Why, he was hired to play the violin there, it seems, and was there when the place was raided last night. He said he was only a hired musician, and, as he gave his address, and we had our hands full, we let him go. If we had known he was Granby’s son, he would have been held. Do you know where Granby is?”

“I have not seen him since night before last.”

“Are you his daughter?”

“Yes,” said Doro, with a moan.

“I am very sorry for you,” said one policeman, “but keep up heart; perhaps Burg did commit suicide.”

“Was not my father arrested?” asked Doro.

“No, he got off. He must have been watch-

ing, and slipped out at once. We took another man for Granby. He was one of those most wanted. You know nothing about him?"

"Really, nothing at all," said Doro, earnestly.

"You and the woman who let us in may be called on to testify. Don't try to get off; it won't pay."

"You will find us here whenever you want us."

"And you don't know where your brother is?"

"No. If you find him will you let me know at once? I feel terribly anxious about him. I am sure he has not been doing any thing about this. Whim is not a bad boy."

"Probably he has done no more than look on."

The policemen went out.

"What is it all about?" cried Maggie.

Doro handed her the paper. Jonas came in. Maggie took the paper to the kitchen. Police news was, next to seeing fine ladies' fine clothes the delight of her life. To have a column of newspaper all about persons she knew something about — to feel that other

columns on the other days would follow it, and her name would be in as witness — her name in print — the number where she lived in print! — Maggie felt a wonderful exultation over this; it gave flavor to her life. Although she had always cherished an enmity against Granby on account of his insistence in the matter of stiff shirts, strong coffee, late breakfasts, and neglect of his family, now she felt prepared to defend him and his character. “Catch me saying any thing against folks I live with!” said Maggie, with blundering loyalty. Doro had destroyed Whim’s note, but she told Jonas all about it. “He has gone so as not to testify against his father.”

“Then it is to be feared he knows what will go against him. If he could speak for him, he would have remained.”

“He is so young, he did not know what might happen, and he got frightened.”

“Your father makes things worse by running off — it makes him look guilty. He might have cleared himself.”

Doro looked down, and twisted her hands together convulsively.

“Unless — there was something else against him,” said Jonas.

“Oh — he — dared not come into court!” cried poor Doro.

“So! Well, he may not be found. At all events, I’ll stand by you, Doro, and so will our old friend in the attic.”

“You mean me?” said the hymn-seller, putting her head in. “Oh, my poor dear little girl, may I come in and comfort you? Don’t you remember, my child, who has said, ‘I will never leave thee nor forsake thee’? Here is a time to prove the value of the Holy Bible. Don’t it say, ‘The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe’? The Lord’s children shall have a place of refuge, my dear. There’s a word of a hymn that did me a power of good:—

“‘When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!’

Don’t you despair, my dear. ‘The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly.’ ‘The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of

the God of Jacob defend thee.' Oh, my dear, there come times in our lives when all seems lost, and all our world is in black ruin about us ; but, the Lord being on our side, all troubles are bound to come to an end, and he will bring us out into a large place. Like David, my dear, you are crying out of the depths, and don't forget that that was just the time when the Lord heard him."

Comforted by the zeal and kindness of her friends, Doro had found the relief of tears. She buried her face in the sofa pillow and sobbed and cried. The hymn-seller gently stroked the girl's golden hair, and nodded to Jonas that these tears would do her good.

"Oh, Mr. Jonas," said the old woman, "have you ever noticed what a book the Bible is for the sorrowful? It says, 'Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted.' Men may write books for the glad, or the learned, or the busy, but it is God who sent a book for the sorrowful. Human words have comfort for some, and don't come home to others ; but the Bible has words that reach all. I say of the Bible, as the Bible of the stars, 'There is no

speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.' ”

Jonas was looking compassionately at Doro.

“This gets beyond me,” he said; “here’s a time when I want to do and say what I can’t. If the Bible could help me out, I wish I knew it better. But the fact is, I don’t understand it. I don’t grasp it as I did other books.”

“But perhaps you don’t study it as you did them. You don’t make a point of knowing what it means; you don’t grapple with it as you did with your Greek and Latin; you don’t put your whole mind on knowing it. You do that. The Bible deserves it. It is too high and good just to skim and nip at as if it was ‘Mother Goose’ or a story-book. Dig at it.”

“I think I must,” said Jonas, “for I come to times in my life that I’m not prepared to meet. If that book can furnish me out for such an occasion as this, I ought to try it.”

Doro was one of the busy ones who have no time to sit down with sorrow. Her work must go on. The show could not stop, for who could tell what extra money would now be needed for Whim or her father? The show

was crowded that evening. Ninety-seven Andover Street had been in the paper, and the people came as much to look at the house, and speculate and talk about the missing Granby, as to look at the wax. Jonas shut up his shop and took the money in the lobby, and Maggie and the hymn-seller sat in a corner of the show-room; but the crowd was a civil and quiet crowd, with only pity and gentleness for the pale, golden-haired little girl, and the evening went quietly.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FUGITIVE.

ONE man remained longer than the rest. He stepped up to Doro, and said, abruptly:—

“I’ll give you a hundred dollars for your hair.”

“I—don’t want to sell my hair,” said Doro, stepping back.

“Don’t alarm yourself, miss; I’m a hair-dealer from —— street, and I came here to-night because I had heard about your hair from one of my apprentices. A customer of mine—a very particular lady—has ordered a suit of golden hair; she wants it long and thick, and she is particular where it comes from. I have been trying to fill her order for six months, and I can’t. Your hair is just what I want.”

“It is not for sale,” said Doro.

“At all events, there’s my card. If you change your mind, the bargain is open.”

The man went away, and Doro stood passing her hand over her silken locks and looking down at her shabby blue dress. She realized for the first time that she was almost seventeen, and that the show business was a hard business for a young girl; that she was part of the show herself, and that people came and looked at her as well as at the wax. "Jonas," she said, "I think I don't like show-life any more. Isn't there any way for me to get out of it?"

"I think we'll have to find a way before long," said Jonas.

Days passed — weeks passed — no trace of Whim was found. The fact is that Whim was not considered very important as a witness; there were plenty without him, and efforts were not very vigorous in his pursuit. Granby was looked for energetically, but could not be discovered. He had vanished utterly.

Not a word from Whim, and Doro pined and paled and pursued her little round of duties in her lonely home, and no longer took any comfort in any thing done in wax. She grew listless — she wanted to escape from her show.

One or two evenings she felt too ill to exhibit, and the hymn-seller took her place. That quaint and chatty little woman had easily learned her part, and her brisk fire of remarks, interlarded with free quotations of poetry, pleased the audience well. They laughed at the little woman; they had always taken Doro seriously, because she took herself so seriously.

During this time Whim fled on the cars as far as his twenty dollars would take him, then he addressed himself to earning his living by his violin. He avoided great towns, but went through the villages, and gave violin concerts in hotel parlors or public-rooms, or in corner stores, and his playing was as potent as that of the "pied piper." He went continuously west. On freight trains, in stages, he paid his way by music. Many a home was open to the pretty boy with the violin — a sad-faced, silent boy, who lived under a great shadow of some kind, who said he had no home and no one to take care of him. The world has a great many soft-hearted people in it, and Whim wanted for nothing. He had had his lesson, and fled all gaming as the youths of old fled devouring

dragons ; he had never had any taste for drinking ; he had hated all swearing and vile language, so he pursued his lonely way, out of mischief and vice, but still very miserable. He had crossed the Mississippi and was travelling along in the northern tier of the Missouri counties, in a rugged and thinly settled district. Here, at the little villages, he found himself and his violin very popular : there were weddings and rustic parties, and he was prayed to stay and help celebrate. He was requested to give some concerts. The country people said they "never got a chance to hear music except an accordion or a Jew's-harp or a broken-down melodeon. Wouldn't he stay a while and give lessons ? If Maria had lessons she could play in church, an' Jo 'lowed he could play as well as the next one on a mouth-organ if some one would put him into the hang of it." It was now September, and Whim knew he could not go travelling on all winter. He must make a stop somewhere. These people were kind, board at the hotel was cheap, he could get a few pupils, give some concerts, play for the rural merry-making,

—at least, he could make enough to strike the nearest railroad and go on by that somewhat later. He had some little handbills struck, advertising two concerts. He had none of the secrecy of a scape-grace, this Whim. He never thought of hiding his name nor of taking a false one. He advertised, "Violin Concert by H. Whymper Granby," and, to make it sound better, he put his birthplace "of London, Eng." The first concert was a success for the little town; every body came, and said such music was "well worth the quarter." The second concert was given; and, when the crowd was gone, Whim buttoned up his money in his pocket, and started in the dark for his "hotel." As he passed a corner, a hand clutched him; a hollow voice said, "Whim!"

"Who's that?" cried Whim.

"Sh-h-h — don't you know? I'm your father."

"Father! Why, what's the matter with you?" In the darkness, Whim felt that something was the matter.

"Oh, I'm awful low, Whim."

“Come along to my room.”

“No, no! They’ll get me.”

“Why, what’s up? Nobody wants you. Come along with me.”

“You come with me. I’ve got a safer place. I don’t come with you. I saw your advertisements last night when I came to get something to eat, and I came back to-night and waited for you. Come with me, Whim. I’m badly off.”

“I should say so. Why, how you shake! How thin your arm feels! Come with me. You are not fit to go far.”

“I can’t!” cried Granby. “I won’t! Come with me or I’ll go alone.”

“Oh, I’ll come. Take my arm. There, go it slow, sir.”

They went on in the darkness, turning into a rough road and into a wood. Granby had hidden a lantern, which he found and gave to Whim. After they had gone about two miles, they came to a small log house in the woods. It had only one room, a puncheon-floor, mud-chinked walls, and a big fire-place. Granby stirred up the embers in the hearth, threw on

an armful of dry brush, and a splendid, ruddy flame soon lit the twelve-by-fourteen room. Whim saw a few cooking utensils, a rude table, two or three stools, a bed where the best covering was a great buffalo-robe. It was a poor, desolate-looking place. His father drew a stool close to the fire-place, and sat crouching toward the blaze, warming his thin hands, and the leaping light showed his lean temples and hollow cheeks all the more closely because he had cut his once abundant curls close to his head. He was the wreck of what he had been in the spring, when thriving under Doro's scrupulous care: his chest was hollow, and he kept coughing distressfully.

"See here," said Whim, "haven't you any thing for that cough? You look all fagged out. You need something to eat."

"Oh, I don't want any thing," said Granby, fretfully.

"What have you been eating?" asked Whim.

"Nothing; I had no appetite."

"But what have you kept up on?" insisted the boy.

"Nothing did me any good but brandy. I

had that and some wine, but the wine was so adulterated it made me sick."

"It always is," said Whim, quoting Jonas; "and the brandy is worse. I don't wonder you are thin and nervous and weak, father. You are burnt out, worn thin, not by hard work from outside, but by this kind of fire inside. Now, no more of that. I'm going to see what I can do for you."

Whim had found a sort of mess-chest, and was looking over the stores. "Well, you're going to have some hot gruel with sugar and nutmeg in it. That's what Doro used to make me for a cough. You've taken a horrid cold, I see. I will heat some water, and you soak your feet and go to bed." Whim, under pressure of need, developed new faculties. He heated water, made gruel, made up the forlorn bed, and helped his father to a hot bath and a good rub, and then gave him hot gruel and brown toast.

"Now you'll do better," said Whim, "and I'll clean up this room and sit here and watch you. How did you come in such a hole? Never fret, I can earn money for us both. I've

got plenty, and you shall have whatever you want."

He bustled about and cleared up the cabin and hearth with much of Doro's address. His father watched him with glittering eyes.

"I've been a bad father to you, Whim," he said, "but I won't trouble you much longer."

"Oh, drop that," said Whim. "Why did you come here?"

"To hide; so they wouldn't arrest me."

"They don't want to arrest you. That's all blown over, I guess."

"There's more reason than that why I can't come into court. Oh, how unfortunate I am! I have been all these years in fear of prison, and now I die in hiding! Whim, give me some brandy, so I can forget."

"No, no; you are in a fever now. Try and keep quiet. Have you been here long?"

"I have travelled through Canada, and came here and bought out a man who lived here and wanted to go West." Then Granby rambled on till Whim saw that his father was partly insane on the subject of arrest and imprisonment. Finally he fell asleep, and Whim sat by

the hearth and watched him through the weary night.

"You'll want to go off from this hole, Whim," said Granby. Whim had slept in little uneasy naps by the hearth.

"Oh, no; I don't mind the place. I'll take care of you here."

Granby began to talk wildly of hiding, letting no one know, of penitentiary, state prison, and escapes. Whim saw that at least on these subjects his mind was astray.

"Will you get up, father?"

"I can't get up. My head whirls and is light; my legs ache, my breast is heavy."

"Well, keep in bed. I'll bathe your face and hands and make you some hot gruel. Then, if you will lie quietly, I will hurry over to the town and get my things and the rest of my money, and something that you need."

"You'll come back? You won't let any one find me?"

"That's all right," said Whim.

One of the resolutions which Whim had made for a better life was to stop all deceiving. When he went back to the hotel, he told the

landlord that he had found his father living up in the woods, and must stay with him.

“*That* your father!” said the landlord. “He’s been there five or six weeks. Rather off the hooks, ain’t he?”

“I think he is partly out of his mind, and he seems sick. When he gets better, his mind will be better, and I can’t get him to come in here with me. I want to buy some sheets and shirts and towels, and fit things for him to eat.”

“You’d better get him a doctor while you’re about it.”

“So I will,” said Whim.

“You can get all the things you want — jelly, a chicken, all sorts — from Widow Jackson. She’s wanting to sell out, and go away. The doctor lives next her house.”

In an hour Whim was returning to his father with the doctor. They rode on what they called a buck-board, and behind it hung a clothes-basket filled with Whim’s purchases from the Widow Jackson.

“Yes,” said the doctor, examining his patient, “he is partly out of his mind from continuous mental excitement of some kind. Nothing

more dangerous than keeping the nerves wound up to a high pitch, whether of pleasure or business or anxiety. Then, his system is all run down and broken up, his lungs are in a bad state, and he has taken a fresh cold, and has pneumonia. It will be a very hard pull. Doubt if we can bring him through."

"This is such a bad place for him to be," said Whim.

"Oh! the place does very well. I've seen plenty worse. It's tight; the chimney gives it good ventilation; it is warm and dry; the weather is good—the place won't hurt him."

"Don't you think he will get well?" faltered Whim.

"Oh, there's a chance—would have been more if he had handled himself right. One of those men who drink, drink, drink, glass of this, glass of that, wine and so on, without ever seeming very drunk. But they go it till their constitutions are completely honey-combed, and then expect doctors to patch them up as well as if there were sound constitutions to work on!"

The doctor sat down to arrange medicine

from his case. Then he wrote on some strips of paper. "Now, my boy, here you will find directions for making a corn-meal poultice for his chest; and here's for a flaxseed-and-lemon tea, which you will keep warm on the hearth, and give him freely. Here is the medicine, marked. Heat a stone, and keep it at his feet. Here is the food he can eat, and how to prepare it. I think you have all necessary things in that basket. You seem to be a natural nurse, and that is a gift to be thankful for. Been some of the right style of womankind interested in you, my lad; I see it in your ways. Now, I'll help you get sheets on that bed and a clean shirt on him, and then to-morrow I'll be back."

A Western doctor must often be nurse and cook for his patients, as well as physician. This one skillfully helped Whim get his patient in order, and then hurried off. Whim, as the doctor said, took readily to nursing. He followed the given directions, made the one room tidy, gathered bunches of flowers and changing autumn leaves, and put them in water on the shelf, table, and the sill of the window; made dishes

and cooking utensils clean, baked some apples, and broiled a chicken, making broth for his patient. It was afternoon. Granby slept much.

“Father,” said Whim, “if you’ll take another nap, I’ll go out after some bundles of wood, to keep the fire up all night.”

“Take the left-hand path,” said Granby, thickly.

Whim carried along some pieces of rope, and, having gathered a quantity of dead wood, tied it into two great bundles. As he finished he heard the sound of horse’s feet, and saw some one riding toward him.

“Good-day, my lad,” said the stranger; “do you live about here?”

“Close by, in a log house,” said Whim.

“Is there any church about here?”

“I haven’t heard of any.”

“Do you go to Sunday-school?”

“No.”

“Is there any Sunday-school?”

“I don’t know; I haven’t been here very long.”

“There are plenty of people, I suppose?”

“Oh, yes, plenty of them, and very kind.”

“I shall go round to visit them. I’m a colporteur. I have books and tracts and Bibles for sale, and I talk to the people, and perhaps shall be able to have a prayer-meeting. Do you sing?”

“Some, sir.”

“That’s good. Now, here is a new hymn. How do you like it?”

The stranger, in a strong, melodious voice, sang some verses.

“It is a good tune,” said Whim; “I could make that sound well on my violin.”

“Oh, have you a violin? So much the better. Nothing in a Sunday-school like music, except, of course, good teachers. May I go along home with you and see your folks?”

“I haven’t any,” said Whim, “except my father. We are all alone, and he’s sick with his lungs and likely to die. He is out of his mind and has run away from home, and I don’t believe I can ever get him back.”

Overcome with the rehearsal of his troubles, Whim’s eyes filled with tears; he turned his back, leaned his bent arm against a tree, and bowed his head upon it.

The stranger jumped from his horse, went and put his arms around Whim's shoulders: "Courage, my boy; let me stand by you. It is my business to carry around books; it is also my business to do all the good and relieve all the trouble that I can. I can nurse the sick; I'm a tolerably good doctor. Let me go and stay with you a few days."

He picked up Whim's big bundles of wood and laid them across his well filled saddle-bags; then, taking the bridle over his arm, and holding Whim by the hand, they went through the little wood to the log cabin. Granby was in a heavy sleep. The stranger touched his brow, felt his pulse, listened at his chest.

"I'm afraid it *is* a serious case," he said; "I'd better stay."

"If you can be comfortable," said Whim.

"I'll do very well. I'll go bring in some leaves and branches and pile them in that corner, and if I can put that buffalo-robe over them, it will be a better bed than I've had many a night. I have sat up all night in a tree often."

"Let me fix the bed for you," said Whim;

“I was going to roll myself in that brown quilt. I got blankets and the spread for *his* bed this morning. He always liked nice things.”

The colporteur insisted on making his own bed and taking care of his horse. Whim arranged his fuel and got supper. The colporteur saw that this was not a pioneer boy. He had the methods of the East and of the city ; his hands had known no rough labors.

“Where are you from ?” he asked.

“I think I had better not tell where either father or I come from,” said Whim, “and don’t take notice when he rambles.” After supper, the patient had his bath, his medicine, a fresh poultice, and was prepared for the night ; but he was restless and could not close his eyes.

“Whim, where’s that violin ? Let me hear the violin.”

“I thought you did not like the music, father ?”

“Oh, I want it now. Where’s the violin ?”

“Let us try what I sang in the woods ; let us sing the Gospel to him,” said the stranger, going to his saddle-bags. He got out a book

with hymns and tunes. The lamp was lit. Whim stood behind the colporteur, looking at the same page, and they began :—

“Lift up the gates! Bring forth oblations.

One crowned with thorns a message brings;
His Word, a sword to smite the nations,
His name the Christ, the King of kings.
Arise and shine in youth immortal,
Thy Light is come, thy King appears!
Beyond the centuries' swinging portal
Breaks a new dawn, the eternal years.

“He comes! Let all the earth accept Him,

The path in human form He trod;
Before Him spreads a holy kingdom,
The Light of Life, the Son of God!
Arise and shine in youth immortal,
Thy Light is come, thy King appears!
Beyond the centuries' swinging portal
Breaks a new dawn, the eternal years.”

They looked toward Granby; the music soothed his restlessness. The missionary turned the pages to “There is a fountain filled with blood.”

“Play your accompaniment very softly; sing with me, every word clear. If there is not distinction of sounds, who can tell what is piped or harped? If the trumpet give an uncer-

tain sound, who shall prepare himself for the battle?"

When the hymn was finished, the visitor looked to Granby: "'This is the blood shed from the foundation of the world for the remission of sins.' 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' Let us pray."

He knelt down with Whim by his side and prayed earnestly. Then he read a psalm. Then, as Granby still motioned to the violin, they sang hymns until he fell asleep.

The next morning, when the doctor had come and gone, having pronounced his patient much worse, Whim went out with the horse for more wood, and the colporteur was left alone with Granby. He saw that the sick man was conscious — it might be one of the last rational intervals of his life.

"My friend," said the missionary, "in this world even the longest lives are short — an interval of few years; but there is a world, lying close to the boundary of this, where

existence is endless. There is in that life a heaven where men may enter and be blessed through all eternity. Is that before you?"

"Young man," said Granby, distinctly, "when one has in this life deliberately preferred places that are called 'hells,' he is not likely to be bound for heaven."

"If that has, unhappily, been your case, remember that you are yet in a world where repentance and prayer are possible. God is never weary of forgiving."

Granby pursued his own line of thought. "It is not my body that will go out of this world; that I leave here. It is my mind — my heart — that shall reach a world, if such there is, beyond, and if any thing of me goes there. Now, it was not my body that preferred gambling to all else: it was my heart and my mind. They are now filled with those same preferences. What is there in common between me and the angels and saints in heaven? What attraction can I see in heaven?"

"If God gives you a new heart, purges away your old lusts and sins, then you will have affinities with heaven."

“But suppose I do not care for that? Suppose my feelings are all dead — so dead that even the rattle of a dice-box would not rouse me now? Young man, go preach where there is hope.”

He closed his eyes and turned away. When Whim came in, he roused and called him.

“My lad, if I had been a wise and good father, you could not have done more for me than you have. I have nothing to leave you, Whim — not even a good name or a good example — only a piece of advice: if you don't want your heart burnt to ashes, if you don't want to be bitten hourly by scorpions, if you don't prefer hate, despair, and madness to live forever in your soul, avoid the wine-cup and the dice-box. Fly them as you would wild beasts, mad men, or the plague. If you drink and gamble, you will live with hell in your heart. Keep away from saloons and bars if you don't want to get to the gaming-table. Don't begin and think you can stop. Don't *know how*, or you'll be possessed to try your knowledge. Don't begin. A gamester can no more be stationary than the tide.”

CHAPTER XVII.

GOLDILOCKS.

HAVING given this legacy of advice to Whim, Granby fell into deep thought.

He turned his face to the wall and seemed to sleep. Whim and the colporteur went and stood outside the door. The late September had filled the wood with crimson and gold, the sky was a pure deep blue, the air was mellow and fragrant, the year's life was growing richer and richer to the end; after spring and summer, the harvest blessing. The misspent human life was going out in darkness and shame — never a sheaf to show, never a song of harvest joy. The wind had been sown, and the whirlwind was a-reaping. The good seed bringeth forth a hundredfold for the king's treasuries; the tares bring forth also a hundredfold for destruction. To these two watching the wretched ending of an evil life, the day was dark as the night. The missionary laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, saying:—

“Thou, O my son, flee youthful lusts, that war against the soul. The blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse from all sin, but we may go on in sin until we have no part or lot in that blood of cleansing, and cry, like the Jews, ‘Not this man, but Barabbas.’ And then, my son, remember that while that sacred blood can wipe our sins from the Divine record, nothing can wipe them from the earthly record. In our memories and on the lives of our fellows they shall be written forever.”

Three days longer Granby lay in silence, whether ever conscious they could not tell; then that stupor settled down into heavier and heavier unconsciousness, and was merged in death. The victim of the green table had lost all he had to lose — his all of the world and his own soul.

Whim and the missionary, and a few of the village people, buried Granby on the first stormy day of the autumnal equinox: the wind roared, and the rain swept in heavy sheets against the pine coffin, the few attendants, and into the open grave.

Whim and the missionary went from the

burial to the hotel. The excitement and suffering and terrors of the last eight months had told on Whim; homesickness, the wretched fate of his father, his own disgrace and flight, uncertainty and hopelessness as to the future, the terrible scenes in the gaming-houses, such a night as he spent on the beautiful porch of Trinity Church: all these were incidents of life too sharp for a boy of fourteen, especially of Whim's emotional and sensitive temperament. The next morning he was tossing and muttering in a nervous fever. He had sedulously concealed his former home from the missionary, but his wild talk about the "Conservatory" and "Beacon Street," about "Tremont Row" and "Andover Street," informed his friend clearly that he was from Boston.

"A very beautiful boy," said the doctor to the colporteur, "and a genius; I never heard such sounds as he brings out of that violin. He must have friends, and he ought to be with them. High-strung musical natures like his can't stand the rough-and-tumble places of life. They need careful handling. I'll warrant he set off on some notion of duty or independence,

or some foolishness, and, if we could find his friends, we should get him back to them promptly."

"I'll find them," said the missionary.

He waited until after a sleep Whim was more quiet. Then he said, in an off-hand way, "Whim, whose Sunday-school did you go to in Boston?"

"Dr. ——'s," said Whim, surprised into an answer.

The missionary began to talk of something else — to tell of a school he had started that in two years grew into a church. The missionary knew well enough who Doctor —— was.

A week after that, Doro, quite the pale shadow of the Doro of a year before, was languidly dusting her wax, and taking no interest in it, when Maggie, putting her head into the show-room, said, "Here's your minister come to see you," then thrust her two teeth over her upper lip and looked on, arms akimbo, while Doctor —— came in, shook hands, and led Doro to a seat. "Doro," he said, "your troubles have worn on you. I don't wonder,

poor child. But you remember, 'Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?' I bring you word to-day of both good and evil."

"Is my Whim dead, sir?"

"No. Whim is alive. I may say he is safe. In good, kind care, a better boy than when he left you; sick, but not very sick."

"Is that the bad news, sir?"

"No. Your father, Doro, is dead."

"Oh, sir!" cried Doro. "I hoped, I prayed, I thought, I made so sure he would live to repent — to be a better man. Oh, my poor father!"

"Doro, when we have done all we could and then death comes by the will of God, we must leave our dead with God. There are burdens too great for human hearts to attempt to carry."

"I think I must go to my Whim," said Doro, faintly.

"He is in northern Missouri. It is too far for you, and you look ill yourself. If you go, there may be two sick instead of one. Now, read this letter, and I will be back in a moment."

He gave her a long letter from the colporteur, telling all about Whim and his father. The thought that her father had been so cared for, that Whim had done so well his part, consoled Doro a little.

The minister, who had consulted with Maggie, came back with Jonas, who also read the letter.

“I will start this morning,” said Jonas, “to look after Whim till he is well, and bring him back. I can settle all for him.”

“That will be the best plan,” said Doro; “and I have the money.”

“I could get it for you,” said the minister.

“No,” said Doro; “I have a hundred dollars for it.”

When the minister was gone, Doro gave Maggie a sealed note to carry to an address. Then she busied herself in putting up a valise full of clothes for Whim, and writing him a letter. That afternoon Maggie entered the little sitting-room. Doro was sitting in the middle of the room, with a long white drapery pinned about her. Her golden hair fell in shining waves to the floor around her, like a

glittering veil ; behind her stood a spruce man with a pair of sharp, shining shears, remorselessly cutting off all that wonderful hair close to Doro's head, leaving little short rings barely an inch long ; he was a barber, bent on getting all he could for his money.

"Stop that, or I'll sue you for assault and battery," cried Maggie.

"Maggie, I have sold my hair to him," said Doro.

"It's a larceny, all the same," said Maggie. "I read of a man in the paper who got sent to prison for cutting off a girl's hair, and it was a mere every-day ordinary braided tail, not such a shower of gold as yours is."

"I want it done," said Doro. "I need the hundred dollars to get Whim home ; and I'm tired of my hair, Maggie ; it seems as if I could not carry it any longer, my head is so tired."

"Oh, dear me!" moaned Maggie, "there was never any one in this world but Absalom had as fine hair as you have. Now you will be just like other people, and I can't expect you to make a fortune or any thing, and the show will be ruined."

“I am glad not to be part of the show that way,” said Doro. “I think I’m getting too old. I don’t like being stared at. I didn’t use to notice it; now I do, and I don’t like it.”

“There,” said the barber, “I’ve wanted that head of hair this long time.”

“Then you’ve broke the tenth commandment with your coveting,” said Maggie; “and if you break one, you’re guilty of all.”

“At least not of the eighth,” said the barber, “for I’ve paid a hundred dollars for it. That’s a liberal price.”

That evening Jonas started West with the hundred dollars, the price of Doro’s hair. She had not told him how she got it, and as she had a scarf wrapped around her head, he did not notice the change.

“You’ll bring him back?” said Doro.

“Of course,” said Jonas. “It was all nonsense, his clearing out. I have notified the police that your father is dead, and they will get a certificate of his death from Missouri. The gang he went with is broken up, and they’ve proved that Burg committed suicide. This has been a hard lesson for Whim, but you

must never begrudge it if it saves him from being a gamester. Perhaps it was so in his blood no other lesson would do. You have to nearly break some folks' heads pelting them with petrified facts, before they will believe or understand any thing."

"There's a letter in Whim's valise," said Doro, "and you tell him I shall not be happy a minute till I get him back. I want to do all I can for Whim. I'm afraid I didn't for poor father."

"I think you did all you could for him," said Jonas.

"Perhaps I ought to have loved him more," said Doro.

"Love goes where it is sent," quoth Maggie, "and you spoiled him most disastrous, as your mother did before you. When a family is arranged as yours was, and you know your father was the misery of your mother, why, it's just as well to drop the discussion of loving, and be content with doing your duty, and you did yours, Doro, right up to the mark."

Away went Jonas, and poor little Doro exhibited her show. She felt glad that not very

many came, and she was more than ever distressed that those who were present stared at her and made remarks about the loss of her famous hair.

The next day she and Maggie sat together in the show-room, basting up a new gown for the Princess of Wales, who, having been created out of a recent Lady Washington, was to be exhibited with the Prince of Wales and the princely infants.

“I don’t care for them as I used to before I had so much trouble,” said Doro. “The Princess Alexandra may be all very good and lovely, and visit hospitals, and have fairs for orphans, and speak friendly to poor people, but to me she’s wax—nothing but wax. I wish I could rent the show. I wish it could be sold; but it can’t till I’m twenty-one, almost four years yet. What I should like would be to have a home to myself, not part show, and to make my living making things out of wax, for, of course, I must earn my living somehow, and I’m not learned.”

“I tell you what I would like above all things,” said Maggie. “I like animals above all things. I love dogs and cats very much

better than folks. I think they've got more humanity in 'em. Now, the Society for Cruelty to Animals has a little house where sick or wounded animals is taken. If they must die, you chloroform them kindly out of this life. They have an old woman keep that house. I'd like to be that old woman. I wouldn't have to get up in the morning before I liked. I could get my meals just when I wanted. I shouldn't do much cooking, only for the animals, and they wouldn't be sassy. I'd buy pepper-pot for myself. I'd not be lonesome, because I'd have the company of the animals. They'd like me, and I'd like them. The animals are nicer than people; they never ask to have their clothes washed and ironed; there's no starching. If I could get to keep the Animals' Home, I wouldn't ask another thing in this earthly world."

Not that night, or for many nights after, did Doro show off the Princess Alexandra and her interesting family. Doro went to bed and stayed there. Maggie said, "The child was clean done out, and no wonder."

But the hymn-seller took wonderfully as a

show-woman. Her ready tongue rattled off the histories of the wax folk, and applied the lessons drawn from their lives. She adorned her discourse with quotations from innumerable recognized hymns, and from her own repertory — “The Spiritual Railroad,” “The Road to Ruin,” “The Dying Young Man,” “Wicked Polly,” “The Fire-Engine,” and many more. Under her auspices the show revived, especially as she sold hymns in the day-time, and made herself a travelling advertisement of the wax. Her board at Maggie’s abundant table, she thought compensation more than sufficient for being show-woman.

Whim was back finally, in December. He was appalled to find Doro sick in her bed. But his coming revived her. Next day Maggie bolstered her up in bed, and let Whim carry up the little tray of breakfast.

“Now,” said Whim, “I’ll be your nurse, and cure you up, and I’ll make up to you for all the trouble I’ve been, and never leave you nor worry you any more, dear good Doro. You look so different somehow. Whatever is it?”

“I’m pale, you know, and thin ; but I’ll get better.”

“It’s not all that,” said Whim ; “it’s — why, Doro ! it is your hair. It’s gone ! What have you done with it ?”

“Sold it for a hundred dollars to bring you home, Whim.”

“Oh, Goldilocks ! my poor, dear Goldilocks !” cried Whim.

“For my part, I think it’s well gone,” said Goldilocks.

“Maggie, get up the best kind of a dinner on Christmas Day, for Doro is to come downstairs. We’ll have a party ; we’ll have Jonas and the hymn-seller — a celebration, you see !”

“Oh, I see ! and all the work for me to do ! Not that I begrudge Doro any thing. Coming down, is she ? Well, you should be thankful. I made sure she’d never come down more, in which case, you’d have killed her, just as much as if you had cut off her head.”

Whim looked conscience-stricken. “I know it, Maggie.”

“I hope you know it well enough to keep

straight forever after. Doro isn't made of iron. She can't stand such aggravating goings-on. What would you do if she was dead?"

"I'd be too broke up to do any thing," said Whim.

"Oh, it's easy to talk. It's doing I want to see. I want to see you stay in nights, and let all games of chance alone. Your father — not that I wish to cry down the dead — was a sample of what gambling brings about. I've known other cases. I knew a man, one of six in his own home — he married, too, and had several children — but his gambling cut him off from his brothers and sisters — flesh and blood can't stand every thing — broke his parents' heart, killed his wife, scattered his children, wasted all he had; so, instead of a good, well-set-up home, plenty in it, family round him, business and respect, he was a man of rags in a bare, empty room, without fire or furniture, and no family to speak of beyond a plaster dog, and that was cracked so the pawnbroker wouldn't look at it."

"Well, Maggie, I've had my lesson, and I never, never shall touch any gaming of any kind again."

Doro was coming down-stairs Christmas Day. She was to stay in the little sitting-room, for the show was to be open all day, and Whim was to play his best to bring a crowd. The day before Christmas, Maggie and the hymn-seller were in Doro's room in serious consultation.

"I don't know whatever I'm to do," said Doro. "I can not wear one of my dresses. They are large enough round, but not long enough. I must have grown three inches while I was in bed. I kept wondering what was the matter with my old flannel wrapper. How can I get down-stairs? I'm glad I'm better; but I do wish I had some clothes!"

Whim knocked at the door. "Here's Miss Harrison. May she come up?"

Miss Harrison had been there once before. After 97 Andover Street appeared in the papers, in connection with Granby and the gambling-houses, Miss Harrison had not had moral courage to go among what she called "Philistines." But, since Granby was dead and Doro ill, the young lady had been driven by the pricks of her conscience and the monitions of the superintendent and pastor to visit her

protégée. When Miss Harrison came, she was always so lively, smiling, every way affable, that no one could feel hurt or vexed that she had not appeared before. She was one of those lucky individuals that always seem to be in the right — while you are looking at them.

When Doro heard that Miss Harrison was coming up, she sat hastily down in her easy-chair and pulled a shawl over her lap. The hymn-seller and Maggie stood as if petrified, and, when the young lady appeared, each one was holding up for inspection, at arm's length, one of Doro's tidy but terribly shabby little gowns.

“Oh, Doro, my dear, so you are going to be dressed again!” cried Miss Harrison. “How lovely!”

“She's just found that she isn't likely to be dressed for a long while,” said Maggie. “Since she has had nothing to do but lie in bed she has taken to growing — Doro always was busy about something — and she has got so tall that her dresses are 'way up to her knees. There never was any thing to spare in them.”

“Oh, isn't that too funny!” cried Miss Harrison. “Do stand up, Doro. Why, I see,

you never could wear it in the world. It is 'most short enough for a ballet-dancer. You remind me of when I was a little girl. I thought people grew up at once — not by degrees, and, when I went to my trundle-bed at night, I used to wonder if I'd grow up to be a tall lady before morning, and wake up to find my feet sticking out over the foot of the bed, and have not a garment long enough to put on. I wondered how the human family managed in such often repeated instances of growth, and whether I should be allowed to wear my mamma's clothes or my aunts', until some were made for me." This amiable reminiscence of Miss Harrison made every one laugh, and removed the embarrassment of the occasion. "You're almost as tall now as I am, Doro," rattled on Miss Harrison; "there is only one thing for me to do. I must go home and share with you — send you an outfit. I have been racking my brains to think of a Christmas present for you: a wardrobe will be just the thing!"

"Oh, Miss Harrison! Your dresses would not suit me!" cried Doro.

“Why, you wouldn’t mind, would you? Don’t be a silly child. There’s no time to make things. You ought not to sew for a month to come. You can’t lie in bed indefinitely. Of course I won’t send you a long train or a party-dress. I have *some* sensible clothes; and they are a little outgrown for me too, and I didn’t know what to do with them. There is a gray flannel wrapper trimmed with braid and a blue serge dress and a dark green flannel I got for the mountains last year. Do let me go home for them.”

Doro flushed. She was an independent little creature.

“Pretend you’re my little sister,” said Miss Harrison, prettily.

“Come, my dear,” said the hymn-seller; “let me quote the Scripture to you. ‘All ye are brethren.’ None of them said that any thing he had was his own, ‘but they had all things in common.’ ‘So ought ye also to love one another.’ Our Lord Jesus, as our elder brother, offers us all a robe of his righteousness and a covering; and if we freely take from him so we may freely share with each other, and no shame

to any of us. And now I see clearly the good hand of the Lord in this. In the fire last night was burnt out a widow woman that I know. She lost almost all she had, and all the clothes of the family. She is a very well respected, industrious woman, and all who know her — and the ward police, too — have been very good to her, and another room is hired and she has in it almost as much as she lost, except she is bad off for bedding; and her eldest girl, twelve years old, has not had any thing sent in to fit her. I was in there an hour ago, and the girl was sitting by the stove, wrapped in a quilt, as she has only the night-dress she escaped in. Her mother said she made sure God would provide clothes for her child, and all she needed. Now, if you let this young lady, out of her plenty, provide for you, I can take all your things over to this poor girl, and two of you will be furnished out. It is thus God means his family to help each other. Don't it say, 'Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our Father'?"

"I'm going straight home, whether or no, to dress my little sister up," said Miss Harrison,

laughing, "and do you, my dear old lady, carry off all her clothes to that poor girl. When I send the things for Doro, I will send in the carriage two quilts and a basket of provisions for Christmas dinner for that poor woman, and you take it to her, will you? I really shall have a charming Christmas this year. It is an unmitigated bore sometimes, but now I truly feel quite Christmasy."

"Because you experience now that it is more blessed to give than to receive," said the hymn-seller; "and I hope the Lord will confer a thousand times more upon your soul."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE RETURNED PRODIGAL.

MAGGIE was quite in her element unpacking the large dress-basket which Miss Harrison sent for Doro. "Why, here's a dear little muff, and here's a little box with six brand-new handkerchiefs, never been out of the folds, and some neckties; and see the pile of white clothes, all trimmed with edging, and here's four dresses and a coat and a hat and three white aprons and a pair of new gloves. Land! she knows how to give — only I did make sure she'd have sent a silk gown, or one dress with a ruffled train!"

"Oh, I should not have wanted such a thing!" cried Doro. "This wrapper and those three nearly new worsted dresses are so nice, I would feel that I could not take them, only it makes me able to send my poor little things over to the girl that has nothing."

“Well, your things are all whole and clean, and in order, and she ought to feel it no shame to take them; and you the same for what you have. I’ve got yours all packed in a big basket, and the quilts from Miss Harrison laid up top, and the basket she sent is ready. I did peep in that, and I saw a chicken, a loaf, some bundles like tea or sugar, a glass of jelly, some apples, and a box of candy,” said Maggie.

“Oh, Maggie! you should not have looked!”

“It didn’t hurt ’em any, and it relieved my mind.”

Whim and the old lady set out for the widow’s, carrying the big basket between them. Whim carried in his other hand the basket of provisions, and the hymn-seller had the violin.

“I never see such a boy,” said Maggie; “he can’t go out without his fiddle any more than without his hat.”

But Whim had his ideas about his violin. He meant to make his contribution to the widow’s Christmas. When the baskets were unpacked, and in the lately fire-swept home joy and abundance had taken the place of desolation, Whim took his violin and played “The

Lord will provide." Then touching a few notes here and there, he sang :—

“Not a sparrow falleth
But the Lord doth see.”

“I declare,” said the hymn-seller, relating the scene to Jonas, “that boy has certainly got witchcraft in his fingers or his bow. His playing took hold of me to such an extent that I wept copious, the widow wept, all her children did the same ; the way he handled them notes, we had a perfect jubilee of crying, and felt most delightful, I do assure you.”

“For my part, I was not born under the ‘Showery Hyades,’” said Jonas.

“I don’t know what you mean, but that often happens,” said the hymn-seller, “only we had an elegant time all the same.”

On New Year’s evening, before the show opened, Whim was in his old place on an ottoman by the head of the little sofa on which Doro was lying.

“I’m making resolutions for the New Year,” said Whim. “One is to tell you out fair and square every thing I do—that will be safe for

me. And another is, to-morrow to go up to the Conservatory and tell the Director I'm going to turn over a new leaf, and work like a Trojan. And the last is, Doro, to go to work as hard as ever I can, saving and earning money to help pay that debt. We must make poor father's name as clear as we can. Before, I soon got tired of trying, and thought it was no use and not our business, and all that. Now, I feel different. We'll clear our name, and it will be right, and a lesson to me about never getting in debt and never trying to get money that I don't earn. I told young Jonas, when he was here to dinner, Christmas, that I needed to lay up some money for a purpose, and was going to save hard to do it, and he said all the better for me, that knowing how to economize was better than a fortune to a boy. He said, too, that musicians generally were not economical or careful about accounts, not very practical, he said, and that I ought to cultivate that side of my character. I don't see why hammering away at harmony don't make a person as practical as hammering away at rocks in geology. He seemed to think not."

They heard steps in the hall, Jonas and young Jonas. Doro sat up and Whim opened the door.

“I’m afraid I come just at show-time,” said young Jonas.

“I’m not going in,” said Doro.

“I suppose you are not strong enough yet.”

“Very nearly; but I don’t want to go in, it don’t suit me any more. I feel as if I could not show off the wax. I can dress it up and tell the old lady what to say, but I must find something else to do. I don’t know what, for wax-work is going out of fashion, I’m afraid.”

“If Doro sold the show, would it bring her enough to live on?” asked Whim of Jonas, putting on the man of business, for the express benefit of young Jonas.

“No, it would not. If I got five hundred dollars for the show, it would be the highest figure I could get. The only way to make any thing out of it is to keep on showing; it and the old woman takes very well so far, with your music to help her.”

“Time to begin!” cried Maggie, appearing ready for the lobby, in worsted hood, little shawl, and multitudinous petticoats.

“Coming, ma’am!” cried Whim; and soon his violin was heard, alluring the public with a violin sonata from Beethoven.

“He’ll make his way in the world yet,” said Jonas, listening. “If he is cured of all taste for gaming,” he added to himself.

The next day, Whim, violin in hand, presented himself at the Conservatory. The Director looked up from his desk as the boy entered the office, said, “Whymper Granby?” in a freezing tone, and looked back to his desk again.

Whim took an attitude of penitent waiting.

“Well, what now?” asked the Director, after the culprit had been long enough morally in the stocks.

“If you please, sir, I’ve come back.”

“So I see. I don’t know as it is any great honor or cause of rejoicing to the Conservatory. I had hoped to make a musician of you.”

“So I hope you may,” said Whim.

“I have some patience,” said the master, “with dabblers who have not genius to be any thing better. If they choose to use their time and money in amusing themselves with music,

of course it is open to them to do so. But when great gifts have been conferred, and I see them despised, I lose all patience. Have you read the parable of a talent buried in a napkin?"

"I hope I shall remember it in future," said the returned prodigal.

The prodigal, however, was not dealing with a doting parent, but with his music-master. His sins were set in order:—

"Last year you began to neglect your duties; you failed to make the best of yourself, and finally, without warning or excuse, you disappeared altogether. Then, too, I had the chagrin of finding that you had been in bad company, were mixed up in a very suspicious affair; that you had debased your music by taking it to embellish the orgies of a pack of scoundrels. If you have no more respect for the art of music than to see it degraded so as to pander to vice, really I would prefer not to be responsible for instructing you. I know music is often so humiliated, and, instead of elevating souls, is applied to debasing them. It is entirely against my convictions as to the true

mission of music. You were born to be very good or very bad. If you have elected to be very bad, I don't want to have a hand in it. Unless you can cultivate rightness in yourself so that there shall be rightness in your music, I do not wish you for a pupil. Besides, I can not take your little sister's hard-earned money, thinking or being sure you will effectively waste it by neglecting your opportunities."

"Sir," said Whim, "I deserve all you say, but I am really very sorry for my course, and I truly mean to give all my time to my music and pursue a right life."

"It is a delicate matter," said the Director, "to warn a boy against his own father. But, in case of such reprehensible vices as drinking or gambling, necessity should carry it over delicacy. It has generally been considered that enthusiastic, sensitive, highly strung organizations, as of poets and musicians, are peculiarly susceptible to the temptations of gaming. You have such a temperament, inherited tendencies, a bad example, the positive influence of your father—"

"Sir, that influence has ceased. He is dead."

“Your father dead?”

“Yes, sir; I found him out West, partly insane. I took care of him in his last sickness. I buried him. He left me all he had — a warning against gaming.”

“And you think it will be effective?”

“I hope so, sir. I have seen more of the dangers and horrors of gaming than one who has kept out of the reach of it can imagine. I hope I’m cured. I shiver to remember it.”

“In that case we may make something of you in time,” said the Director, who was never lavish of compliment, and who felt that if the returned Whim might be not exactly a black sheep, he was not yet a white sheep, but only gray, and must be sharply looked after.

Whim waited.

“We will go to work on you again,” said the Director. “You will have the same instructor. He understands your dangers. So do I. I hope you understand them yourself. You are variable. You are idle. You rely too much on genius, too little on work. You are a dreamer. You begin at white-heat. You cool off soon. Therefore you are unreliable.”

Here were frozen truths, served up in neat, squarely defined fragments, like New York ice-cream, but less palatable. Whim had no choice but to accept, in a spirit of charity, the refreshment offered him. It might be tonic in its effect.

“Violin in proper order?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Same practice-room,” and with a wave of the hand Whim was dismissed. He knew he deserved all and more than all he had received. He burned to show that he was really a new boy. He reflected that this would be a work of time — that day by day he must regain a respect which day by day he had lost. He had taken his first year for pulling himself down; it behooved to take the second to build himself up.

When he appeared before his instructor, that individual had but one word to say, but it was a potent word:—

“My lad, moral rightness lies behind all right art. Begin.”

So was Whim reinstated with his professors.

Out of 97 Andover Street had gone the disturbing spirit, and the home was quiet. Doro no more sat up late at night watching for her father's return. The show closed at ten, and the house at once after. It was not needful now to hurry to Jonas with each day's paltry earnings: the earnings were safe. They were not very great earnings, but the little family lived on them, and Doro laid up something. The hymn-seller was still show-woman, and Whim, by his playing, earned enough to clothe himself. Most of his engagements came through Miss Harrison. She liked to be the patroness of a rising genius. Doro found new work for herself; the fingers so skillful in manipulating wax took readily to all varieties of art embroidery. A few lessons only were needed to make her competent to fill the numerous orders received through Miss Harrison.

Maggie did not intend to be the only one unrefreshed by the golden shower of Miss Harrison's favors. She one day inveigled the young lady into her kitchen, especially furnished for the occasion.

“Miss Harrison, my dear, do you belong to the Society for Cruelty to Animals?”

“For the prevention of cruelty, you mean.”

“Yes; it’s all the same.”

“No, I don’t belong.”

“You would, my dear, if you knew the good that Society does! I have seen too many dogs in my time with tin pans tied to their tails running mad; too many cats pelted by little Turks of boys; too many horses getting abused, not to feel for animals. Didn’t Jonas tell me the other day that a learned man, who was born speaking Latin, just as folks like you and me, my dear, were born speaking English, said that horses, oxen, sheep, and bees, if they have not reason like man, are yet useful to man, and man has duties to them. Now, I wish you’d join that Society, and I’ll tell you why. You are such an elegant young lady, they’d soon make you President or Director or such, and you could speak a word for me. I can see plain enough the time will come when Doro won’t live here any more. Whim will get to be a high-flier on his violin, and carry her off with him to Europe or somewhere, and I must

look out for myself. I want to get in charge of the house where they keep the animals — Animals' Home they call it. You know, folks that has a sick or old animal that they can't keep, and have a proper feeling for, or folks that are going on a journey, send the animals there to be taken care of. I can't tell you how I'd love, when I leave Doro, to go and take superseding of an Animals' Home."

'Certainly it is a very moderate wish," said Miss Harrison. "I will say a good word for you if it is ever in my power to do so."

"Do, my dear; I should be completely happy. Once I broke the Tenth Commandment. I really could not help it. I knew a woman in the country where I went to stay a week, and she had forty dogs. They belonged to a gentleman who paid her to take care of them. All her back yard was full of little houses for the dogs. You couldn't go within sight of the place but they set up barking like mad, tearing to get over the fence or loose their chains; spaniels, collies, shepherds, mastiffs, terriers, bull-dogs, Newfoundlands, hounds, bird-dogs. Oh, it was deafening and

beautiful to hear them. Then I read of an old woman, not poor like me, but quite rich. She had a little house in the woods, and a hundred and fifty dollars a year, which is quite a fortune, you know. And she had a fancy for cats, and she had sixty cats. She never let a cat or kitten be killed if she could help it; hers all died of old age, or something that could not be helped. She had Maltese and brindle, black, white, tabby, spotted, dear knows how many, and lived friendly with them all. The Lord has made many kinds of people, my dear, and many ways to please them all. I'm for spending my last days with animals; so you bear it in mind, my dear."

Miss Harrison went back to Commonwealth Avenue reflecting that there were more ways of living and being happy than she had embraced in her experience, and lost in astonishment that the price of one of her gowns, and that not the richest, should be considered a plentiful living for a whole year! It struck her that she possessed money far beyond the proper needs, and that she was expending it unreflectingly, and that some day God might inquire into the use

of it. Then she began to wonder if there were any thing else which she had, for which she might be called to account, and of which she would have but a poor account to give. There was time. "Are there not twelve hours in the day? in them ought men to work." Did she make any especially good use even of one hour of the twelve? was she ever doing any thing particularly good or useful? Then, there was example. She was responsible for a good example. What kind of an example was she setting? "At least," said Miss Harrison to herself, "I don't do anything bad." Then, conscience, that had lately been given to unexpected wakings-up and remonstrating, interfered. "I have united myself to the Church of Christ, and therefore virtually undertaken to forsake worldliness, and live soberly, honestly, and righteously in this present evil world. But what is there that any *moral* worldly people do that I do not do? Have I ever given up one worldly fashion for the sake of more fully adorning the doctrine of God, my Saviour?" "Really," said Miss Harrison to herself, "I do not know what has come over me. I

never used to take myself to task in this fashion."

She had by this time reached home. She had been at 97 Andover Street to engage Whim for a little evening party she and her sister were to give. Her mother called her into the library.

"My dear, we think we shall have to give up wine at our party this evening. Mrs. —— has been here, talking to your sister about it, and has been so earnest on the danger of wine at houses and parties like ours, and the need of good example, that your sister is all stirred up over it, and insists upon your father sending all our wine to the hospital, and offering no more in the house, and, really, I have thought of it so before now."

"Only," said the old grandmother, looking up from her netting, "I don't see why if it is bad for us, we should poison the hospital patients with it."

"But the doctors *will* give it," said Mrs. Harrison.

"Some of them know better," said the old lady.

“I don’t know what else to do with it,” said Mrs. Harrison.

“As you please,” said Miss Harrison. “No doubt it will be best. I wonder what we shall have at the party, for I had just made up my mind to say we must banish the cards. My pet musician has been nearly ruined by cards, and I don’t want the boy tempted in our house, or to set a bad example to him or any one else. We really should give up cards.”

“All right,” laughed her father; “go in for reforms, and we’ll follow suit. I don’t want to see an age come in America as came in England, when men had gambled with every thing until all new ways of gambling were exhausted, except to gamble with flies. So they played fly-loo. Each man put a lump of sugar before him, and bet fortunes upon whose lump a fly would light on first. Behold the possibilities of human folly!”

CHAPTER XIX.

DORO INHERITS A FORTUNE.

“THERE has been a man here in my shop whom you should have seen,” said Jonas to the hymn-seller as she was setting forth on her rounds one morning. “He was selling Bibles — illustrated Bibles, full of pictures. I told him I didn’t care for that kind. Do you?”

“Yes, indeed,” said the hymn-seller; “it’s the only kind I care for.”

“What! Why, if I’d known, I should like to have got you one, only the price was beyond me — twenty dollars.”

“Oh, thank you, I’ve got one — read it every day.”

“Come, now, that old brown Bible of yours isn’t illustrated.”

“Oh, it is, indeed. What good would a Bible be not illustrated. Let us discuss a little; I have not discussed with you for a great while. When we were on opposite sides concerning

the Bible, we discussed a great deal; now we are agreed, we have little to say. Concerning illustrations: I have noticed that people generally look at the pictures of a book first. If they haven't time to read the book, they run over the pictures, and get the gist of the book out of them. Sometimes it is the pictures that beguile people to buy or study a book; they wouldn't look at it only for the illustrations. Now, the Lord knows we humans like illustrations, pictures, object-lessons, and he arranged to have his Book illustrated, so as to meet our needs. Only the illustrations are not bound in with the reading—they're loose and walking around. Every wicked sinner is an illustration of some of the warnings or forbiddings of the Scripture. Look over the way! There's Jim Cody so drunk he takes up the whole sidewalk. He is an illustration of the passage, 'They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man.' Drop into a bar-room and you will get an illustration of 'Who hath woe? who hath contentions? who hath sorrow? who hath redness of eyes? who hath wounds without cause?' and so on. Yon is little Ben Jones fallen down and

roaring like a good fellow, and there's his mother picking him up to cuddle and pet him, and ain't that an illustration of the text, 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you'? But these are small illustrations, merely fancy lettering, or tail-pieces, not the full-page illustrations. These little pictures I have mentioned come natural, because, in the first place, the Lord looked abroad, and drew the texts from daily life. But, then, there's the illustrations of sound doctrine, of holy living, of the love of God shed abroad in our hearts. We are all called upon to be illustrations of the grace of life, that men may take knowledge of us that we belong to Jesus. We ought to feel that the world is looking at us to know what virtue there is in godliness. Many people will judge of the value of piety from our walk and conversation. We should consider that, and try to live up to what we know."

"It is true," said Jonas, "that the world does watch believers very closely, and is ready to make excuse by their conduct."

"Yes; and so we are stumbling-blocks to others. Instead of helping save souls, we help

to ruin souls. I tell you, Mr. Cobbler, if we are not doing good in this world we are doing evil. We are one thing or another, and we ought to remember it."

"I must say you do your part pretty fairly," said Jonas, "and as you draw your illustrations from real life, I suppose you don't pine because I didn't buy you a picture-Bible."

"Bless you, no; I've no call for a Bible other than I have. I like my old book. It has been with me in six troubles. It has got so it opens just to the places I like best. When the edges get worn out from much handling, I paste new margins of paper along them, and some day I mean to ask you to sew a strip of leather against the back. Now, isn't that a true hymn:—

"How precious is the Book Divine,
By inspiration given;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven!"

"Some folks say my hymns are old-fashioned things — not any elegance about them — but, land! they suit me."

Away trotted the little woman, with her

sheaf of hymns in blue print and blue margins. Jonas went up to the first floor to measure Doro for a pair of shoes.

“She’s off, as brisk as ever,” he said, referring to the “attic.”

“Yes. I have told her her showing the wax is worth all her living, and she need not go out with the hymns ; but she says she is used to it, and likes it, and it is a way of doing good. She says it makes opportunity for her to talk to people about religion, and that writing the hymns is occupation to the old soldier, who else would have nothing to interest him.”

“Let her go,” said Jonas, folding up his rule. “She is one of those that won’t get to glory empty-handed. She is one who will doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing sheaves. That is a handsome piece of work you are doing, Doro.”

“Yes ; a table-cover,” said Doro, spreading it out. “And there is a sofa-pillow. But, Jonas, one pair of hands doing this work, and the little profit of an old wax show, does not bring in very much for a family. I’m not falling behind. I lay up a little — but only a little.

I have three hundred in the bank. Now, Jonas, after next year, at the farthest, Whim ought to go to Germany, for a year or so, to study, if he is to be a great violinist. I have thought if I could hear of some good older student, or a German pastor's family for him to live in, he would be safe. Whim is a good boy now."

"Living is cheap in Germany," said Jonas; "and Whim must be taught to deny himself. There's nothing better for a boy than to practise economy; it's tonic. If you want to ruin a boy, keep his pockets full. There isn't one boy in a thousand will stand it. If you can get your three hundred up to four in a year, you can risk sending Whim off for a start."

"I can't use that money in that way. Part of it was laid up by my mother for a special purpose. We must be just before we can be generous. That money goes to pay a debt."

"Whew! So big a debt as that, Doro?"

"Much bigger—over two thousand dollars."

"Oh, no; not that much, surely?"

"It is all that, and must be paid. It is a debt of our poor father's, and Whim and I can't have a clean name till it is paid. We both have made up our minds."

“You are not really holden for it, you know.”

“We are held by our poor mother’s wish, and by what is really right. There is a verse I often think of, ‘Then I restored that which I took not away.’ Besides, as long as there is this dishonest debt, I want Whim to feel it must be paid, and to help pay it. It will make him more careful.”

“I hope,” said Jonas, “that it is not what is called ‘a debt of honor,’—a gambling debt,—for there has been a deal of balderdash talked about them, and I’m not clear that they should be paid. They are not bills collectible by law. A sum won at the gambling-table is the plunder of a thief, and I think it is only encouraging swindling to pay it.”

“This is not a gambling debt,” said Doro; “at least, though it was made by gaming, I shall not pay the money to any gambler. My poor father, in a frenzy to make a fortune by play, got some money that did not belong to him. The friend whose money it was did not prosecute him, and my mother always wanted to pay it back, and left the duty to me.”

“If, for instance, your father had given his

note for a gambling debt to some one he played with, I should not think you did right to recognize it or to pay it. The transaction would be wrong from the start."

"I think I am wrong to go so far as I have about this, and let you know so bad a fact about poor father, even now that it can not harm him," said Doro.

"You have not said any thing more than I knew must be true," said Jonas; "it is impossible to be a gamester and an honest man. Gaming destroys the sense of honesty. So famous and learned a man as Charles James Fox could be so degraded by gambling that he absolutely stole the money given him by one friend to pay a debt to another. Robbery and suicide are the natural outcome of gambling. You should feel thankful that your father did not put an end to his own life as final act in the tragedy of his ruin. There is a book called 'Lacon,' a learned book, written by one whose wisdom could not keep him from gaming. Speaking of suicide as the probable end of a gambler, he says he is 'thus doubly ruined; he adds his soul to every other loss, and re-

nounces, by the act of suicide, earth to forfeit heaven.' And yet that very writer blew out his own brains. No doubt you are right: and by bearing the burden of this debt, that would not have been incurred but for your father's unhappy passion for play, you may keep before Whim's eyes the long disastrous consequences of that vice. Any thing to assure the boy's safety."

Doro had sometimes heard her father say that he felt sure that it would turn out that Whim's great-uncle Whymper had not died penniless, and that there would be a fortune for Whim. She had considered this one of her father's wild speculations about money, and in fact had no great desire that Whim should have any funds but those that he earned. Money too easily come by might make him extravagant and less industrious. Money for herself had never entered into Doro's wildest imaginations. But it is the unexpected that happens. Doro found herself to some extent an heiress. She received a letter from England saying that her deceased great-uncle had left a sum of money which was to be paid to

her when it had reached the amount of £800. By the time such increase had been made he had hoped Doro would be of age to manage it judiciously for herself. Six years had passed since his death; the money had reached £800, and Doro was over eighteen. It was to come into her entire possession, and the executor was prepared to pay her \$4000. Doro thought she must be dreaming or driven out of her mind by much embroidering of cat-tails, peacock's-feathers, storks, spider-webs, and other æsthetic ornaments. However, the fortune was an established fact. She and Whim sat down to talk over their affairs.

"Now we will pay the money to Robert Archer," said Doro.

"It will take exactly twenty-five hundred for that," said Whim, figuring away on a slip of paper.

"And, Whim, as soon as this year closes you shall go to Germany for two years. I will put aside one thousand dollars for the two years. That must take you and bring you back, pay all your expenses — board, clothes, tuition, music. You will need to economize,

Whim, and not spend a penny carelessly. But I consulted with the Director and with our minister, and they both say you can make that do."

"Now, Doro," said Whim, dropping his pencil, "I should be pleased to know what you mean to have for yourself."

"Why, I'll have the other five hundred dollars; and, yes, there is the bank money and the wax and this old furniture. I'll have as much as a thousand dollars. I shall sell the show and board in a private family and support myself by my embroidery."

"There will be Maggie and the old lady," suggested Whim.

"There will be time enough to try and arrange for them. The first thing will be to write to Philadelphia, and inquire for Mr. Robert Archer, so our debt can be paid."

When Doro heard from Philadelphia she did not get the address of Mr. Archer, but was told she could obtain it by applying to a certain deposit and trust company—the very one where she kept Whim's violin. Going there, she found that Mr. Robert Archer was now in

Boston, at a small private hotel. There she went, was shown into a parlor, and told that Mr. Archer would be down presently.

In the dim light of the handsome parlor stood Doro, a slender, golden-haired girl, with the same look of childish earnestness and innocence as when she showed her wax. She trembled at the very thought of seeing this long-time creditor, this wronged friend of her father, to whom she must re-open the story of disgrace. Poor Doro! she wanted to run away and cry, she felt that she had not a friend near her; oh, just to see a familiar face for one minute! The door opened, and, instead of the dreaded elderly Mr. Robert Archer, who should look in but young Jonas? Doro did not give him time to look out again; she ran toward him, holding out both her hands.

“Why! I did not know you were here!”

“No? Well, I only came yesterday morning.”

“I’m glad you are here,” said Doro, as they walked toward the window. “I’m frightened nearly to death.”

“What about?”

“Oh, I came on some business, some most unpleasant business, to see a gentleman named Robert Archer, and I am waiting for him. Suppose you stay in here for a few minutes, just till he comes, you know, to keep me from being frightened. Then you can go out.”

“By all means,” said young Jonas.

“It is sometimes just as hard to do right as to do wrong. Now, I feel as if I were going to rob Mr. Archer. Why don’t he come down?”

“No doubt he will appear soon. I don’t believe he will be very dreadful. Don’t look so frightened, Doro.”

“But I am. I can’t help it. I wish he’d come, and be done with it.”

“While he is waiting, I’d like to tell you something, Doro.”

“Yes. What is it? I think I hear him coming.”

“It might take pretty long. You see, the fact is, Doro—”

“There! I hear a step—some one at the door; never mind what you were going to tell. He is coming. You go, Jonas.”

A chambermaid looked in and disappeared.

“The fact is, you’ll be quite surprised, Doro.”

“Oh, I guess not. All my courage is going! I wish he’d come.”

“But, listen to me: it is very important. You see, Doro, you must excuse me—but my name is *not* ‘young Jonas’!”

“Not? Why are you called that, then?”

“I am Jonas’ only relative, and he was fond of me, and took to calling me ‘young Jonas’ for fun. No one else ever did, except you and Whim. You got it from old Jonas, you know.”

“Dear me!” said Doro, snappishly; “if I’d had a better name, I think I should have been called by it if I were in your place. Young Jonas is not so handsome a name. I think it is cruel and wicked to keep people waiting in this way.”

“But, Doro, ‘young Jonas’ seemed to me to sound very beautiful when you called me so, and so I did not mind. Shall I tell you what my real name is?”

“You need not trouble yourself,” said Doro, crossly, feeling that she had been basely deceived by young Jonas in the matter of his pat-

ronymic, and ready to heap on him all the chagrin she felt at the delaying Mr. Archer.

“Are you not at all interested in knowing?” said young Jonas.

“No. Young Jonas does very well for what little I see of him. I suppose, now you tell me that is not your name, next thing you will tell me you have not existed at all, only in my imagination. You are as bad as my wax — young Jonas yesterday and somebody else to-day.”

She looked toward the door, expecting her creditor.

Young Jonas gently took her hand.

“Doro, please forgive me; I never meant to deceive you, but — I am Robert Archer.”

“You Robert Archer!” cried Doro, whirling about as if she had been struck. “What can you mean?”

“I am the only Robert Archer there is. You may have in your mind my father, who has been dead ten years. He was a broker and lived at No. — Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia.”

“Then — you are Robert Archer!” cried poor Doro, and her face flushed crimson. This

was worse than all. To young Jonas she had been debtor all these years! To young Jonas she must tell the hideous story of forgery. Evidently, he did not know any thing of it. What a humiliation! She snatched away the hand he had taken, she dropped into a huge chair, where her slender figure was nearly lost, and, bowing her head against the arm of the chair, she began to cry bitterly. Young Jonas stood the picture of distress. What was the matter? Why did Doro cry in this dreadful way? What had she come to him for, not knowing his true name? He dared not speak to her; he wished he were not Archer. Finally, he rolled an ottoman within a respectful distance, and began to reason with Niobe.

“Whatever is troubling you, Doro, don’t let it trouble you more. If you have any thing disagreeable to tell, don’t tell it. I am getting on properly without any news, as far as I can see. I should hate nothing so much as to see you miserable. I’d rather tell you something—that has been in my mind for a long while—something that I hope will be pleasant to you. Dear little Doro, don’t you guess what it is?”



“He then, unhappily, was her creditor.” Page 366.

CHAPTER XX.

WHEN ALL THINGS SUFFER CHANGE.

AT the words of young Jonas or Robert Archer, Doro sprang up as if angry, grieved, indignant, and terrified. Her whole appearance was so singular, so expressive of utter alarm and wretchedness, that Archer felt that whatever story he had to tell must die on his lips for that time if not forever. Poor Doro looked like some gentle creature mercilessly pursued until all hope of flight was dead, and then turning at bay in very self-despair. For his life the young man could do nothing but compassionate her and try to make easy, whatever hard task fate had assigned her. But he said to himself that fate was very cruel, bringing some wicked relic of past ages up between them — when he and Doro had always been such good faithful friends. He re-addressed himself to the task of encouragement. He touched her cold hand — “Doro, my poor little

girl, I really am so distressed to see you so miserable. You are putting yourself to misery for nothing, I am sure. Let us drop it, whatever it is, and forget all about it, and if Robert Archer is not an agreeable name to you, you can call me young Jonas to the end of the chapter."

Doro was making mighty efforts to control herself. She was angry and ashamed that she had given way in this fashion. She had a duty to perform; how disgraceful to turn from it! She wiped her eyes, pushed the curly yellow hair from her forehead, sat up, and said calmly, "There! I will not be so foolish. Some people have these troubles in their lives, and ought to have a little courage in bearing them. I have something to tell you, since you are Mr. Robert Archer. Will you please turn that stool round, so as to sit with your back to me? I should like it so much better."

"Oh, to be so rude," began young Jonas.

"It is not rude to oblige me."

Jonas turned the stool obediently.

"As much as twelve years ago," said Doro, "my father met your father on a ship coming

from England, and your father gave him a place in his office. My poor father might have done very well, only that he gamed; and to get money for gambling he — deceived your father. At last — oh, dear! he took advantage of his position and forged your father's name to a check of two thousand dollars; he lost it all, and — ran away. Your father was very kind. My mother went to him and he pitied her, left alone in a strange land with two little children. She promised to try and pay back the whole some day, as soon as she could. Your father did not pursue my father. My mother came here and found him. She did not forget her promise. It was the wish of her life to pay back that money, and free our name from that disgrace, as far as paying back could do it. She told me about it when she was dying, and I have tried ever since to save up the money, and Whim has helped. Whim feels just as I do. I don't know as I ever should have got the amount — not till I was old and gray-headed, at least; but my great-uncle left me some money, and now I have got plenty to pay the whole amount. We have calculated it up,

Whim and I. It is just twenty-five hundred dollars, and I have it in this check. You can't tell how glad I am to pay it. It seemed somehow more terrible to find you were Mr. Robert Archer than if he had been some strange old man; and, then, I would have been glad to see the very one, and let him know my dear good mother had kept her promise. Perhaps he'll know in heaven. I hope so. There it is."

She had risen as she finished. The astounded "young Jonas" did not dare to turn his head until he received permission. She dropped a long brown envelope over his shoulder, and passing from him rapidly fled the room. He jumped up as the door swung behind her, ran and looked into the hall; she had vanished. He went back to the parlor, stepped to the window-balcony, and looked into the street; the golden-haired heroine was lost in the crowd of less steadfast souls that surged along the thoroughfare. He picked up the brown envelope and opened it. There was the check for twenty-five hundred dollars, and a form of receipt that the Robert Archer was to sign, and which Doro had forgotten in the

transformation of her friend, young Jonas, into her father's long-time creditor. Young Jonas dropped into the big chair where Doro had told her tale. The room seemed yet to echo the low, silver, sorrowful tones in which she had rehearsed her father's crime. He heard the dead mother's woe and hope and honesty and strong endeavor in this girl's voice. What a pitiful heritage that had been, the story of a deep disgrace, and the burden of a debt that it seemed would take a life-time to lift! What an unconquerable spirit this was! What energy and self-sacrifice in this golden-haired little girl, just as faithful and honest in all the affairs of life as she had been in showing her wax. Young Jonas, otherwise Robert Archer, relieved his mind by saying that "if Whim Granby did not show himself worthy of such a first-class sister, he'd let Whim know what he was about" — a very indefinite sentence, that Whim probably would have been little alarmed to hear. Then, there was that check. Whatever was he to do with it? To take it seemed like robbing Doro; and yet he dared not insult Doro by hinting at not taking it. Archer's

father had left him a small but sufficient fortune, and he was making his own way in the world besides. What an annoyance this check was, no doubt almost the whole inheritance of Doro! Evidently he must sign a receipt for it in due form, as the first step; after that — well, young Jonas could not tell what should come after. He thought he would go and see old Jonas. He signed the receipt with his stylographic pen, put check and receipt in his notebook, and went to 97 Andover Street, cellar. “Why, lad, you in town? Glad to see you,” said Jonas? “How is geology?”

“Geology is progressing,” said young Jonas, sitting on a roll of leather. “How goes all above stairs?”

“First-class. Doro has come into a fortune of four thousand dollars. She is very happy, for it enables her to pay a debt. She came in early this morning, said she was going out to get her debt paid, and I was to come to dinner by way of celebration. I’ll take you with me.”

“Perhaps she will object.”

“What nonsense. She is always glad to see you. I’ll go up and tell her now that you are here.”

He went up and returned crest-fallen.

“You were right. Has there been any trouble between you? When I mentioned I would bring you along, she spoke out as cross as could be, ‘I don’t want to see him.’ I hope her fortune has not spoiled her. Fortune does spoil some people.”

“Nothing will spoil Doro,” said young Jonas. “Besides, if she only keeps a few hundred, there won’t be money enough to hurt her. I don’t mind whether she wants me or not; I am going up to dinner with you.”

“He would come,” said old Jonas, apologetically.

“It was all a mistake your not wanting to give me my dinner,” said young Jonas; “besides, I have brought you a stylographic pen for a present, and a bit of paper to show how well it writes.” He handed her the pen and the receipt, and so peace was concluded with young Jonas. Doro was somewhat disturbed as to what to call him, but the name “Archer” was too distressing; “young Jonas” did not belong to him. She concluded it would make no difference. She should not see him often,

and it was not needful to call him any thing. Whim came in by the time dinner was on the table. He was full of excitement over the commencement exercises and over the pieces he was to play. Beethoven's symphony for violin and piano was to be a great feature of the occasion, and Whim and his German friend were to play it together. His friend was going back to Germany and Whim could go in his company, and the Director had found just the right place for Whim to stay.

“But that is not all, Doro. You are to go, too.”

Whim gave this news with a shout of joy.

“I? O Whim! that is all nonsense. I couldn't go. I can support myself here; I couldn't there. I am not a genius. Why should I go to Germany?”

“Because I couldn't get on without you, little mother Doro, and I've got up just the greatest scheme: it is fairly immense. My friend had a letter from his aunt, saying she wants a governess for her three little girls under ten, to teach them English and sewing and embroidery. She wants one who speaks

English altogether, and to have history, writing, and reading in English. The pay isn't very great, but there's the home and it is enough to live on, and we'll see each other every day. You'll go, won't you, Doro? We arranged it, and, if you say you'll go, he will telegraph to his aunt this afternoon."

"Of course you'll go," said old Jonas, positively.

"By all means," said young Jonas, much less positively.

"And who thinks any thing of me!" cried Maggie.

"We'll attend to your case, old lady," said Whim, graciously.

What, not be parted from her dearest Whim; cross the seas with Whim and see him every day! The morning tears were caught by the afternoon sun of joy, and made a rainbow in Doro's sky.

"You had better not go," said Maggie to Doro. "It is enough to let Whim get drowned without risking yourself. The ocean is two thousand miles across; who ever heard of going that far without getting wrecked? If he goes

you'll never see him again, and it will be the same with you if you go. Why can't you stay here and let every thing go as it has?"

"I think Whim needs me, Maggie, and, then, I can not very well afford to keep up the home here when Whim has gone. I am offered a chance to make my living elsewhere."

"Now, that's just the way," said Maggie, coolly. "Some folks never think only of themselves and their brothers. What Whim needs and what you ought to do is the only thing in your mind. Why don't you think of me? It don't suit me to have to move. I'm used to having my own way here, and I can't live with folks that want theirs. I have got used to my own room here, and it is too much trouble to have to pack up a trunk and all that. Why are you so selfish?"

"Dear me!" cried the hymn-seller, admiringly, "now I see a special providence in this chance for you. Who would ever have planned out such a beautiful way of keeping you and your brother together? This is the Lord's doing, and it is wonderful in our eyes; 'Commit thy way unto the Lord, and he shall bring it to

pass.' 'Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it.' Dear! dear! how beautiful is the fulfilling of the promises. I just revel in the words of that hymn :

“His providence shall ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet shall be the flower.’

When I contemplate how well the Lord plans things, and how notably he brings out every thing of which we see the end in this world so that we have to stand still and admire his ways ; then I feel sure that when we get to glory we shall be just as well satisfied with the things we don't see the end of in this world but find it in heaven. There was a time when I felt it mighty hard to lose all my family, one after the other, and be left alone like a leafless, dead tree, where no birds make their nests ; but you can't tell the comfort I take now, meditating on how happy and blessed they are. When I hear of people that have riches, honor, happiness in this world, I say, 'My children have got as much as that ten times over, in the good world where they are gone to wait for

me.' When I think of my good man, I consider he got home a little before me, and he'll know all is ready and will be glad to see me coming in to go no more out. Just so I shall take a heap of satisfaction thinking of you and Whim in foreign countries, improving yourselves and enjoying yourselves, and doing good to somebody, I do hope and trust."

"How very different Maggie and our old hymn-seller are," said Doro to Jonas. "My closing up here will make just as much difference to one as the other; I suppose it has been a great thing for the old lady to have her board for nearly two years. No doubt these differences are constitutional."

Jonas laughed at Doro's philosophizing. "Then it is religious constitution you mean. The difference lies there, not in the physical. The one lives in herself, the other out of herself. Maggie is her own first idea; the old lady has learned, as Shakespeare says, to 'love thyself last.' She would find her rule, not in Shakespeare, but in her old brown Bible: 'Seek not every man his own, but every man another's good.'"

“Still, Maggie has been very faithful to us for many years, and it will be hard for her to suit herself or other people. I must look out for Maggie.”

“You had better go and see your Miss Harrison. It is a good act to help that young lady to think for other people,” said Jonas. “She is naturally generous and kind, and has been shut in in herself and her own pleasures. Maggie’s life is like a little plot of ground enclosed in a high board fence that shuts every thing out, and the narrow space in. Now, if the life is contracted and shut in, I don’t know as it makes much difference whether the enclosure is a high rough fence of common hard wood, or a splendid high wall, costing two hundred dollars a foot, as we say of fashions and pleasures, so the life is shut in to itself and out from other people. You’d better go and try and open a gate in the enclosure of Miss Harrison’s life; give her a chance to think of and for others.”

Doro had never intruded on Miss Harrison’s splendid home; it had never occurred to Miss Harrison to invite the inhabitant of 97 Ando-

ver Street to Commonwealth Avenue; but when Doro ventured there Miss Harrison gave her a warm welcome, took her up to her own room, and was pleased to see how Doro admired all her luxurious surroundings.

“Do let me give you something!” cried Miss Harrison. “What will you have? I declare I’m crowded here with things I don’t need, and hardly have room for. Will you have a ring, a pin, a bracelet?”

“Oh, no, thank you, Miss Harrison: they would not suit me. I never wear jewelry.”

“So! Well, a bottle of cologne, a picture, this glass set? I must give you something to remember me by. Oh, I see just the thing. Here is a gold thimble—a little small for me and just the size for you; and my initial, D, is just the same as yours. How lucky! Now, never forget me.”

“I could not; you have been so very kind to me.”

“What, really! Have I? I did not know it. I am so glad. And you are going to Munich for two whole years. What a chance for you! My sister and I were in Germany

for two years. I don't know as we learned much, we were so set on amusing ourselves; and, then, we were so changeable. We went at painting vigorously for a few lessons, and then by degrees we dropped it and concluded music must be our pursuit. But the masters wanted such wearisome practice that we almost dropped the music—made papa very angry too, and then we concluded to be fine linguists; so we began on French and Italian, and we resolved always to speak in German. But there! in no time we were in all the amusements of the American colony, and talking English all the time, and the Germans were very ready to talk English with us, for *they* are anxious to learn. Really, *we* wasted Munich. You won't, for you are so industrious, and make it a principle to use time well. Learning, after all, depends more on ourselves than on opportunities; if we are bent on learning we make opportunities. If you'll take my advice, you'll choose one line of study, and follow it all the time you are abroad. Then when you come home you will really know something. Are you a genius in music or painting?"

"No, I am not," said Doro. "I'm not a genius in any thing."

"My father would say industry was more valuable than genius. Unluckily I have neither. As you are not a genius you had better devote yourself to German, and perhaps French. All they require is unlimited *dig*. When you come back you can get a place as governess to young children, if you speak French and German. I could get you such a place, at a good salary."

"Thank you," said Doro; "I shall take your advice and study two languages faithfully."

"Some one has said that getting an additional language is like getting an additional soul. I forget who said it. I *have* a genius for forgetting. Then, too, I think one soul is a terrible responsibility. I don't know as it would be an advantage to have more. What are you going to do with that queer fat old woman, who sticks out her teeth and glares after she has said any thing particular?"

"I came up to ask you about them — I mean Maggie and the hymn-seller. I want to arrange something for them."

“That dear little old mite that is always quoting hymns? Do you know, I fairly envy her. She seems so cheerful; she is so grateful and so thankful always!”

“Do you remember,” said Doro, “what our minister said last Sunday about the two great chief sins of humanity?”

“No, really, I don’t. Only two! I should think, now, if there were only two we might by some means get the better of them, and be very fairly good humanity. Two, did you say, Doro? I should really suppose two hundred or two thousand, and yet you always pay such good attention in church.”

“I had need,” said Doro. “You have every thing about you in books, friends, home, parents, teachers, learning, to keep you good; and I have had only my Bible and my church, and you will not wonder that every word said there seemed to me like precious gold.”

“You dear child! in spite of my advantages, you are no end better than I am,” said Miss Harrison, frankly. “But how could the man have mentioned only two sins? Come, you must explain the statement.”

“I suppose it was something like the questions they give us in school-examinations,” said Doro, “only three or four questions on history or geography, for instance, yet those questions spread out so wide that they cover the whole field; as in French history: ‘Describe the rise and fall of Capetian kings, and give their names and the chief events of their reigns.’”

“Oh, you funny creature,” said Miss Harrison; “what good company you are! Some rich old dame ought to give you a thousand a year just for making sensible conversation agreeable to her. But now you are meandering over the ground, and getting away from the sermon, and never telling me what those extensive sins — crying, great sins of our fallen humanity — are.”

CHAPTER XXI.

A FIRST VIOLIN.

DORO'S face grew graver at Miss Harrison's insistence. She supposed the young lady had been joking, and remembered the sermon quite well. Evidently, the lively creature was as little given to applying her mind in church as at home or abroad, so Doro must rehearse the neglected lesson. "Why, Miss Harrison, he said that the crying sins of humanity were ingratitude and unbelief, and that the Bible seemed to have in view our liability to these, because it warned us so much against them, and enjoined so often that we should 'be thankful'—give thanks continually, trust in the Lord, and so on."

"Oh, yes!" cried Miss Harrison, "now I do remember I heard that. I said to my grandmother when we came home, that at least I must be trustful, because I seldom worried over any thing; and she said to me, 'Dear child,

there is a vast difference between *trusting* and *drifting*.' Your little old woman, however, certainly trusts. Now, let us see what we can do for them both. I remember Maggie told me she wanted, of all things, to get in charge of the 'Animals' Home.' I believe they have a person there they are suited with. But I went yesterday to buy a bird of a little old man who keeps birds, fowls, guinea-pigs, dogs, all kinds of animals. We have known him for years, and he told me yesterday that his sister, who had lived with him and helped him take care of his animals, had gone to live with a daughter, and he could not find a housekeeper to suit him. Suppose we drive there, and see if Maggie would suit him, and the place would suit her?"

"I believe it would be the very thing."

"How much does your old woman need to live on?"

"The attic? She said once she thought a person was as rich as she ought to be, with five dollars a week."

"The idea! I believe I spend that in flowers and candy."

“She talks so nicely on religion, she would make a good Bible-woman, if she had tracts, and so on, to take round with her hymns, and could visit the sick and poor. She is very handy with the sick. I think she would do a great deal of good if she could take her own way with people. Jonas calls her the peripatetic Bible and the circulating temperance society. She always has a few pledge cards in her pocket, and a supply of temperance tracts and songs. She has reformed half a dozen drinking women and keeps up a little band of street Arabs that she means to make temperance men of. And, do you know, she fairly made one grog-seller quit his business. She talks of what she has seen.”

“Dear me!” cried Miss Harrison, “how ashamed of myself that makes me. Why! I have even offered wine to people! But I never will again! She puts me to the blush with her colportage!”

“I should like to engage her and send her about at just such work. It would relieve my mind and quiet my conscience: it would be being good by proxy, you see.”

Doro lifted her earnest eyes. "Is that possible?"

"Well, I suppose, primarily, we must be good in our own right; then, if we set others in good work we double our powers. I will see if my sister and grandmother, or mother, will join me in supporting this little woman as a missionary among the poor. Two dollars a week each for the three of us would be very little for us, and it seems enough for her. No doubt they will be quite willing; they take to doing good much more readily than I do. I am often quite ashamed of myself. I picked up my 'Daily Food' this morning, and I read this text: 'Why stand ye here all the day idle?' If I read it again, it will be some comfort to think, if I am idling myself, I've got a Bible-woman started. What is to become of your wax?"

"Jonas thinks he can rent it to one of the museums or shows until the time comes when he can sell it."

"Don't you feel as if you were losing real live friends, you have been so busy with those figures?"

“Why, I do find myself speaking, thinking, dreaming of them, as if they were true persons, and yet the more I have had to do with real folks, the more dreadfully wax the show has seemed.”

“I wonder,” said Miss Harrison, meditatively, “whether there are not some people whose lives are amounting to no more than the existence of the wax-work—persons who live just to dress and to stare and be stared at, generally by gas-light?”

Maggie secured her place with the bird-seller. There was danger at first that the animals, especially the prettiest ones, would die of over-feeding. Customers also received curious names for the live-stock, for it was against Maggie's principles to remember a name exactly or pronounce like other people: aside from some of these little discrepancies, she was the right woman in the right place.

But the little hymn-seller was yet more the right woman in the right place, going day by day to the homes of ignorance, poverty, and suffering. She had rich treasures of experience in suffering herself. She had fought the

wolf penury with one hand, while she nursed the sick with the other; she had gone down to the river of death with those whom she loved; she had passed again and again through the bitter valley of the shadow, and she had found true consolation in the rod and the staff of her watching Shepherd. So now, hopeful and brisk, tender to misery and forgiving to sin, while faithful in warning and guiding back the sinner, this little old woman spent her days in gleaning in the hidden, desolate corners of the world's great field.

A poor, plain, humble, uneducated woman: uneducated save in that great and eternal wisdom gathered from the Book of God — with that Book she went into the dark places of the earth, and through the night of human sorrow, and that Word was a light and a lamp to souls. Of her, in her unheralded and lowly station, the poet's words were true: —

“ Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

“ So in the house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see,

Pass through the glimmering gloom
And flit from room to room.

“Not even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Philomena bore.”

A lady, if simplicity and self-forgetting, if charity and faith and love to God and compassion to humanity, can make a lady! At heart, a daughter of a King and heir of heaven.

Meanwhile, Doro and Whim had crossed the sea and were in a strange land. Perhaps, if Doro had not gone with him, Whim might by degrees have drifted into the ways of many students around about him, and have forgotten the faithful, all-day keeping of the Sabbath, and the frequenting of the house of prayer; he might have fallen into habits of beer and wine drinking, that, to his nervous temperament and delicate organization, would have been more swiftly disastrous than to the phlegmatic Germans about him, whose steady industry and surprising musical skill moved happily his emulation. But when Doro was by him, Whim could not forget the disasters that had accom-

panied his departure from her counsels: he could not forget that terrible night when he took refuge in the porch of Trinity Church, and felt that his sins had separated him from Doro, and bethought him how sins widen between tenderest hearts great impassable chasms, until, at last between lies that great gulf as between heaven and hell, over which it is impossible for any to pass forever more. There are some natures in which rightness is a thing of slow growth, of long habit — to say nothing of being “strong,” it takes a great while to make them men in any fashion. They are easily moved, moral children, needing ever the warning voice, the watchful eye, the restraining hand, and at last, after long patience, they may grow to a moral manhood, and perhaps, after a still longer period, acquire spiritual strength. These are the temperaments where the law of God is weak through the flesh.

No vices are more matters of heredity than drunkenness and gambling; none more obscure moral sense, more enfeeble the will and whet passion. How fatal, then, is the error of one who introduces these evils to a family line! —

sins of the fathers to be visited on the children to the third and fourth, or even the seventh, generation; they are the leprosy and scrofula of moral blood.

Knowing, then, such dangerous tendencies in her brother, what was Doro's joy to see each day or month some steady progress toward strength and rightness — to see him measuring his life by divine law, to see the love of God and the desire to walk worthily day by day strengthened. This was the recompense of her long care.

As Whim's studies drew to their close, as far as his masters were concerned, and he was ready to use what he had learned, he felt a strong desire to fill, for a time at least, the very place filled by his grandfather and uncle. He said to Doro: "I want to play the same violin in the same orchestra for a time at least. I can not help feeling that they looked forward to that, and wished for that, when they left me the violin."

He wrote to the leader of this orchestra, asking for an engagement as first violin if he should be found competent. He had devoted

himself vigorously to the music of the great oratorios, and with them he wished to be occupied, under a masterly leader. For a long time he had no answer; then a letter came saying that Herr —— had gone to the United States for a year, and Whim might perhaps see him there when he reached America.

The two years had ended, and Whim and Doro were going back to Boston. The last letter they received in Munich requested Whim to play at a great concert which would be given soon after his return home.

That concert was the only time when Whim felt alarmed at appearing before an audience. He knew that before him were many who had known him, and had heard him several years before; his former teachers and fellow-pupils would be judging of his use of European advantages. Would he fulfil their expectations and fair prophecies, or disappoint them? Besides, this was the largest audience he had ever faced — some four thousand people. And there was Doro; he must justify all Doro's care, and he must not be unworthy of the wonderful violin that had come out of its sleep in the Safe Com-

pany's vault, and seemed to Whim to have a soul of its own dormant in it, ready to wake and stir the chords of human joy and sorrow.

"I hope I shall not disappoint you," said Whim to the Director; "I know you expect something of me."

"I think you will not disappoint us," said the Director. "To produce real, noble music one must have, first, natural genius; second, exhaustive knowledge, acquired by faithful study; and, third, moral rightness in himself, to give soul to his music; the lofty thought of the musician must lie behind the sound he produces, if it is to go home to the hearer's heart. Every true artist should be an apostle of the true."

Whim trod trembling the first steps to the platform where he was to give his violin solo, but with the last step he came face to face with the statue of Beethoven. Enthusiasm for the great master filled him, he forgot his audience, and played as if for the ear long dull to the harmonies of earth. He was rewarded and recalled by rapturous applause. He looked about for Doro; he knew this would please

Doro, but his eye fell on a little German in a front seat, who listened in a state of ecstasy. Whim played from that minute to the German ; he had never seen him before, did not know whether he practised or understood music, but evidently he could *feel* music, and, abandoning the rest of the multitude, Whim played a composition of his own to the German. He played the story of his life — his childhood's mirth, his early dreams, his youth's wild fantasies, his sister's devotion, his wandering, his despair, repentance, ambition, gratitude, hope — the last notes died softly, and there was a shower of flowers upon the stage. The young musician turned away, the enthusiastic German in the front seat sprang upon the platform to meet him, and, with foreign abandon, clasped him in his arms. It was Herr —, and Whim went down the steps, having attained the acme of his wishes — he would hold his grandfather's place as a First Violin. From the last steps he looked about the audience. Far off in the gallery he saw old Maggie in the gayest of bonnets, standing up so she could see better, her hands on her hips, her two teeth fixed over her

upper lip, in her shoulders stolid defiance of the people who wished to make her sit down.

Beside Maggie, occupying very little and unobtrusive space, in her great joy plentifully saturating a handkerchief brought for the occasion, was the hymn-seller. Probably each person interprets music to his own soul according to what is in his soul. The hymn-seller's hopes and heart were set on that land of light where her beloved had gone before her, and as she listened to Whim's music, she thought she heard the sound of celestial "harpers harping with their harps," and the voices that long ago had made melody in her ears, mingling now in the songs of heaven.

Down in the audience, in the body of the house, was Jonas, in a new suit, very complacent, having just convinced himself that he had prophesied this success all along. Not far from old Jonas, young Jonas, and also Doro, whose attention was absorbed by her brother and his music. Doro felt so proud of Whim! and she wondered if it could be that her great-uncle and the grandfather and her mother could know that out of the fires of temptation, and from the

snares and pitfalls among which he had stumbled, the boy had come at last safe, by God's grace, from that deadly and besetting sin.

From the best box Miss Harrison flung Whim a bouquet of white roses and heliotrope. Miss Harrison was pleased to patronize a success and to recognize in the successful a protégée. Besides, she was a kind girl, and she realized what a relief and joy it was to Doro that Whim had now, at nineteen, made an honorable place for himself. Except for Miss Harrison, all the people that Whim knew were very plain and common people — only the Director and the minister. The minister was almost the first to shake Whim's hand and congratulate him.

"Your calling," said Whim, "is so noble and great that I did not know if you would think a little success in music a subject for congratulation."

"With all talents," said the minister, "we may serve at the altar of our God. David's tongue was his glory, and he used it with his harp to utter the high praises of the Lord. Art will be your glory as long as you do not

debase art to be the minister of sin. Do you know what a potent instrument you have in music?"

"Who does realize it?" asked the Director. "Music exalts the fervor of the worshipper, renews the ardor of the patriot; soothes the pain of the sufferer; hushes the child to sleep; is freighted with memories of home to the exile; sickens to the death the wandering Swiss who hears the herd-song of his hills; excites to fury the warrior; drives the reveller to a frenzy that may be his death. How great his power who goes through the world using so mighty an instrument only for the glory of God and the good of men."

Then away from the crowd who had applauded him went Whim, proud and happy, with his sister on his arm. It is true, Doro and Whim, and all their surroundings and belongings, and the few who knew and loved them, were all very humble and simple, and, after all, it is nothing much to be a First Violin. But, then, all these people had something to do in the world, and they did it honestly and faithfully, trying to make daily less

the great burden of the earth's sorrow and its sin.

"And now, Whim," said Robert Archer, as they sat about the tea-table, "are you going about playing in oratorios?"

"For a time, perhaps," said Whim. "But I hope to settle down after a while in one city, here perhaps, and pursue my music, playing, composing, teaching, doing the best I can with it."

"Well, my boy," said Robert, "you can not carry Doro about in your wandering life any longer, for she and I have just made a little contract to set up a home, which we hope will be for you the central point of attraction in all the world—the home of your heart and the home of all the hours you can spend in it."

Whim stoutly resisted a furious impulse toward jealousy. He looked at Doro's rosy face—remembered all she had been, and said, valiantly, "You have got a girl, Archer, who was as good a daughter, and the very best sister that ever was in the world. So let us shake hands all around over it."

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